



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











ROBERT POLLOK. A. M.

*Boston, Phillips & Sampson.*

THOMSON AND POLLOK:

CONTAINING THE

S E A S O N S ,

BY JAMES THOMSON,

AND THE

COURSE OF TIME,

BY ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.

---

A N E W E D I T I O N .

---

B O S T O N :  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY  
110 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1850.



## SPRING.

---

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

---

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.  
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts 5  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10  
And see where surly WINTER passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky  
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20  
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,  
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
 The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;  
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
 Fleecy, and white o'er all surrounding heaven. 31

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,  
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
 Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives  
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35  
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.

There unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The master leans, removes the' obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,  
 With measured step ; and liberal throws the grain 45  
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :  
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow ;  
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost themes, unworthy of your ear :  
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55  
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind ·  
 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes 60  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm  
 Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,

SPRING.	5
Disdaining little delicacies, seized The plough, and greatly independent lived.	65
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough ! And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun, Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea, Far through his azure turbulent domain,	70
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ; So with superior boon may your rich soil, Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,	75
And be the' exhaustless granary of a world ! Nor only through the lenient air this change, Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun, His force deep darting to the dark retreat Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power	80
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth, In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green ! Thou smiling Nature's universal robe ! United light and shade ! where the sight dwells With growing strength and ever new delight.	85
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill, Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs, And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye. The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,	90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd, In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ; Where the deer rustle through the twining brake, And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd In all the colours of the flushing year,	95
By Nature's swift and secret working hand, The garden flows, and fills the liberal air With lavish fragrance ; while the promised fruit Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived, Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,	100
Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,	

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
 Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105  
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffused around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptured eye 110  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry blowing, breathe 115  
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast  
 The full blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks  
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft 120  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course  
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year. 125  
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;  
 Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls :

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :  
 Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd  
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,  
 That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,

SPRING.

7

In endless train, would quench the summer blaze, 140  
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, the' effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.  
As first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 146

Scarce staining ether ; but, by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
Sits on the' horizon round a settled gloom : 150

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The' uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off : 165

And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem impatient to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170

And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world. 175

The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest walks,



Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
 But who can hold the shade while Heaven descends  
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs 180  
 And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap !  
 Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth ;  
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds 185  
 Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth  
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;  
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
 The' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,  
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
 Far smoking o'er the' interminable plain,  
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around  
 Full swell the woods ; their very music wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200  
 Whence blending, all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,  
 In fair proportion running from the red 205  
 To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;  
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
 The various twine of light, by thee disclosed 210  
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy :

He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
 To catch the falling glory ; but amazed  
 Beholds the' amusive arch before him fly, 215

# SPRING

9

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,  
Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanists to number up their tribes :  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search ; or through the forest, rank 225  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock,  
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230  
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health and life and joy ? the food of Man, 235  
While yet he lived in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood,  
A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ,  
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd race  
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;  
For their light slumbers gently fumed away ;  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock :  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole  
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale 250  
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
 Was known among those happy sons of heaven ; 255  
 For reason and benevolence were law.  
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260  
 Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,  
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
 Was mreeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy 265  
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,  
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
 Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flow'd  
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270  
 But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence  
 The fab'ing poets took their golden age,  
 Are found no more amid these iron times,  
 These dregs of life ! now the distemper'd mind  
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275  
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
 Is off the poise within : the passions all  
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason, half extinct,  
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280  
 Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale  
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
 Base envy withers at another's joy,  
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach  
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285  
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power  
 E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,  
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;  
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
 That noble wish that never cloy'd desire, 290  
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone

SPRING.

11

To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,  
 Of life impatient, into madness swells ;  
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295  
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,  
 From ever changing views of good and ill  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling grows  
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300  
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;  
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :  
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have changed her course.  
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310  
 With universal burst, into the gulf,  
 And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth  
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;  
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315  
 The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen  
 Shook forth his waste of snows : and Summer shot  
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,  
 In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough. 321  
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm  
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
 Breathed o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms  
 Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage ; 325  
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms  
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;  
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.

But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330  
 From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,  
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335  
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul

Of nutriment and health and vital powers,  
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.  
 For, with hot ravine fired, enanguined Man  
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340

And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,  
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast  
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355

And dip his tongue in gore ? the beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,  
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death ? you, who have given us milk

In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360  
 Against the Winter's cold ? and the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,

In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,  
 Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land

With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,

SPRING.

13

To swell the riot of the' autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labour? thus the feeling heart  
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370  
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.  
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream  
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,  
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380  
 To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly,  
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
 And all thy slender watery stores prepare.  
 But let not on thy hook the tortured worm 385  
 Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;  
 Chief should the western breezes curl'g play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks,  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hallow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly; 405

And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
 If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415  
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven.  
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420  
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425  
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along  
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line :  
 Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :  
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439

Thus pass the temperate hours ; but when the sun  
 Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,  
 Even shooting listless languor through the deeps ;  
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,

SPRING.

15

Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade :  
 Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,  
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450  
 High in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.  
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Through rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song,  
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455  
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :  
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
 Confused, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460  
 Sooth every gust of passion into peace ;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That weaken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.  
 Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465  
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows ? If fancy then 470  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
 Ah, what shall language do ? Ah, where find words  
 Tinged with so many colours ; and whose power,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?  
 Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;  
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song ! 480  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !



Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart : 485

Oh, come ! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets. 490

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,  
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495  
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
 Of blossom'd beans Arabia cannot boast  
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence  
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500  
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,  
 The negligence of Nature, wild and wild ;  
 Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads  
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505  
 In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,  
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;  
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510  
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk 516  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps.  
 Now meets the bending sky ; the river now

SPRING.

17

Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520  
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
 The' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
 But why so far excursive ; when at hand,  
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525  
 Fair-nanded Spring unbosoms every grace ;  
 Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
 The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530  
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round :  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
 And full ranunculas of glowing red. 535  
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffused  
 To family, as flies the father dust,  
 The varied colours run ; and, while they break  
 On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks, 540  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
 Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes.  
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquilles, 545  
 Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;  
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.  
 Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul  
 Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !  
 To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts, 555  
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master hand,  
 Hast the great whole 'into perfection touch'd.

By Thee the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapp'd in a filmy net and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew ; 560  
 By Thee disposed into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells  
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At Thy command the vernal sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565  
 By wintry winds ; that now, in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.  
 As rising from the vegetable world  
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570  
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh, pour  
 The mazy-running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575  
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
 Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.  
 When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;  
 And try again the long forgotten strain,  
 At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows  
 The soft infusion prevalent and wide, 585  
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
 In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,  
 Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn ;  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590  
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
 Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595

SPRING.

19

And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng  
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
 Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns  
 To let them jey, and purposes, in thought  
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600  
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605  
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert : while the stockdove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur through the whole. 610  
 'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
 Try every winning way inventive love 615  
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half averted glance 620  
 Of the regardlers charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,  
 They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver every feather with desire.  
 Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630  
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd :  
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
 Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge

Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;  
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn **635**  
 Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree  
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale,  
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. **640**  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs sooth them all the livelong day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots **645**  
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
 But restless hurry through the busy air, **650**  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often, from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved, **655**  
 Steal from the barn a straw : till, soft and warm,  
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.  
 As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, **660**  
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
 High on the' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits **665**  
 To pick the scanty meal. The' appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food **670**  
 With constant clamour : O, what passions then,

SPRING.

21

What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young , 675  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680  
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all  
 Nor toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,  
 By the great Father of the Spring inspired, 685  
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
 And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690  
 The' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head  
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
 In long excursion skims the level lawn  
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,  
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696  
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud. to lead  
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.  
 Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan  
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 From liberty confined and boundless air.  
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;  
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705  
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear

If on your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715

By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;  
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;  
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720

Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,  
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,  
Demand the free possession of the sky :  
This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,  
With yellow lustre bright, that the rew tribes  
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735

On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
Their resolution fails ; their pinions sail,

In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740  
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly  
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging air receives  
Its plunty burden ; and their self-taught wings  
Winnow the waving element. On ground 745

SPRING.

23

Alighted, bolder up again they let d,  
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,  
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
Roused into life and action, light in air  
The' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750  
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
On utmost Kilda's\* shore, whose lonely race  
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755  
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.  
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760  
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765  
In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well pleased,  
I might the various polity survey  
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around, 770  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;  
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,  
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan 775  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,  
Protective of his young. The turkey high,  
Loud threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads,  
His every-colour'd glory to the sun 781

\* The furthest of the western islands of Scotland.



And swims in radiant majesty along  
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame  
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
 'The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790

Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood  
 Dejected wanders, nor the' enticing lud 795  
 Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapp'd,  
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns  
 His rival gored in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins; 800  
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
 And, groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix:  
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,  
 With this hot impulse seized in every nerve, 806  
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding throng.  
 Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head.

And by the well known joy to distant plains  
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810  
 O'er rocks and woods and craggy mountains flies:  
 And, neighing, on the' aerial summit takes  
 The' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815  
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep

SPRING.

25

From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused, 820  
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :

How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,  
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825  
The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,

Forbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830  
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835  
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,

They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
When disunited Britain ever bled, 840

Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state.  
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads  
And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,

Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,  
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,  
Instructs the fowls of heaven ? and through their breast  
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?

Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850  
And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone  
Seems not to work : with such perfection framed  
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye  
The informing Author in his works appears :

Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
 The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,  
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860  
 The brute creation to this finer thought  
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing the' infusive force of Spring on man. 865  
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
 To raise his being and serene his soul,  
 Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870  
 Is melody ? hence ! from the bounteous walks  
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ,  
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns 876  
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front  
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,  
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search 880  
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;  
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving Spirit of the wind  
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds 885  
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;  
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
 Ye flower of human race ! in these green days,  
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;

Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts 890  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
 Induces thought and contemplation still 896

SPRING.

27

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,  
And warms the bosom ; till at last, sublimed  
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
We feel the present Deity, and taste  
The joy of God to see a happy world ! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,  
O Lyttelton, the friend ! thy passions thus  
And meditations vary, as at large,  
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st ;  
Thy British Tempé ! there along the dale, 906  
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees, 910  
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915  
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
You wander through the philosophic world ; 920  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time :  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind 925  
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,  
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refined, 930  
You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song ;  
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy welk,

With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all  
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love : 935  
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
 The tender heart is animated peace ;  
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940  
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,  
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink  
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
 Unutterable happiness ! which love 945  
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.  
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :  
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950  
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :  
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt  
 The Hospitable Genius lingers still, 955  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;  
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.  
 Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves 965  
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts

SPRING.

29

Dare not the' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,  
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975  
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,  
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let the' aspiring youth beware of love, 980  
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent softness pours ;  
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,  
Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985  
Still paints the' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;  
The' enticing smile ; the modest seeming eye,  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :  
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990  
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ; 995  
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest ; a quick returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still  
And great design, against the' oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?  
Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005  
Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault

All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone, 1010  
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;  
 And sad amid the social band he sits,  
 Lonely, and inattentive. From his tongue 1015  
 The' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away  
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies  
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
 In melancholy site, with head declined, 1020  
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
 To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms ;  
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
 Romantic, hangs : there through the pensive dusk  
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1026  
 Indulging all to love : or on the bank  
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
 'Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030  
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon  
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
 Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,  
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035  
 With soften'd soul, and woe the bird of eve  
 To mingle woes with his : or, while the world  
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040  
 His idly-tortured heart into the page,  
 Meant for the moving messenger of love ;  
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
 With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed  
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies, 1045  
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
 In any posture finds, till the gray Morn

SPRING.

31

Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
 Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps  
 Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest, 1050  
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
 Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks ;  
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired 1055  
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
 Far from the dull impertinence of Mar,  
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
 Begins to loose in blind oblivious love,  
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
 Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061  
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
 In night and tempest wrapp'd : or shrinks aghast,  
 Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades  
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065  
 The further shore ; where succourless and sad,  
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;  
 But strives in vain ; borne by the' outrageous flood  
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070  
 These are the charming agonies of love,  
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075  
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
 Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed peace,  
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 080  
 Internal vision taints, and in a night  
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
 An, then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085



Suffused and glaring with untender fire,  
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090  
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.  
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095  
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100  
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;  
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart.  
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears  
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105  
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
 Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care;  
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
 His lively moments running down to waste.  
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115  
 Attuning all their passions into love;  
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1121  
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent

SPRING.

33

To hiss himself, from sordid parents buys  
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125  
 Well merited, consume his nights and days  
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven  
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130  
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form ;  
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135  
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face ;  
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140  
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
 Soft as it roll ; along, shows some new charm, 1145  
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe the' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear  
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160  
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven '

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting *SPRING* 1165  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

## SUMMER

---

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Haymaking. Sheepshearing. Noonday. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

---

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth  
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,  
And ever fanning breezes, on his way ; 5  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,  
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.  
Hence, let me haste into the midwood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 11  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.  
Come, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat, 15  
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the Poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
 In whom the human graces all unite :  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart :  
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastised ; goodness and wit, 25  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combined ;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal  
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man ;  
 'O Dodington ! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power  
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 The' illimitable void ! thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40  
 Minutely faithful : such the' All-perfect Hand !  
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the' alternate Twins are fired,  
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45  
 And soon, observant of approaching day,  
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55  
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ,  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp, awkward ; while along the forest glade

SUMMER.

37

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.  
 Falsely luxurious ! will not Man awake ;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song ? 70  
 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise ?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
 Total extinction of the' enlighten'd soul !  
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive, 75  
 Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams ?  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly devious morring walk ? 80  
 But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all, 85  
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks and hills and towers and wandering streams,  
 High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light ! 90  
 Of all material beings first and best !  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd  
 In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !  
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95  
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourn  
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100  
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !  
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106  
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !  
 How many forms of being wait on thee !  
 Inhaling spirit ; from the' unfetter'd mind,  
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race, 110  
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede  
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115  
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
 Meantime the' expecting nations, circled gay  
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming ear, 120  
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,  
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,  
 Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews,  
 And soften'd into joy the surly Storms. 125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits, and, kindling at thy touch,  
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year  
 Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined :  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power

SUMMER.

39

Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135  
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War  
Gleams on the day ! the nobler works of Peace  
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected ight, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145  
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct, 150  
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
When first she gives it to the southern gale, 154  
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined,  
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;  
Or, flying several from its surface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,  
In brighter mazes the relucient stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys, 165  
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170  
And all the much transported Muse can sing,



Are to thy beauty, aignity, and use,  
 Unequal far, great delegated source  
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !  
 How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM ! 175  
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retired  
 From mortal eye or angel's purer ken ;  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven 180  
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky :  
 But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd sun  
 And all the' extinguish'd stars would loosening reel  
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.  
 And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185  
 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;  
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 E'en in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,  
 And to the choir celestial THEE resound, 190  
 The' eternal cause, support, and end of all !  
 To me be Nature's volume broad display'd ;  
 And to peruse its all instructing page,  
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
 Some easy passage raptured to translate, 195  
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms  
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
 On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.  
 Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200  
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills  
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd  
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,  
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.  
 Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205  
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;  
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse

SUMMER.

41

While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210  
On man and beast and herb and tepid stream.

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,  
When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215  
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves.  
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 321

While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence and health! the daw,  
The rook, and magpie, to the gray grown oaks 225  
That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight:  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The housedog with the vacant greyhound lies,  
Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235  
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer race

Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,  
Not mean though simple; to the sun allied,  
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms; or, rising from their tombs, 245

To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,  
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose,  
 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250  
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool  
 They sportive wheel : or, sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,  
 Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade  
 Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused, and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 256  
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower  
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed, 260  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese ;  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265  
 With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.  
 But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retired,  
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,  
 Mixture abhorr'd ! amid a mangled heap 270  
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,  
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts, 275  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
 Strikes backward grimly pleased ; the fluttering wing  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280  
 Resounds the living surface of the ground  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum

SUMMER

43

To him who muses through the woods at noon ;  
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,  
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285  
Of willows gray, close crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading e'en the microscopic eye !

Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organized, 290

Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud  
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,  
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way, 295  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,  
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed  
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,  
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
Though one transparent vacancy it seems, 310

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds  
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,  
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl 315

He would abhorrent turn : and in dead night,  
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Snall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art! 325  
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once the' unbounded scheme of things ;  
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335  
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder to that Power  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds 340  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.  
 Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,  
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345  
 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter; thus they flutter on  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350  
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.  
 Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355  
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands

# SUMMER.

45

Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360  
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet haycock rises thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370  
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375  
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men and boys and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people of the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in ; 380  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;  
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd and wondering what this wild 390  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395  
Head above head : and ranged in lusty rows

The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd king ;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace ; 405  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp the master's cipher ready stand ;  
 Others the' unwilling wether drag along ;  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410  
 Holds by the twisted horns the' indignant ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !  
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415  
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.  
 A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees  
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands  
 The' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425  
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage :  
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,  
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.  
 'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

SUMMER.

47

Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all 435  
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground  
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.  
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps  
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed; 445  
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
The very streams look languid from afar:  
Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455  
And restless turn, and look around for night;  
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side

\*Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,  
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,  
And every passion aptly harmonized,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470  
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,



As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink. 475  
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;  
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;  
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs  
 Around the adjoining brook, that purls along 480  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffused into a limpid plain;  
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485  
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490  
 Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the monarch swain: his careless arm  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;  
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.  
 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
 Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;  
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500  
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
 Through all the bright severity of noon;  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan,  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505  
 Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,  
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,  
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510

SUMMER.

49

And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !  
Bears down the' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst ,  
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;  
And with wide nostril, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :  
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards the' inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retired,  
Conversed with angels and immortal forms, 525  
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare ; 530  
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ; 535  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep roused, I feel 540  
A sacred terror, a severe delight  
Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
A voice, than human more, the' abstracted ear  
Of fancy strikes :—" Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545  
From the same Parent Power our beings drew,  
The same our Lord and laws and great pursuit,  
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life

Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550  
 Where purity and peace imingle charms.  
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555  
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
 The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade : 560  
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear  
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."  
 And art thou, Stanley,\* of that sacred band,  
 Alas, for us too soon ! though raised above 565  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel  
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :  
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ; 570  
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspired : where mortal wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,  
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575  
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;  
 Or rather to Parental Nature pay  
 The tears of grateful joy, who for awhile  
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580  
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death  
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

\* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738, upon whom Thompson wrote an epitaph.

SUMMER.

51

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapp'd, 585  
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound  
 Of a near fall of water every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking back,  
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590  
 Rolls fair and placid ; where, collected all  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595

And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortured wave here find repose :  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600

Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;

And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,

It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605  
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,

With upward pinions, through the flood of day  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610

Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stockdove only through the forest coos, 615  
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,

Short interval of weary woe ! again

The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,

Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620  
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove

Beside the dewy border let me sit,

All in the freshness of the humid air :  
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
 An ample chair moss-lined, and over head 625  
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
 Strays diligent, and with the' extracted balm  
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
 While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon 630  
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,  
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone,  
 Climes unrelenting : with whose rage compared,  
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635  
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
 The short-lived twilight : and with ardent blaze  
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :  
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640  
 The general breeze,\* to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning suns and double seasons† pass : 645

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ; 650  
 Or, to the far horizon wide diffused,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods,

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

SUMMER.

53

Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven 655  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste  
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660  
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,  
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig; 671  
 Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675  
 Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680  
 Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride 685  
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imaged in the golden age:  
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!  
 From these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691  
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,

Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.  
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,  
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695  
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
 Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift  
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700  
 Along these lonely regions, where, retired  
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas : 705  
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,  
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,  
 Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,  
 Behemoth\* rears his head. Glanced from his side, 710  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies :  
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;  
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
 In widening circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715  
 Peaceful beneath primæval trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;  
 Or, mid the central depth of blackening woods,  
 High raised in solemn theatre around, 720  
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !  
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,  
 Though powerful, not destructive ! here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725  
 Of what the never resting race of men  
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,

\* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse

SUMMER.

55

The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730  
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736  
The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
Profusely pours.\* But if she bids them shine  
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740  
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745  
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750  
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;  
No holy fury thou blaspheming Heaven, 755  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760  
From jasmine grove to grove mayst wander gay  
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.



There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765  
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;  
 Where palaces and fanes and villas rise ;  
 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields ; 770  
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw  
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves 775  
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear  
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;  
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
 E'er with life of every fairer kind : 780  
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.  
 How changed the scene ! in blazing height of noon,  
 The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom. 785  
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charged  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed 795  
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,  
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne ;  
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800  
 Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

SUMMER.

57

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,  
Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805  
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,  
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake  
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.

There, by the naiads nursed, he sports away  
His playful youth amid the fragrant isles, 810  
That with unfading verdure smile around  
Ambitious thence the manly river breaks ;  
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
Winds in progressive majesty along : 815

Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit  
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,  
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820  
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
In which the full form'd maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind  
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar ; 826

From Menam's\* orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :  
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830  
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque  
Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms

\* The river that runs through Siam ; on whose banks a vast  
multitude of those insects called Fire Flies make a beautiful  
appearance in the night.

Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
 The mighty Orellana.\* Scarce the muse 840  
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sealike Plata ; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course  
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845  
 In silent dignity they sweep along,  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850  
 O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,  
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;  
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd  
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe ;  
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.  
 But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?  
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 861  
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?  
 By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,  
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,  
 The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health 866  
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,  
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?  
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures hid  
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870  
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;  
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun !  
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,  
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?

\* The river of the Amazons.

SUMMER.

59

Ill fated race ! the softening arts of Peace, 875

Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;

The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;

Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;

Investigation calm, whose silent powers

Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;

Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881

And all-protecting Freedom, which alone

Sustains the name and dignity of man :

These are not theirs. The parent sun himself

Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise ; 885

And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom

Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,

And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,

Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890

The soft regards, the tenderness of life,

The heart-shed tear, the' ineffable delight

Of sweet humanity : these court the beam

Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,

And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895

There lost. The very brute creation there

This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,

Which even Imagination fears to tread,

At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train 900

In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,

Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffused,

He throws his folds : and while, with threatening tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905

Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,

Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,

The small close-lurking minister of fate,

Whose high-concocted venom through the veins

A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910

The vital current. Firm'd to humble man,

This child of vengeful nature ! there, sublimed

To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
 Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,  
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut **915**  
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce  
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :  
 The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er  
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, **920**  
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.  
 These, rushing from the' inhospitable woods  
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles  
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,  
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, **925**  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;  
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,  
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease **930**  
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
 The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts ;  
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,  
 Or stern Morocca's tyrant fang escaped, **935**  
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :  
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.  
 Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone **940**  
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
 And views the main that ever toils below ;  
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, **945**  
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ,  
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,  
 And hiss continual through the tedious night. **950**

SUMMER.

61

Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes  
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,  
 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds :  
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955  
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.  
 Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.  
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960  
 Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot  
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965  
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,  
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play : 970  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;  
 Till, with the general all-involving storm  
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;  
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975  
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan  
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets  
 The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.  
 But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980  
 Obeys the blast, the' aerial tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,  
 The circling Typhon\* whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985  
 And dire Ecnephia\* reign. Amid the heavens,

\* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck\*  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.  
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995  
 Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.  
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000  
 With such mad seas the daring Gama† fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;  
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged 1005  
 The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,  
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last  
 The Lusitanian Prince;‡ who, Heaven-inspired, 1010  
 To love of useful glory roused mankind,  
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.  
 Increasing still the terrors of these storms,  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent 1015  
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,

\* Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

† Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

‡ Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements of navigation.

SUMMER.

63

Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ,  
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade  
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020  
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.  
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves  
 Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled limbs  
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025  
 When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
 And draws the copious steam ; from swampy fens,  
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
 And breathes destructive myriads : or from woods, 1030  
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,  
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
 Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth  
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035  
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
 And feeble desolation, casting down  
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
 Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040  
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw  
 To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;  
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045  
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans  
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;  
 Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,  
 The frequent corse : while on each other fix'd,  
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050  
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.  
 What need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
 Descends ? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055



From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
 With locust armies putrefying heap'd,  
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape : Man is her destined prey,  
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065  
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand  
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,  
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070  
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
 The cheerful haunt of men ; unless escaped  
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,  
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven  
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076  
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :  
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080  
 Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,  
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,  
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;  
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085  
 They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.  
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete  
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090  
 And give the flying wretch a better death.  
 Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense  
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,

Where drought and famine starve the blasted year  
 Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095  
 The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;  
 And, roused within the subterranean world,  
 The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100  
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :  
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharged 1105  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various tintured trains of latent flame, 1110  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate  
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal roused,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115  
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breach. 1120  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes  
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook, 1125  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ; 1130  
 And, following slower, in explosion vast,

The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.  
 Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145  
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine  
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :  
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating still  
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 1155  
 And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160  
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud  
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs : and Snowden's peak, 1165  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
 Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
 And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.  
 Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought

SUMMER.

67

And yet not always on the guilty head  
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon 1176  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;  
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
The same, distinguished by their sex alone  
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175  
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved : but such the guileless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish ; 1180  
The' enchanting hope and sympathetic glow  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
Supremely happy in the' awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185  
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived  
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour, 1190  
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,  
While, with each other bless'd, creative love  
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
Presaging instant fate her bosom heaved 1195  
Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look  
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
In vain, assuring love and confidence  
In Heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook  
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived 1201  
The' unequal conflict ; and as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumined high. " Fear not," he said,  
" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205  
And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves  
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee

With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour  
 Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210  
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine  
 Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace, 1214  
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220  
 The well desembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky  
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands 1225  
 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air  
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230  
 Invests the fields ; and nature smiles revived.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235  
 Most favour'd ! who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked, 1240  
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands 1245

SUMMER.

69

Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below ;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek  
 Instant emerge ; and, through the' obedient wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd, 1251  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes.  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
 Effuses on the pleased spectators round. 1255  
 This is the purest exercise of health,  
 The kind refresher of the summer heats ;  
 Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved, 1260  
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse  
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265  
 Even from the body's purity, the mind  
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.  
 Close in the covert of a hazel copse,  
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes  
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270  
 Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.  
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd  
 Among the bending willows, falsely he  
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275  
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole  
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280  
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
 He framed a melting lay, to try her heart ;  
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,

To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !  
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285  
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
 For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
 This cool retreat his Musidora sought :  
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;  
 And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe 1290  
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,  
 And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd :  
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295  
 Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire :  
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?  
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd  
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300  
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
 Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top  
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305  
 Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,  
 Than, Damon, thou ; as from the snowy leg,  
 And slender foot, the' inverted silk she drew ;  
 As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone ;  
 And, through the parting robe, the' alternate breast,  
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze 1311  
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
 Hew durst thou risk the soul-distracting view ;  
 As from her naked limbs of glowing white,  
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315  
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;  
 And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,  
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?  
 Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320  
 Its lovely guest with closing waves received ;

And every beauty softening, every grace  
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :  
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ;  
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325  
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
 But ill concealed ; and now with streaming locks,  
 That half-embraced her in a humid veil,  
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330  
 Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul  
 As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335  
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,  
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,  
 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw —“ Bathe on, my fair,  
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340  
 Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,  
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 And each licentious eye.” With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345  
 So stands the statue\* that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350  
 In careless haste, the' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,  
 Her sudden bosom seized : shame void of guilt, 1355  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem,  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted : even a sense

\* The Venus of Medici.



Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carved,  
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy : 1365  
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly."  
 The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 1370  
 Shoots nothing now out animating warmth,  
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
 The dream of waking fancy ! broad below 1375  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380  
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,  
 And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attuned to happy unison of soul ;  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390  
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :  
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,  
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;  
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395  
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,

# SUMMER.

73

Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire  
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.  
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ? 1400  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvest ? or ascend, 1405  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?\* Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape : now the raptured eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send ;  
 Now to the Sister Hills† that skirt her plain, 1410  
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows 1415  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :  
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods  
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;  
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired, 1420  
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,  
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse.  
 Slow let us trace the matenless Vale of Thames ;  
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425  
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
 The healing God ;‡ to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430  
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.

\* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, Shining  
 or Splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead. ‡ In his last sickness.

Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !  
 O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !  
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies, 1435  
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towas, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440  
 Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,  
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
 Walks, unconfined, even to thy furthest cots,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445  
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy valleys float  
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks  
 Breat numberless ! while, roving round the sides,  
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450  
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,  
 And property assures it to the swain,  
 Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art ;  
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
 Mingling are heard : e'en Drudgery himself,  
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,  
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first  
 Or on the lisp'd plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;  
 In genius and substantial learning high ;  
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked, 1475  
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.  
 Thy sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine,  
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480  
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,  
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !  
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,  
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485  
 That awes her genius still. In statesman thou,  
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490  
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.  
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495  
 Then flamed thy spirit high : but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?  
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;  
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
 Explored the vast extent of ages past, 1505  
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious or so base as those he proved,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510  
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age 1515  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulged,  
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;  
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk 1525  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the British Cassius,\* fearless bled :  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By ancient learning to the' enlighten'd love  
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530  
 In awful sages and in noble bards ;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song :  
 Thine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535  
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course : him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant : in one rich soul, 1540  
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.  
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long

\* Algernon Sidney.

SUMMER.

77

Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545  
 And definitions void : he led her forth,  
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.  
 The generous Ashley\* thine, the friend of man ; 1550  
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search, 1555  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?  
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast ? 1565  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?  
 A genius universal as his theme ;  
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime ! 1570  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son ;  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :  
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575  
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.  
 May my song soften, as thy daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own, 1580  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,

\* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,  
 Shaped by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, through the native white  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585  
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip  
 Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew  
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast : 1590  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love  
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores  
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;  
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale  
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,  
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;  
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605

On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;  
 Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind ;  
 Courage composed and keen ; sound Temperance,  
 Healthful in heart and looks ; clear Chastity,  
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610  
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;  
 Rough Industry ; Activity untired,

With copious life informed, and all awake :  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal, 1615  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
 And, ever musing on the commonweal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,

SUMMER.

79

Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620  
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,  
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
 Of Amphitritë and her tending nymphs, 1625  
 (So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb ;  
 Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve  
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running and enchanted round,  
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630  
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
 This moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd soul,  
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :  
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635  
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
 Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,  
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
 A drooping family of modest worth.  
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640  
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
 Boastless as now descends the silent dew ;  
 To him the long review of order'd life  
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,  
 All ether softening, sober evening takes  
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650  
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
 In circle following circle, gathers round,  
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655  
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,



A whitening shower of vegetable, down  
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660  
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
 From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
 Hies merry-hearted : and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ; 1665  
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.  
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670  
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where  
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
 In various game, and revelry, to pass  
 The summer night, as village stories tell.  
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675  
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged  
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,  
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The glowworm lights his gem ; and through the dark  
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
 The world to Night ; not in her winter robe  
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685  
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
 Glanced from the' imperfect surfaces of things,  
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;  
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
 And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd 1690  
 The' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft  
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
 Sweet Venus shines : and from her genial rise, 1695

SUMMER.

81

When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,  
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.  
 As thus the' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700  
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds  
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;  
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space 1705  
 Returning, with accelerated course,  
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;  
 And, as he sinks below the shading earth,  
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
 The guilty nations tremble But, above 1710  
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
 And blind amazement prone, the' enlighten'd few  
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,  
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715  
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,  
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns  
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds  
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720  
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725  
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps  
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
 To light up worlds, and feed the' eternal fire.  
 With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song! 1730  
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!  
 A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that,

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735  
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,  
 She springs aloft with elevated pride ;  
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740  
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or the' abyss,  
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :  
 The First up tracing, from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects to Him, 1745  
 The world-producing Essence, who alone  
 Possesses being ; while the Last receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.  
 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts  
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755  
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !  
 Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?  
 A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
 In quest of prey : and with the' unfashion'd fur  
 Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art 1760  
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill  
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765  
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
 The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;  
 Mother sever'd of infinite delights !  
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770  
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train !

SUMMER.

83

Whose horrid circle had made human life  
 Than nonexistence worse : but, taught by thee.  
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;  
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775  
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs  
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath  
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail  
 Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along. 1780  
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high  
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex  
 Of never ending wonders, to conceive 1785  
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the Word,  
 And Nature moved complete. / With inward view,  
 Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
 The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790  
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :  
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;  
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795  
 The world of spirits, action all, and life  
 Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud  
 (So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep,  
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
 In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800  
 This Infancy of Being cannot prove  
 The final issue of the works of God,  
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,  
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

## AUTUMN.

---

**The subject proposed.** Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

---

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
 While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
 Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,  
 Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost  
 Nitrous prepared; the various blossom'd Spring      5  
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns  
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view  
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme  
 Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,      10  
 Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
 A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,  
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,      15  
 Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
 A roll of periods sweeter than her song.  
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
 Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,      20

# AUTUMN.

81

Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.  
 When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days.  
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;  
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding cft through lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30  
 Extensive harvests haug the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain .  
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;  
 'The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds the' illumined field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily chequer'd heart-expanding view, 40  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.  
 These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !  
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ,  
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45  
 And all the soft civility of life :  
 Raiser of humankind ! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50  
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.  
 Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still,  
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55  
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :  
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal

Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch ,  
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60  
 With Winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;  
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.  
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65  
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :  
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,  
 And roused him from his miserable sloth ;  
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75  
 Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapp'd them in the woolly vestment warm, 85  
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspired to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;  
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95  
 Then gathering men their natural powers combined,

# AUTUMN.

87

And form'd a Public ; to the general good  
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,  
The free, and fairly represented Whole ; 100  
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still  
To them accountable : nor, slavish, dream'd 105  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspired, 110  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 116  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames, 121  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
Chose for his grand resort On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125  
Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ,  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130  
From bank to bank increased ; whence ribb'd with oak,  
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved



Its ample roof ; and Luxury within 135  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvass smooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe.  
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
 Of forming art, imagination flush'd. 140  
 All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him  
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
 The' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145  
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;  
 Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus transmit  
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song. 150  
 Soon as the morn'g trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;  
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;  
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberable handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
 How good the God of Harvest is to you ; 170  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind

# AUTUMN.

89

Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 175  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;  
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.  
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,  
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180  
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired

Along the windings of a woody vale ;  
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185

Together thus they shun'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers .

Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205

But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train 225  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ; 235  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :—  
 “ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240  
 Of some indecent clown ; she looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
 Recals that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.  
 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

AUTUMN.

91

Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
His aged widow and his daughter live, 250  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak 255  
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260  
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
Peur'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ? 265  
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
The soften'd image of my noble friend,  
Alive his every look, his every feature,  
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270  
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where,  
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275  
Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain  
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?  
O, let me now into a richer soil

Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers  
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280  
And of my garden be the pride and joy !  
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits  
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
The father of a country, thus to pick 285  
The very refuse of those harvest-fields

Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine : 290  
 If to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :

Amar'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours : 306

Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs 315  
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.

But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,  
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;  
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320  
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.

AUTUMN.

93

Exposed, and naked to its utmost rage,  
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
 The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,  
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ,  
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain 330  
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
 In one continuous flood. Still overhead  
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around  
 Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335  
 Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.  
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks  
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340  
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spared  
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes  
 And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345  
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and grateful pride ,  
 And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board, 355  
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !  
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
 And all involving winds have swept away.  
 Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360  
 The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :

How in his mid career the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,  
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370  
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,  
 Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,  
 Overtakes their sounding pinions : and again, 375  
 Immediate, brings them, from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispersed,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.  
 These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,  
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song : 380  
 Then most delighted, when she social sees  
 The whole mix'd animal creation round  
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385  
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn .  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
 Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390  
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395  
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

## AUTUMN.

95

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !

Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat

Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,

Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt , 405

The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;

Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;

The fallow ground laid open to the sun,

Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,

Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits 410

Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,

By Nature raised to take the' horizon in ;

And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,

In act to spring away. The scented dew

Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415

In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,

With every breeze she hears the coming storm.

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all

The savage soul of game is up at once : 420

The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,

Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,

Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters shout ;

O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all

Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag, too, sing'led from the herd, where long

He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,

Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed

He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,

Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight : 430

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more

To leave the lessening murderous cry behind .

Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds

Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,

He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435

And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track

Hot-steaming, up behind him come again



The' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling through his every shift, 440  
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :  
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450  
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathiess toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish : while the growling pack, 455  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.  
 Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,  
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
 Must have the chase ; behold, despising flight, 460  
 The roused-up lion resolute and slow,  
 Advancing full on the pretended spear  
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,  
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465  
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :  
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.  
 These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then  
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471  
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold ;  
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass 476

# AUTUMN.

97

Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood  
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;  
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480  
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round  
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;  
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,  
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;  
 Has every maze evolved, and every guile  
 Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
 Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard, 490  
 Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond  
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,  
 With woodland honours graced ; the fox's fur, 495  
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread  
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
 When the night staggers with severer toils,  
 With seats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500  
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.  
 But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505  
 They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced  
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
 Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,  
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510  
 Relating all the glories of the chase.  
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,  
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515  
 Of Maia to the lovesick shepherdess,  
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears  
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520  
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile  
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525  
 Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss  
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.  
 At last these puling idlenesses laid 530  
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly  
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch  
 Indulged apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535  
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,  
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541  
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;  
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545  
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
 Mix in the music of the day again.  
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550  
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls ;  
 So gradual sinks their nirth. Their feeble tongues

AUTUMN.

99

Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
 Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,  
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555  
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,  
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
 As if the table e'en itself was drunk,  
 Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560  
 Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride  
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
 Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,  
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn  
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565  
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
 Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock  
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.  
 But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570  
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.  
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them !  
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed, 575  
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;  
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580  
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
 And from the smallest violence to shrink  
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
 And by this silent adulation, soft,  
 To their protection more engaging Man. 585  
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
 Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590

And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595  
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn :  
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
 And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race 600  
 To rear their graces into second life ;  
 To give society its highest taste ;  
 Well order'd home man's best delight to make ;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605  
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :  
 'This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank ;  
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook 610  
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you  
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615  
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ;  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair : 620  
 Melinda ! form'd with every grace complete.  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625  
 Of Autumn unconfined ; and taste, revived,  
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,

# AUTUMN.

101

From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower

Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630

Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round.

A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;

By Nature's all refining hand prepared ;

Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air, 635

In ever changing composition mix'd.

Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,

The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps

Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,

Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640

Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points

The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,

Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou 645

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,

With British freedom sing the British song :

How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines

Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer

The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;

And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams

The sun sheds equal o'er the meekn'd day ;

Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks

Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene and plain ,

Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 655

Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,

In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,

Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !

Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,

Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day ;

New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds

New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,

Fu'll of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat ;

Where, in the secret bower and winding walk, 665

For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst  
 Of thy applause, I solitary court  
 The' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book  
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 670  
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :  
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum ; 675  
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,  
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;  
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;  
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680  
 Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
 To vigorous soils and climes of fair extent ;  
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;  
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685  
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
 From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blazo.  
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690  
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;  
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
 Each fond for each to cull the' autumnal prime, 695  
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,  
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;  
 That, by degrees fermented and refined,  
 Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy : 700  
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;  
 The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick  
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

# AUTUMN.

103

Now, by the cool declining year condensed, 705  
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710  
 And high between contending kingdoms rears  
 The rocky long division, fills the view  
 With great variety ; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain  
 Vanish the woods : the dim-seen river seems  
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
 E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun  
 Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray ; 720  
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725  
 Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive closing, sits the general fog  
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,  
 A formless gray confusion covers all.  
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard) 730  
 Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged  
 Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn  
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.  
 These roving mists, that constant now begin  
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735  
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
 The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores  
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;  
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740  
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,



Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745  
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Though oft amidst the' irriguous vale it springs ;  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755  
 To take so far a journey to the hills,  
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?  
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760  
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
 The' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?  
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765  
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,  
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again. 770  
 Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
 That, like creating Nature lie conceal'd  
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes !  
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man, 775  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
 O, lay the mountains bare ! and wide display  
 Their hidden structure to the' astonish'd view !  
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;  
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780

AUTUMN.

105

From Asian Taurus, from Inaus stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream '  
 O, from the sounding summits of the north, 785  
 The Dorfrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;  
 From lofty Caucasus far seen by those  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;  
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ 790  
 Believes the stony girdle\* of the world :  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapp'd in storm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;  
 O, sweep the' eternal snows ' Hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795  
 Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending Mountains† of the Moon ! 800  
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !  
 Amazing scene ! behold ! the glooms disclose, 805  
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !  
 Deep, deep I hear them labouring to get free ,  
 I see the leaning strata, artful ranged ;  
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs. 810  
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;

\* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenypoy* ; that is, *the great stony Girdle* : because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815  
Retard its motion and forbid its waste.

Beneath the' incessant weeping of these drains,

I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,

The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,

Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd 820

O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,

The crystal treasures of the liquid world,

Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,

And, welling out, around the middle steep,

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825

In pure effusion flow. United, thus,

The' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,

The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed

These vapours in continual current draw,

And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830

In bounteous rivers to the deep again,

A social commerce hold, and firm support

The full adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,

Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835

The swallow-people; and, toss'd wide around,

O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,

The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,

Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;

In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840

And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.

Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,

With other kindred birds of season, there

They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months

Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845

Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force

In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,

By diligence amazing and the strong

Unconquerable hand of Liberty;

850

The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,

'Consulting deep, and various, ere they take

## AUTUMN.

107

Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.  
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;  
 And many a circle, many a short essay, 856  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
 The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high  
 The' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860  
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
 Of furthest Thulè, and the' Atlantic surge  
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;  
 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,  
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's seagirt reign ; or, to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ! or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875  
 Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,

High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :  
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880  
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885  
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,  
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890

O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak.  
 Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited  
 By Learning, when before the gothic rage  
 She took her western flight. A manly race 895  
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;  
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,  
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
 Great patriot hero! ill requited chief!)  
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900  
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil, 905  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.  
 Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910  
 Through late posterity? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915  
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920  
 That heave our friths and crowd upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
 Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe;  
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925  
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?  
 Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,

# AUTUMN.

109

From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ; 930  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935  
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts, 945  
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.  
 But see the fading many colour'd woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown'd ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the Season in its latest view.  
 Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955  
 Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current : while illumined wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd force 960  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things :  
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet : 965

To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 971  
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse .

While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late,  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 976  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980  
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air. 990  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power

# AUTUMN.

111

Of philosophic Melancholy comes :  
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005  
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes .  
 Inflames imagination ; through the breast  
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015  
 As varied, and as high : Devotion raised  
 To rapture and divine astonishment ;  
 The love of Nature, unconfined, and, chief,  
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
 To make them bless'd ; the sigh for suffering worth  
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn 1021  
 Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;  
 The' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ; 1025  
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear .  
 With all the social offspring of the heart.  
 Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;  
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ; 1030  
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk  
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;  
 And voices more than human, through the void  
 Deep sounding, seize the' enthusiastic ear !  
 Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,  
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036  
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land  
 In countless numbers bless'd Britannia sees ;  
 O, lead me to the wide extended walks,



The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !\* 1040  
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
 E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art  
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed  
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife  
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be undone 1045  
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,  
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,  
 Or in that Templet where, in future times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;  
 And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods. 1051  
 While there with thee the' enchanted round I walk,  
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then  
 Will tread in thought the groves of attic land ;  
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055  
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.  
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou, 1060  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
 What every decent character requires,  
 And every passion speaks : O, through her strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds  
 The' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065  
 Of honest Zeal the' indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.  
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales  
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes  
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files 1070  
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,  
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,

\* The seat of Lord Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

AUTUMN.

113

Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war ; 1075  
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,  
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;  
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081  
 In her chill progress, to the ground condensed

The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085

The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon  
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes, 1091

A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.

Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
 O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,  
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light,  
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;  
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,  
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105

Oft in this season, silent from the north  
 A blaze of meteors shoots ; ensweeping first  
 The lower skies, they all at once converge  
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110  
 And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,  
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 The' appearance throws : armies in meet array, 1115  
 Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,  
 Till the long lines of full extended war  
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood  
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120  
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks  
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,  
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
 Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame ; 1125  
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm :  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;  
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
 The' unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self  
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130  
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he  
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,  
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135  
 Now black and deep the night begins to fall,  
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety 1140  
 One universal blot : such the fair power  
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge ; 1145  
 Nor visited by one directive ray,  
 From cottage streaming or from airy hall.  
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
 The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails 1150

## AUTUMN.

115

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :  
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,  
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :  
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife      1155  
 And plaintive children his return await,  
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
 Sent by the better genius of the night,  
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
 The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path,      1160  
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elapsed, the Morning shines  
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.      1165  
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;  
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade  
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.      1169

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit  
 Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,  
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes      1175  
 Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced  
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
 And, used to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,      1180  
 Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you rear'd the Spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd  
 Ceaseless the burning Summer heats away ?  
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?      1186  
 O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long  
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,

Awaiting renovation ? when obliged,  
 Must you destroy ? of their ambrosial food 1190  
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just return  
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ;  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
 Again regale them on some smiling day ?  
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195  
 Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there  
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200  
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,  
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame, 1205  
 Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,  
 O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,  
 Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.  
 How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads  
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210  
 How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply tinged  
 With a peculiar blue ! the' etherial arch  
 How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure throned  
 The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below  
 The gilded earth ! the harvest treasures all 1215  
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;  
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.  
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,  
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225  
 Darts not unmeaning looks ; and where her eye

# AUTUMN.

117

Points an approving smile, with double force,  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231  
 Begins again the never ceasing round.  
 Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired, 1235  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.  
 What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ?  
 Vile intercourse ! what though the glittering robe  
 Of every hue reflected light can give, 1241  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?  
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life 1145  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury, and death ? What though his bowl  
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250  
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?  
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged 1255  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :  
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;

Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;  
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ; 1271  
 Unsullied Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;  
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious Toil ,  
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275  
 Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave  
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;  
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280  
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,  
 Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,  
 Find other lands beneath another sun.  
 Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285  
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
 The social sense extinct ; and that ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290  
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,  
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight ;  
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295  
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
 While he, from all the stormy passions free  
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
 Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states 1301  
 Move not the man who, from the world escaped,

# AUTUMN.

119

In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month  
 And day to day, through the revolving year: 1305  
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310  
 Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours  
 He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain,  
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave, 1315  
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,  
 Perhaps, is in immortal numbers sung ;  
 Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye  
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320  
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
 Seized by the general joy, his heart distends  
 With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams  
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
 Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on the' exalted eye. 1330  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing  
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck, 1340



And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind. 1345  
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself with Man !  
 Oh Nature ! all sufficient ! over all ! 1350  
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !  
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there  
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,  
 Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
 Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep 1356  
 Light my blind way ; the mineral strata there ;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;  
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1360  
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;  
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;  
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !  
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1365  
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
 That best ambition ; under closing shades,  
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ,  
 And let me never, never stray from Thee ! 1371

## WINTER.

---

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows; a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

---

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,  
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms, 5  
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain;  
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure; 11  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,  
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,  
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving year:  
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne. 20  
Attempted through the summer blaze to rise;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,

Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ,  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds , 25  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ,  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
 Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear  
 With bold description and with manly thought  
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal, 35  
 A steady spirit regularly free ;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40  
 Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
 And fierce Aquarius stains the' inverted year ,  
 Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun  
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day. 45  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;  
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50  
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,  
 Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.  
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds, 55  
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
 Through Nature shedding influence malign,  
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60  
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,

And black with more than melancholy views.  
 The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm :  
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70  
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear. 7

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
 Wrapp'd in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure  
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75  
 That grumtling wave below. The' unsightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80  
 Each to his home, retire ; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
 The cattle from the' untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls, 85  
 Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90  
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95,  
 At last the roused-up river pours along :  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;

Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100  
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd  
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;  
 Their gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,  
 It boils and wheels and foams and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand 106

Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,  
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works !  
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110

Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow  
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,  
 Where your aerial magazines reserved,  
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115

~~In what far distant region of the sky,~~  
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125

Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.

Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130  
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,  
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135

The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,

WINTER.

125

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening tram 140  
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight.  
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove ;  
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing  
 The circling seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
 And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150  
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air  
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155  
 Descends the' ethereal force, and with strong gust  
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
 Through the black night that sits immense around,  
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160  
 Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds  
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive, 165  
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
 Of mighty waters : now the' inflated wave  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170  
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock  
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
 Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns. 175

The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
 Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190  
 Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.  
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196  
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200  
 Then, straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.  
 As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205  
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;  
 Let me shake off the' intrusive cares of day,  
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.  
 Where now, ye lying vanities of life !  
 Ye ever tempting ever cheating train ! 210  
 Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?  
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse :  
 Sad, sickening thought ! and yet, deluded man,

WINTER.

127

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved, 215  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !

O, teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul 220

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;

Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun

From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;

And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230

Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields

Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235

Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun

Faint from the west emits his evening ray,

Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,

Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide

The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

The winnowing store, and claim the little boon

Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245

The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,

Wisely regardful of the' embroiling sky,

In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves

His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man

His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250

Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights



On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums      255  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,      260  
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispersed,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.  
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens      266  
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains      270  
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urged,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.      275  
 As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;  
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,      280  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;  
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,      285  
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !

WINTER.

129

When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track and bless'd abode of man!

While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind

Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire descent! beyond the power of frost!

Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300

Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,

Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift. 306

Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,

Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him the officious wife prepares

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out

Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;

And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,

Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,

Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,

How many feel, this very moment, death,

And all the sad variety of pain.  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330  
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335  
 Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345  
 In deep retired distress How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh :  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.  
 And here can I forget the generous band,\*  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 361  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;  
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,  
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

\* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

WINTER.

131

While in the land of Liberty, the land 365

Whose every street and public meeting glow

With open freedom, little tyrants raged ;

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth :

Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;

E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370

The freeborn Briton to the dungeon chain'd,

Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,

At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;

And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,

That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375

O great design ! if executed well,

With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.

Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search ;

Drag forth the regal monsters into light,

Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380

And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,

Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.

The toils of law (what dark insidious men

Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385

And lengthen simple justice into trade,)

How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke

And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract

Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390

And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,

Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !

Burning for blood ! bony and gaunt and grim !

Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395

And, pouring o'er the country, bear along

Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.

All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,

Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.

Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400

Or shake the murdering savages away. >

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,

And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
 E'en beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance 405  
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,  
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, apprised of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up, lured by the scent,  
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.  
 Among those hilly regions, where embraced  
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ; 415  
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll,  
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,  
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;  
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420  
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops  
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.  
 Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore  
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430  
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty Dead ;  
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,  
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
 With arts, with arms, and humanized a world. 435  
 Roused at the' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The longlived volume ; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440

WINTER.

133

Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,  
 That Voice of God within the' attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, o. in life or death :  
 Great moral teacher ! Wisest of mankind ! 445  
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal  
 On equity's wide base ; by tender laws  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling Greece and humankind.  
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm devoted Chief,\* who proved by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom the' unflattering voice 460  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
 In pure majestic poverty revered ;  
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465  
 Cimon sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad  
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;  
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470  
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475  
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair‡

\* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
 Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 484  
 Phœon the Good ; in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485  
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
 'The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
 E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.  
 The two Achaian heroes close the train : 490  
 Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul  
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece ;  
 And he her darling as her latest hope,  
 The gallant Philopœmen ; who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495  
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field  
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !  
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500  
 Their dearest country they too fondly loved :  
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,  
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons :  
 Servius the king, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 'The public Father\* who the private quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510  
 Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold ;  
 And Cincinatus, awful from the plough.  
 Thy willing victim,† Carthage, bursting loose

\* Marcus Junius Brutus

† Regulus.

WINTER.

135

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.

515

Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
With Friendship and Philosophy retired.

520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile  
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :

And, thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,

Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged,

525

Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse

Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?

Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state,

530

Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :

'Tis Phebus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !

Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,

Parent of song ! and equal, by his side,

The British Muse : join'd hand in hand they walk,

535

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch

Pathetic drew the' impassion'd heart, and charm'd

Transported Athens with the moral scene ;

Nor those who, tuneful, waked the' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !

541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,

545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill with Pope descend,

550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,



And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
 For though not sweet his own Homer sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou, the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556

Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ? 560  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasured store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ; 565  
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?  
 Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570  
 And teach our humble hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired :  
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576  
 Or sprung eternal from the' Eternal Mind ;  
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580  
 And each diffusive harmony unite  
 In full perfection, to the' astonish'd eye.  
 Then would we try to scan the mortal world,  
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
 In higher order ; fitted and impell'd 585  
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
 In general good. The sage historic Muse  
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of time :  
 Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,

WINTER.

137

In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile, 590

Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;

And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,

In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,

Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale

That portion of divinity, that ray 595

Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul

Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,

In powerless humble fortune, to repress

These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;

Then, even superior to ambition, we 600

Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide

Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream

Of rural life : or, snatch'd away by hope,

Through the dim spaces of futurity,

With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605

Of happiness and wonder ; where the mind,

In endless growth and infinite ascent,

Rises from state to state, and world to world.

But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,

We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610

Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form

Those rapid pictures, that assembled train

Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,

Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;

Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615

Calls Laughter forth, deep shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;

While well attested, and as well believed,

Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round ;

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620

Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake

The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;

The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,

Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid, 625

On purpose guardless or pretending sleep :

The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes

Of native music, the respondent dance

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630

Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,

Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow

Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,

To swift destruction. On the rankled soul

The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf 635

Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,

Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.

Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,

Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.

The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640

The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,

Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,

A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :

While, a gay insect in his summer shine,

The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;

Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;

And Belvidera pours her soul in love.

Terror\* alarms the breast ; the comely tear

Steals o'er the cheek : or else the Comic Muse 650

Holds to the world a picture of itself,

And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes

Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,

Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil\* show'd. 655

O Thot, whose wisdom, solid yet refined,

Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill

To touch the finer springs that move the world,

Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,

And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine

At once the guardian, ornament, and joy

Of polish'd life ; permit the rural Muse,

\* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir R. Steele.

WINTER.

139

O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !  
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665  
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train  
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place,)  
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :  
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,  
 Rejects the' allurements of corrupted power ; 670  
 That elegant politeness, which excels,  
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;  
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point 675  
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
 O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680  
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
 Thou to assenting reason givest again  
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,  
 The' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686  
 And e'en reluctant party feels awhile  
 Thy gracious power ; as through the varied maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound, and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690  
 To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse .  
 For now, behold, the joyous winter days,  
 Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,  
 For sight too fine, the' ethereal nitre flies ;  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695  
 Storing afresh with elemental life.  
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds  
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constricting ; feeds and animates our blood ;  
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves 700  
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;

Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen  
 All Nature feels the renovating force  
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye **705**  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along **710**  
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,  
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.  
 What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores  
 Derived, thou secret all-invading power, **715**  
 Whom e'en the' illusive fluid cannot fly ?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped  
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense  
 Through water, earth, and ether ? hence at eve, **720**  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,  
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, **725**  
 Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,  
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
 Cemented firm ; till, seized from shore to shore, **730**  
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
 A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,  
 The village dog deters the nightly thief ;  
 The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall **735**  
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread  
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

WINTER.

141

Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope 740

Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,

Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,

And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;

Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745

Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears

The various labour of the silent night :

Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,

Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,

The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750

Where transient hues and fancied figures rise ;

Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,

A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;

The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;

And by the frost refined the whiter snow, 755

Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread

Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks

His pining flock, or from the mountain top,

Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760

While every work of man is laid at rest,

Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport

And revelry dissolved ; where mixing glad,

Happiest of all the train ! the raptured boy

Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,

From every province swarming, void of care,

Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,

On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,

In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770

The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.

Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow

Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,

Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel

The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise 775

The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,

Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,  
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day ;  
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun, 780

Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff :  
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents awhile to the reflected ray : 785

Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790  
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields ;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this ? our infant Winter sinks  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795  
Astonish'd shoo' into the frigid zone ;  
Where, for relentless months, continual Night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800  
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around  
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow ;  
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,

Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805  
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,  
Save when its annual course the caravan

Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,\*  
With news of humankind. Yet there life glows ;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810  
The furry nations harbour : tipp'd with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;

\* The old name for China.

WINTER.

143

Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,  
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 819  
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head  
 Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.  
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820  
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on the' ensanguined snows,  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home. 821  
 There through the piny forest half-absorb'd,  
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase, 830  
 He makes his bed beneath the' inclement drift,  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835  
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus\* pierced,  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame  
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,  
 Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled south, 841  
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.  
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they  
 Despise the' insensate barbarous trade of war,  
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845  
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms  
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;

\* The North-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.



And through the restless ever tortured maze  
 Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage. 850  
 Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,  
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
 Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.  
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855  
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,  
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.  
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860  
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,  
 E'en in the depth of polar night, they find  
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,  
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865  
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!  
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870  
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure Niemi's\* fairy mountains rise, 875  
 And fringed with roses Tengliot rolls his stream,

\* M. de Maupertius, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

† The same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair ;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880  
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secured  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,  
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
 And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.\*  
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ; 895  
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905  
 And icy mountains high on mountains piled,  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,  
 Alps frown on Alps ; or, rushing hideous down, 910  
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.

\* The other hemisphere.

Ocean itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury : but, in all its rage  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost. 915  
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;  
 While, full of death and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's\* fate, 925  
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dared ?)  
 He for the passage sought. attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935  
 Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream  
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;  
 And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants,  
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
 Nor tenderness they know : nor augnt of life 945  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,  
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,

\* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

WINTER.

147

Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 950  
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these  
A people savage from remotest time, [shores,

A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,  
By Heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.  
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he 955

His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,  
Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons;  
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,  
To more exalted soul he raised the man.

Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960  
Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!

Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
And roaming every land, in every port

His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes!  
Then cities rise amid tho' illumined waste;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;  
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975

The' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before; and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north, 980

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,  
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,  
Taught by the Royal Hand that roused the whole,

One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985  
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,  
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,  
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,  
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,  
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005

Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human force endure

The' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010

The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,  
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015  
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,  
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore

Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.

Yet Providence, that ever waking eye, 1020  
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil

Of mortars lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031

And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,

Immortal never failing friend of Man, 1040

His guide to happiness on high. And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life,

In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045

For ever free. The great eternal scheme,

Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,

To reason's eye refined clears up apace.

'Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050

Confounded in the dust, adore that Power

And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,

Why unassuming worth in secret lived,

And died neglected: why the good man's share

In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055

Why the lone widow and her orphans pined

In starving solitude; while Luxury,

In palaces, lay straining her low thought,

150

WINTER.

To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060  
Of superstition's scourge : why licensed pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good mistress'd !  
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, 1065  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil is no more :  
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

## H Y M N.



THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these  
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year  
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness, and love.  
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ; 5  
Echo the mountains round : the forest smiles ;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,  
With light and heart refulgent. Then THY sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year : 10  
And oft THY VOICE in dreadful thunder speaks :  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales  
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15  
In Winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms  
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20  
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ; 25  
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent sphere ; 30



Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, **35**  
 With transport touches all the springs of life  
 Nature, attend ! join, every living soul  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales, **40**  
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes .  
 Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms !  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, **45**  
 Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ; **50**  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound His stupendous praise : whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall. **55**  
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to HIM ;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, **60**  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. **65**  
 Great source of day ! best image here below  
 Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
 The thunder rolls : he hush'd the prostrate world, 70  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,  
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ,  
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, 81  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases arch,  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grave ; 90  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll ! -  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray 95  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !  
 Should fate command me to the furthest verge 100  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on the' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105  
 In the void waste as in the city full :

And where HE vital breathes there must be joy  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110  
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;  
From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
And better thence again, and better still 115  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !  
Come then expressive Silence, muse His praise.





THE  
COURSE OF TIME,

A POEM.

BY ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.

---

A NEW EDITION.

---

BOSTON:  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY

110 WASHINGTON STREET.

1850.



**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK I.**



## ANALYSIS OF BOOK I.

Invocation is made to the Eternal Spirit of Truth, and the subject of the Poem is stated.

Long after Time had ceased, and Eternity had rolled on its ages, two youthful sons of Paradise walk on the hills of immortality, enjoying holy converse. A stranger spirit from another world arrives, and is welcomed by them to the abodes of bliss. The stranger desires them to explain the wonderful things he had noticed in his flight from his native world to heaven. Having sailed through empty, nameless regions, where utter nothing dwelt, he suddenly came to a mountainous wall of fiery adamant, on which were horrid figures, traced in fire, imitating life. He entered within, and saw a wide lake of burning fire, and saw most miserable beings walking in the flames, burning continually, yet unconsumed. Filled with horror, he hastened from the dismal prison to the world of light, and now desired to understand this wondrous wretchedness. The Two, unable to explain it, and having their curiosity awakened, propose to visit an "ancient Bard of Earth," who often had sung on this subject to the admiring youth of heaven.

They find the Bard alone, in holy musing, and state to him their desire. He informs them that the prison described is Hell, and promises more fully to meet their curiosity by relating to them the HISTORY OF MAN.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK I.

ETERNAL SPIRIT ! God of truth ! to whom  
All things seem as they are ; Thou, who of old  
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,  
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,  
In holy vision tranced, the future pass  
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned  
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake,  
And Zion's cedars bow,—inspire my song ;  
My eye unscale ; me what is substance teach,  
And shadow what, while I of things to come,  
As past, rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,  
The second birth, and final doom of man.

The muse, that soft and sickly woos the ear  
Of love, or, chanting loud in windy rhyme  
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale  
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not : such  
A strain befits not argument so high.  
Me thought, and phrase severely sifting out  
The whole idea, grant ; uttering—as 'tis  
The essential truth—time gone, the righteous saved,  
The wicked damned, and providence approved.

Hold my right hand, Almighty ! and me teach  
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes

Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure  
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,  
Which wake the echoes of Eternity ;  
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise,  
Instructed, listen, of ages yet to come.

Long was the day, so long expected, past  
Of the eternal doom, that gave to each  
Of all the human race his due reward.  
The sun, earth's sun, and moon, and stars, had ceased  
To number seasons, days, and months, and years  
To mortal man. Hope was forgotten, and fear :  
And time, with all its chance, and change, and smiles,  
And frequent tears, and deeds of villany,  
Or righteousness, once talked of much, as things  
Of great renown, was now but ill remembered ;  
In dim and shadowy vision of the past  
Seen far remote, as country, which has left  
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back  
From morn till even ; and long Eternity  
Had rolled his mighty years, and with his years  
Men had grown old. The saints, all home returned  
From pilgrimage, and war, and weeping, long  
Had rested in the bowers of peace, that skirt  
The stream of life ; and long—alas ! how long  
To them it seemed !—the wicked, who refused  
To be redeemed, had wandered in the dark  
Of hell's despair, and drunk the burning cup  
Their sins had filled with everlasting wo.

Thus far the years had rolled, which none but God  
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons  
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet,—  
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed  
At midnight hour, with offering sincere  
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer,

High on the hills of immortality,  
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls  
Of heaven, walked, casting oft their eye far through  
The pure serene, observant if, returned  
From errand duly finished, any came,  
Or any, first in virtue now complete,  
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing  
Directing towards heaven his course ; and now,  
His flight ascending near the battlements  
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.  
For round and round, in spacious circuit wide,  
Mountains of tallest stature circumscribe  
The plains of Paradise, whose tops, arrayed  
In uncreated radiance, seemed so pure,  
That naught but angel's foot, or saint's, elect  
Of God, may venture there to walk. Here oft  
The sons of bliss take morn or evening pastime,  
Delighted to behold ten thousand worlds  
Around their suns revolving in the vast  
External space, or listen the harmonies  
That each to other in its motion sings.  
And hence, in middle heaven remote, is seen  
The mount of God in awful glory bright.  
Within, no orb create of moon, or star,  
Or sun, gives light ; for God's own countenance,  
Beaming eternally, gives light to all.  
But farther than these sacred hills, his will  
Forbids its flow, too bright for eyes beyond.  
This is the last ascent of Virtue ; here  
All trial ends, and hope ; here perfect joy,  
With perfect righteousness, which to these heights  
Alone can rise, begins, above all fall.

And now, on wing of holy ardor strong,  
Hither ascends the stranger borne upright.—

For stranger he did seem, with curious eye  
Of nice inspection round surveying all,—  
And at the feet alights of those that stood  
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,  
And the embrace sincere of holy love ;  
And thus with comely greeting kind, began :

Hail, brother ! hail, thou son of happiness,  
Thou son beloved of God ! welcome to heaven,  
To bliss that never fades ! thy day is past  
Of trial and of fear to fall. Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant ; enter now  
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.  
Come with us, and behold far higher sight  
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.  
See, yonder is the glorious hill of God,  
'Bove angel's gaze in brightness rising high.  
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight  
To mysteries of everlasting bliss—  
The tree, and fount of life, the eternal throne,  
And presence chamber of the King of kings.  
But what concern hangs on thy countenance,  
Unwont within this place ? Perhaps thou deemst  
Thyself unworthy to be brought before  
The always Ancient One. So are we, too,  
Unworthy ; but our God is all in all,  
And gives us boldness to approach his throne.

Sons of the Highest ! citizens of heaven !  
Began the new-arrived, right have ye judged :  
Unworthy, most unworthy is your servant,  
To stand in presence of the King, or hold  
Most distant and most humble place in this  
Abode of excellent glory unrevealed.  
But God Almighty be for ever praised,  
Who of his fullness, fills me with all grace

And ornament, to make me in his sight  
Well pleasing, and accepted in his court.  
But, if your leisure waits, short narrative  
Will tell, why strange concern thus overhangs  
My face, ill seeming here ; and haply, too,  
Your elder knowledge can instruct my youth,  
Of what seems dark and doubtful, unexplained.

Our leisure waits thee. Speak ; and what we can,  
Delighted most to give delight, we will ;  
Though much of mystery yet to us remains.

Virtue, I need not tell, when proved and full  
Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,  
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure ;  
As gravitation to the larger orb  
The less attracts, through matter's whole domain.  
Virtue in me was ripe. I speak not this  
In boast ; for what I am to God I owe,  
Entirely owe, and of myself am naught.  
Equipped and bent for heaven, I left yon world,  
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach,  
Rolling around her central sun, far out,  
On utmost verge of light. But first, to see  
What lay beyond the visible creation,  
Strong curiosity my flight impelled.  
Long was my way, and strange. I passed the bounds  
Which God doth set to light, and life, and love ;  
Where darkness meets with day, where order meets  
Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild ; and down  
The dark, eternal, uncreated night  
Ventured alone. Long, long on rapid wing,  
I sailed through empty, nameless regions vast,  
Where utter nothing dwells, unformed and void.  
There neither eye, nor ear, nor any sense  
Of being most acute, finds object ; there

For aught external still you search in vain.  
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,  
You strangely find naught but yourself alone.  
But why should I in words attempt to tell  
What that is like, which is, and yet is not?  
This past, my path, descending, led me still  
O'er unclaimed continents of desert gloom  
Immense, where gravitation shifting turns  
The other way; and to some dread, unknown,  
Infernal centre downward weighs: and now,—  
Far travelled from the edge of darkness, far  
As from that glorious mount of God to light's  
Remotest limb,—dire sights I saw, dire sounds  
I heard; and suddenly before my eye  
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,  
Wall mountainous, tremendous, flaming high  
Above all flight of hope. I paused, and looked;  
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,  
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,  
But imitating life. One I remarked  
Attentively; but how shall I describe  
What naught resembles else my eye hath seen?  
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,  
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,  
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;  
And with as many tails, that twisted out  
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;  
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,  
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting,  
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;  
And, in its writhings infinite, it grasped  
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,  
And quivering with torture most intense;  
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,  
Made effort to escape, but could not; for,  
Howe'er it turned—and oft it vainly turned—

These complicated foldings held it fast.  
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head  
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.  
What this could image, much I searched to know ;  
And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,  
A voice—from whence I knew not, for no one  
I saw—distinctly whispered in my ear  
These words : This is the Worm that never dies.

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing  
Another was portrayed, more hideous still :  
Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more.  
For ever undescribed let it remain !  
Only this much I may or can unfold.  
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made  
The knees of Terror quake, and on it hung,  
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced  
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make  
Original the being seemed, but fallen,  
And worn and wasted with enormous wo.  
And still, around the everlasting lance,  
It writhed, convulsed, and uttered mimic groans ;  
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished  
To die ; but could not die. Oh, horrid sight !  
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard this voice  
Approach my ear : This is Eternal Death.

Nor these alone. Upon that burning wall,  
In horrible emblazonry, were limned  
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,  
And agony, and grief, and desperate wo.  
And prominent in characters of fire,  
Where'er the eye could light, these words you read :  
“ Who comes this way, behold, and fear to sin ! ”  
Amazed I stood ; and thought such imagery  
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.



But yet to see the worst a wish arose.  
For virtue, by the holy seal of God  
Accredited and stamped, immortal all,  
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.  
As easy as my wish, as rapidly,  
I through the horrid rampart passed, unscathed  
And unopposed ; and, poised on steady wing,  
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice ! sons  
Of God ! tell me, if ye can tell, what then  
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,  
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.  
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,  
With tempest tost perpetually, and still  
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks  
Of dark damnation broke, and music made  
Of melancholy sort ; and over head,  
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled  
To storm, and lightning forked lightning crossed,  
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds  
Of sullen wrath ; and far as sight could pierce,  
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,  
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,  
I saw most miserable beings walk,  
Burning continually, yet unconsumed ;  
For ever wasting, yet enduring still ;  
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.  
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,  
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,  
With curses loud, and blasphemies, that made  
The cheek of Darkness pale ; and as they fought,  
And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,  
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of wo.  
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs  
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept  
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.  
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair,

Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips  
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.  
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse  
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse  
The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,  
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.  
And to their everlasting anguish still,  
The thunders from above responding spoke  
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition  
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear :  
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."  
And back again recoiled a deeper groan.  
A deeper groan ! Oh, what a groan was that !  
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,  
With unaccustomed thoughts conversing, back  
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light.  
Then up ascending, long ascending up,  
I hasted on ; though whiles the chiming spheres,  
By God's own finger touched to harmony,  
Held me delaying, till I here arrived,  
Drawn upward by the eternal love of God,  
Of wonder full and strange astonishment,  
At what in yonder den of darkness dwells,  
Which now your higher knowledge will unfold.

They answering said : To ask and to bestow  
Knowledge, is much of heaven's delight ; and now  
Most joyfully what thou requir'st we would ;  
For much of new and unaccountable  
Thou bringst. Something indeed we heard before,  
In passing conversation slightly touched,  
Of such a place ; yet, rather to be taught,  
Than teaching, answer, what thy marvel asks,  
We need ; for we ourselves, though here, are but  
Of yesterday, creation's younger sons.  
But there is one, an ancient bard of Earth,

Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,  
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete  
The mighty circle round the throne of God;  
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,  
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain  
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves,  
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of heaven,  
With truth and melody delighted both.  
To him this path directs, an easy path,  
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.

So saying, they linked hand in hand, spread out  
Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,  
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.  
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green,  
That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,  
That never fades; and many a river, rich  
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed  
And mansion of celestial mould, and work  
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung  
By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,  
Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,  
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint  
Their wing; not long, for strong desire awaked  
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,  
Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed  
Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wished-for spot,  
The sacred bower of that renowned bard;  
That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;  
But in immortal vigor young, and young  
In rosy health; to pensive solitude  
Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit, for holy musing.  
Upon a little mount, that gently rose,

He sat, clothed in white robes ; and o'er his head  
A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,  
Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide,—  
Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed and rich  
With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste,—  
Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms  
A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced—  
The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,  
And every flower of fairest cheek, around  
Him, smiling flocked. Beneath his feet, fast by,  
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,  
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven ;  
The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet ;  
And out before him opened, in prospect long,  
The river of life, in many a winding maze  
Descending from the lofty throne of God,  
That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,  
By chance that day, in meditation deep,  
Reflecting much of time, and earth, and man.  
And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,  
He touched a harp of wondrous melody.  
A golden harp it was, a precious gift,  
Which, at the day of judgment, with the crown  
Of life, he had received from God's own hand,  
Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,  
And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,  
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,  
But of the heart sincere, into his bower  
Invites. Like greeting they returned. Not bent  
In low obeisance, from creature most  
Unfit to creature ; but with manly form  
Upright they entered in ; though high his rank,

His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.  
And thus, deferring all apology,  
The two their new companion introduced.

Ancient in knowledge ! bard of Adam's race !  
We bring thee one, of us inquiring what  
We need to learn, and with him wish to learn.  
His asking will direct thy answer best.

Most ancient bard ! began the new-arrived,  
Few words will set my wonder forth, and guide  
Thy wisdom's light to what in me is dark.

Equipped for heaven, I left my native place.  
But first beyond the realms of light I bent  
My course ; and there, in utter darkness, far  
Remote, I beings saw forlorn in wo,  
Burning continually, yet unconsumed.  
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs  
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept  
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.  
And still I heard these wretched beings curse  
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse  
The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,  
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.  
And from above the thunders answered still,  
" Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."  
And everywhere, throughout that horrid den,  
I saw a form of excellence, a form  
Of beauty without spot, that naught could see  
And not admire, admire and not adore.  
And from its own essential beams it gave  
Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark.  
And every eye in that infernal pit  
Beheld it still ; and from its face—how fair !  
Oh, how exceeding fair !—for ever sought,

But ever vainly sought, to turn away.  
That image, as I guess, was Virtue; for  
Naught else hath God given countenance so fair.  
But why in such a place it should abide?  
What place it is? What beings there lament?  
Whence came they? and for what their endless groan?  
Why curse they God? why seek they utter death?  
And chief, what means the resurrection morn?  
My youth expects thy reverend age to tell.

Thou rightly deemst, fair youth, began the bard.  
The form thou sawst was Virtue, ever fair.  
Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,  
Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.  
No being, once created rational,  
Accountable, endowed with moral sense,  
With sapience of right and wrong endowed,  
And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;  
However lost forlorn, and miserable;  
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapped however thick;  
However drunk, delirious, and mad,  
With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned,  
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,—  
Can banish Virtue from its sight, or once  
Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,  
In central night; takes it the lightning's wing,  
And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds  
Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;  
Dives it beneath the ocean of despair;  
It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain.  
For still the eternal beauty, image fair,  
Once stamped upon the soul, before the eye  
All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God  
Ordains; and lovely to the worst she seems,  
And ever seems; and as they look, and still  
Must ever look, upon her loveliness,

Remembrance dire of what they were, of what  
They might have been, and bitter sense of what  
They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,  
With most repenting torment rend their hearts.  
So God ordains, their punishment severe,  
Eternally inflicted by themselves.  
'Tis this, this Virtue, hovering evermore  
Before the vision of the damned, and, in  
Upon their monstrous moral nakedness  
Casting unwelcome light, that makes their wo,  
That makes the essence of the endless flame.  
Where this is, there is hell, darker than aught  
That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.

The place thou sawst was hell; the groans thou  
heardst  
The wailings of the damned, of those who would  
Not be redeemed, and at the judgment day,  
Long past, for unrepented sins were damned.  
The seven loud thunders which thou heardst, declare  
The eternal wrath of the Almighty God.  
But whence, or why they came to dwell in wo,  
Why they curse God, what means the glorious morn  
Of resurrection, these a longer tale  
Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back  
Through memory of sin and mortal man.  
Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace  
The dark disastrous years of finished Time.  
Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.  
Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,  
Much peace on earth, to all who feared his name.

But first it needs to say, that other style  
And other language than thy ear is wont,  
Thou must expect to hear—the dialect  
Of man. For each in heaven a relish holds

Of former speech, that points to whence he came.  
But whether I of person speak, or place,  
Event or action, moral or divine ;  
Or things unknown compare to things unknown ;  
Allude, imply, suggest, apostrophize ;  
Or touch, when wandering through the past, on moods  
Of mind thou never feltst ;—the meaning still,  
With easy apprehension, thou shalt take.  
So perfect here is knowledge, and the strings  
Of sympathy so tuned, that every word  
That each to other speaks, though never heard  
Before, at once is fully understood,  
And every feeling uttered, fully felt.

So shalt thou find, as from my various song,  
That backward rolls o'er many a tide of years,  
Directly or inferred, thy asking, thou,  
And wondering doubt, shalt learn to answer, while  
I sketch in brief the history of man.





**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME**  
**BOOK II.**

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK II.

The "ancient Bard" begins his story. He relates briefly the creation of the Earth, and of Man; the Apostacy; and the provision for Man's recovery through the Incarnation and Death of the Son of God. The inquiring spirit breaks out in rapturous admiration of Redeeming Love, expressing the supposition that the whole race of Adam must have availed themselves of its benefits. The Bard proceeds, correcting this mistake, and stating further the efforts on the part of God to secure the salvation of men, and the unwillingness of multitudes to receive mercy. The Bible, proceeding from God himself, was sent to them, containing a full exhibition of God's character and law; of man's character, condition, duty, and destiny; of the nature and tendency of sin, and of the method of final pardon; but many refused to regard this voice from heaven; many perverted its testimony; many, after extinguishing the light of revelation, yielded to impious idolatry. Some of the influences which operate to counteract the Bible are noticed; particularly the criminal abuse of office and authority, the admiration of philosophy and science, the love of pleasure and indolence. In conclusion, the "primal cause" and "fountain head" of all the opposition manifested to God and to his revealed word, is found in the Pride of the human heart.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK II.

THIS said, he waked the golden harp, and thus,  
While on him inspiration breathed, began :

As from yon everlasting hills that gird  
Heaven northward, I thy course espied, I judge  
Thou from the arctic regions came! Perhaps  
Thou noticed on thy way a little orb,  
Attended by one moon, her lamp by night,  
With her fair sisterhood of planets seven,  
Revolving round their central sun; she third  
In place, in magnitude the fourth, That orb,  
New made, new named, inhabited anew,—  
Though whiles we sons of Adam visit still,  
Our native place, not changed so far but we  
Can trace our ancient walks, the scenery  
Of childhood, youth, and prime, and hoary age,  
But scenery most of suffering and wo,—  
That little orb, in days remote of old,  
When angels yet were young, was made for man,  
And titled Earth, her primal virgin name;—  
Created first so lovely, so adorned  
With hill, and dale, and lawn, and winding vale,  
Woodland, and stream, and lake, and rolling seas,  
Green mead, and fruitful tree, and fertile grain,  
And herb and flower; so lovely, so adorned

With numerous beasts of every kind, with fowl  
Of every wing and every tuneful note,  
And with all fish that in the multitude  
Of waters swam ; so lovely so adorned,  
So fit a dwelling place for man, that, as  
She rose, complete, at the creating word,  
The morning stars, the sons of God, aloud  
Shouted for joy ; and God, beholding, saw  
The fair design, that from eternity  
His mind conceived, accomplished, and, well pleased,  
His six days finished work most good pronounced,  
And man declared the sovereign prince of all.

All else was prone, irrational, and mute,  
And unaccountable, by instinct led.  
But man He made of angel form erect,  
To hold communion with the heavens above ;  
And on his soul impressed his image fair,  
His own similitude of holiness,  
Of virtue, truth, and love ; with reason high  
To balance right and wrong, and conscience quick  
To choose or to reject ; with knowledge great,  
Prudence and wisdom, vigilance and strength,  
To guard all force or guile ; and, last of all,  
The highest gift of God's abundant grace,  
With perfect, free, unbiassed will. Thus man  
Was made upright, immortal made, and crowned  
The king of all ; to eat, to drink, to do  
Freely and sovereignly his will entire ;—  
By one command alone restrained, to prove,  
As was most just, his filial love sincere,  
His loyalty, obedience due, and faith.  
And thus the prohibition ran, expressed,  
As God is wont, in terms of plainest truth.

Of every tree that in the garden grows  
Thou mayest freely eat ; but of the tree

That knowledge hath of good and ill, eat not,  
Nor touch ; for in the day thou eatest, thou  
Shalt die. Go and this one command obey,  
Adam, live and be happy, and with thy Eve,  
Fit consort, multiply and fill the earth.

Thus they, the representatives of men,  
Were placed in Eden, choicest spot of earth.  
With royal honor and with glory crowned,  
Adam, the Lord of all, majestic walked,  
With godlike countenance sublime, and form  
Of lofty towering strength ; and by his side  
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty  
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love  
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent  
Of thought and comely words, to worship God  
And sing his praise, the Giver of all good :  
Glad, in each other glad, and glad in hope ;  
Rejoicing in their future happy race.

O lovely, happy, blest, immortal pair !  
Pleased with the present, full of glorious hope.  
But short, alas ! the song that sings their bliss !  
Henceforth the history of man grows dark !  
Shade after shade of deepening gloom descends ;  
And Innocence laments her robes defiled.  
Who farther sings, must change the pleasant lyre  
To heavy notes of wo. Why ! dost thou ask,  
Surprised ? The answer will surprise thee more.  
Man sinned ; tempted, he ate the guarded tree ;—  
Tempted of whom thou afterwards shall hear ;—  
Audacious, unbelieving, proud, ungrateful,  
He ate the interdicted fruit, and fell ;  
And in his fall, his universal race ;  
For they in him by delegation were,  
In him to stand or fall, to live or die.

Man most ingrate ! so full of grace, to sin,  
Here interposed the new-arrived, so full  
Of bliss, to sin against the Gracious One !  
The holy, just, and good ! the Eternal Love !  
Unseen, unheard, unthought of wickedness !  
Why slumbered vengeance ? No, it slumbered not.  
The ever just and righteous God would let  
His fury loose, and satisfy his threat.

That had been just, replied the reverend bard ;  
But done, fair youth, thou ne'er hadst met me here.  
I ne'er had seen yon glorious throne in peace.

Thy powers are great, originally great,  
And purified even at the fount of light.  
Exert them now, call all their vigor out ;  
Take room, think vastly, meditate intensely,  
Reason profoundly ; send conjecture forth ;  
Let fancy fly, stoop down, ascend ; all length,  
All breadth explore, all moral, all divine ;  
Ask prudence, justice, mercy ask, and might ;  
Weigh good with evil, balance right with wrong ;  
With virtue vice compare, hatred with love ;  
God's holiness, God's justice, and God's truth,  
Deliberately and cautiously compare  
With sinful, wicked, vile, rebellious man ;—  
And see if thou canst punish sin, and let  
Mankind go free. Thou failst ; be not surprised ;  
I bade thee search in vain. Eternal love,—  
Harp, lift thy voice on high !—eternal love,  
Eternal, sovereign love, and sovereign grace,  
Wisdom, and power, and mercy infinite,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, God,  
Devised the wondrous plan, devised, achieved,  
And in achieving made the marvel more.  
Attend, ye heavens ! ye heaven of heavens, attend !

Attend and wonder, wonder evermore!  
When man had fallen, rebelled, insulted God;  
Was most polluted, yet most madly proud;  
Indebted infinitely, yet most poor;  
Captive to sin, yet willing to be bound;  
To God's incensed justice and hot wrath  
Exposed, due victim of eternal death  
And utter wo—Harp, lift thy voice on high!  
Ye everlasting hills! ye angels! bow;  
Bow, ye redeemed of men!—God was made flesh,  
And dwelt with man on earth! The Son of God,  
Only begotten and well beloved, between  
Men and his Father's justice interposed;  
Put human nature on; His wrath sustained;  
And in their name suffered, obeyed, and died,  
Making his soul an offering for sin;  
Just for unjust, and innocence for guilt,  
By doing, suffering, dying unconstrained,  
Save by omnipotence of boundless grace,  
Complete atonement made to God appeased,  
Made honorable his insulted law,  
Turning the wrath aside from pardoned man.  
Thus Truth with Mercy met, and Righteousness,  
Stooping from highest heaven, embraced fair Peace,  
That walked the earth in fellowship with Love.

O love divine! O mercy infinite!  
The audience here in glowing rapture broke;  
O love, all height above, all depth below,  
Surpassing far all knowledge, all desire,  
All thought! The Holy One for sinners dies!  
The Lord of life for guilty rebels bleeds,  
Quenches eternal fire with blood divine!  
Abundant mercy! overflowing grace!  
There, whence I came, I something heard of men;  
Their name had reached us, and report did speak



Of some abominable horrid thing,  
Of desperate offence they had committed.  
And something too of wondrous grace we heard.  
And oft of our celestial visitants  
What man, what God had done, inquired; but they,  
Forbid, our asking never met directly,  
Exhorting still to persevere upright,  
And we should hear in heaven, though greatly blest  
Ourselves, new wonders of God's wondrous love.  
This hinting, keener appetite to know  
Awaked; and as we talked, and much admired  
What new we there should learn, we hasted each  
To nourish virtue to perfection up,  
That we might have our wondering resolved,  
And leave of louder praise to greater deeds  
Of loving kindness due. Mysterious love!  
God was made flesh, and dwelt with men on earth;  
Blood holy, blood divine for sinners shed!  
My asking ends, but makes my wonder more.  
Saviour of men! henceforth be thou my theme;  
Redeeming love, my study day and night.  
Mankind were lost, all lost, and all redeemed!

Thou erst again, but innocently erst,  
Not knowing sin's depravity, nor man's  
Sincere and persevering wickedness.  
All were redeemed? Not all, or thou hadst heard  
No human voice in hell. Many refused,  
Although beseeched, refused to be redeemed,  
Redeemed from death to life, from woe to bliss!

Canst thou believe my song when thus I sing?  
When man had fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost—  
Ye choral harps! ye angels that excel  
In strength! and loudest, ye redeemed of men!  
To God, to Him that sits upon the throne

On high, and to the Lamb, sing honor, sing  
 Dominion, glory, blessing sing, and praise!—  
 When man had fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost,  
 Messiah, Prince of Peace, Eternal King,  
 Died, that the dead might live, the lost be saved.  
 Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, earth!  
 Thou ancient, thou forgotten earth! ye worlds, ad-  
 mire!

Admire and be confounded! and thou hell,  
 Deepen thy eternal groan!—men would not be  
 Redeemed,—I speak of many, not of all,—  
 Would not be saved for lost, have life for death!

Mysterious song! the new-arrived exclaimed,  
 Mysterious mercy! most mysterious hate!  
 To disobey was mad, this madder far,  
 Incurable insanity of will!  
 What now but wrath could guilty men expect?  
 What more could love, what more could mercy do?

No more, resumed the bard, no more they could.  
 Thou hast seen hell. The wicked there lament!  
 And why? for love and mercy twice despised.  
 The husbandman, who sluggishly forgot  
 In spring to plough and sow, could censure none,  
 Though winter clamored round his empty barns.  
 But he who, having thus neglected, did  
 Refuse, when autumn came, and famine threatened,  
 To reap the golden field that charity  
 Bestowed; nay, more obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 And stupid still, refused, though much beseeched,  
 And long entreated, even with Mercy's tears,  
 To eat what to his very lips was held,  
 Cooked temptingly,—he certainly, at least,  
 Deserved to die of hunger, unbemoaned.  
 So did the wicked spurn the grace of God;

And so were punished with the second death.  
The first, no doubt, punishment less severe  
Intended ; death, belike, of all entire.  
But this incurred, by God discharged, and life  
Freely presented, and again despised,  
Despised, though bought with Mercy's proper blood :  
'Twas this dug hell, and kindled all its bounds  
With wrath and unextinguishable fire.

Free was the offer, free to all, of life  
And of salvation ; but the proud of heart,  
Because 'twas free, would not accept ; and still  
To merit wished ; and choosing, thus unshipped,  
Uncompassed, unprovisioned, and bestormed,  
To swim a sea of breadth immeasurable,  
They scorned the goodly bark, whose wings the breath  
Of God's eternal Spirit filled for heaven,  
That stopped to take them in,—and so were lost!

What wonders dost thou tell ! to merit how !  
Of creature meriting in sight of God,  
As right of service done, I never heard  
Till now. We never fell ; in virtue stood  
Upright, and persevered in holiness ;  
But stood by grace, by grace we persevered.  
Ourselves, our deeds, our holiest, highest deeds,  
Unworthy aught ; grace worthy endless praise.  
If we fly swift, obedient to his will,  
He gives us wings to fly ; if we resist  
Temptation, and ne'er fall, it is his shield  
Omnipotent that wards it off ; if we,  
With love unquenchable, before him burn,  
'Tis he that lights and keeps alive the flame.  
Men surely lost their reason in their fall,  
And did not understand the offer made.

They might have understood, the bard replied;  
They had the Bible. Hast thou ever heard  
Of such a book? The author, God himself;  
The subject, God and man, salvation, life  
And death—eternal life, eternal death—  
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds—  
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!  
Star of eternity! the only star  
By which the bark of man could navigate  
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss  
Securely! only star which rose on Time,  
And on its dark and troubled billows, still,  
As generation, drifting swiftly by,  
Succeeded generation, threw a ray  
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,  
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.  
By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,  
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,  
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set  
Apart and consecrated to declare  
To Earth the counsels of the Eternal One,  
This book, this holiest, this sublimest book  
Was sent. Heaven's will, Heaven's code of laws entire,  
To man, this book contained; defined the bounds  
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death;  
And what was shadow, what was substance taught.  
Much it revealed; important all; the least  
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth,  
But this of plainest, most essential truth:  
That God is one, eternal, holy, just,  
Omnipotent, omniscient, infinite;  
Most wise, most good, most merciful and true;  
In all perfection most unchangeable:  
That man, that every man of every clime  
And hue, of every age and every rank,  
Was bad, by nature and by practice bad;

In understanding blind, in will perverse,  
In heart corrupt ; in every thought, and word,  
Imagination, passion, and desire,  
Most utterly depraved throughout, and ill,  
In sight of Heaven, though less in sight of man ;  
At enmity with God his maker born,  
And by his very life an heir of death :  
That man, that every man was, farther, most  
Unable to redeem himself, or pay  
One mite of his vast debt to God ; nay, more,  
Was most reluctant and averse to be  
Redeemed, and sin's most voluntary slave :  
That Jesus, Son of God, of Mary born  
In Bethlehem, and by Pilate crucified  
On Calvary, for man, thus fallen and lost,  
Died ; and, by Death, life and salvation bought,  
And perfect righteousness, for all who should  
In his great name believe : That He, the third  
In the eternal essence, to the prayer  
Sincere should come, should come as soon as asked,  
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,  
To give faith and repentance, such as God  
Accepts ; to open the intellectual eyes,  
Blinded by sin ; to bend the stubborn will,  
Perversely to the side of wrong inclined,  
To God and his commandments, just and good ;  
The wild, rebellious passions to subdue,  
And bring them back to harmony with Heaven ;  
To purify the conscience, and to lead  
The mind into all truth, and to adorn  
With every holy ornament of grace,  
And sanctify the whole renewed soul,  
Which henceforth might no more fall totally,  
But persevere, though erring oft, amidst  
The mists of Time, in piety to God,  
And sacred works of charity to men :

That he who thus believed, and practised thus,  
Should have his sins forgiven, however vile ;  
Should be sustained at mid-day, morn, and even,  
By God's omnipotent, eternal grace ;  
And in the evil hour of sore disease,  
Temptation, persecution, war, and death,—  
For temporal death, although unstinged, remained,—  
Beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wings  
Should sit unhurt, and at the judgment day,  
Should share the resurrection of the just,  
And reign with Christ in bliss for evermore :  
That all, however named, however great,  
Who would not thus believe, nor practise thus,  
But in their sins impenitent remained,  
Should in perpetual fear and terror live ;  
Should die unpardoned, unredeemed, unsaved ;  
And, at the hour of doom, should be cast out  
To utter darkness in the night of hell,  
By mercy and by God abandoned, there  
To reap the harvests of eternal wo.

This did that book declare in obvious phrase,  
In most sincere and honest words, by God  
Himself selected and arranged, so clear,  
So plain, so perfectly distinct, that none  
Who read with humble wish to understand,  
And asked the Spirit, given to all who asked,  
Could miss their meaning, blazed in heavenly light.

This book, this holy book, on every line  
Marked with the seal of high divinity,  
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love  
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry  
And signature of God Almighty stamped  
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,  
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,

Mercy took down, and, in the night of Time  
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow ;  
And evermore beseeching men, with tears  
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.  
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,  
Believed, obeyed ; and now, as the Amen,  
True, Faithful Witness swore, with snowy robes  
And branchy palms, surround the fount of life,  
And drink the streams of immortality,  
For ever happy, and for ever young.

Many believed ; but more the truth of God  
Turned to a lie, deceiving and deceived ;  
Each with the accursed sorcery of sin,  
To his own wish and vile propensity  
Transforming still the meaning of the text.

Hear, while I briefly tell what mortals proved,  
By effort vast of ingenuity,  
Most wondrous, though perverse and damnable,  
Proved from the Bible, which, as thou hast heard,  
So plainly spoke that all could understand.  
First, and not least in number, argued some,  
From out this book itself, it was a lie,  
A fable, framed by crafty men, to cheat  
The simple herd, and make them bow the knee  
To kings and priests. These, in their wisdom, left  
The light revealed, and turned to fancies wild ;  
Maintaining loud, that ruined, helpless man,  
Needed no Saviour. Others proved that men  
Might live and die in sin, and yet be saved,  
For so it was decreed ; binding the will,  
By God left free, to unconditional,  
Unreasonable fate. Others believed  
That he who was most criminal, debased,  
Condemned, and dead, unaided might ascend

The heights of virtue ; to a perfect law  
Giving a lame, half-way obedience, which  
By useless effort only served to show  
The impotence of him who vainly strove  
With finite arm to measure infinite ;  
Most useless effort, when to justify  
In sight of God it meant, as proof of faith  
Most acceptable and worthy of all praise.  
Another held, and from the Bible held,  
He was infallible, most fallen by such  
Pretence ; that none the Scriptures, open to all,  
And most to humble-hearted, ought to read,  
But priests ; that all who ventured to disclaim  
His forged authority, incurred the wrath  
Of Heaven ; and he who, in the blood of such,  
Though father, mother, daughter, wife, or son,  
Imbrued his hands, did most religious work,  
Well pleasing to the heart of the Most High.  
Others in outward rite devotion placed,  
In meats, in drinks, in robe of certain shape,  
In bodily abasements, bended knees ;  
Days, numbers, places, vestments, words, and names ;  
Absurdly in their hearts imagining,  
That God, like men, was pleased with outward show.  
Another, stranger and more wicked still,  
With dark and dolorous labor, ill applied,  
With many a gripe of conscience, and with most  
Unhealthy and abortive reasoning,  
That brought his sanity to serious doubt,  
'Mong wise and honest men, maintained that He,  
First Wisdom, Great Messiah, Prince of Peace,  
The second of the uncreated Three,  
Was naught but man, of earthly origin :  
Thus making void the sacrifice divine,  
And leaving guilty men, God's holy law  
Still unatoned, to work them endless death.



These are a part ; but to relate thee all  
The monstrous, unbaptized fantasies,  
Imaginations fearfully absurd,  
Hobgoblin rites, and moon-struck reveries,  
Distracted creeds, and visionary dreams,  
More bodiless and hideously misshapen  
Than ever fancy, at the noon of night,  
Playing at will, framed in the madman's brain,  
That from this book of simple truth were proved,  
Were proved, as foolish men were wont to prove,  
Would bring my word in doubt, and thy belief  
Stagger, though here I sit and sing, within  
The pale of truth, where falsehood never came.

The rest, who lost the heavenly light revealed,  
Not wishing to retain God in their minds,  
In darkness wandered on. Yet could they not,  
Though moral night around them drew her pall  
Of blackness, rest in utter unbelief.  
The voice within, the voice of God, that naught  
Could bribe to sleep, though steeped in sorceries  
Of hell, and much abused by whisperings  
Of evil spirits in the dark, announced  
A day of judgment and a Judge, a day  
Of misery or bliss : and, being ill  
At ease, for gods they chose them stocks and stones,  
Reptiles, and weeds, and beasts, and creeping things,  
And spirits accursed, ten thousand deities !  
Imagined worse than he who craved their peace ;  
And, bowing, worshipped these, as best beseeemed,  
With midnight revelry obscene and loud,  
With dark, infernal, devilish ceremonies,  
And horrid sacrifice of human flesh,  
That made the fair heavens blush. So bad was sin ;  
So lost, so ruined, so depraved was man,  
Created first in God's own image fair.

Oh, cursed, cursed Sin ! traitor to God,  
 And ruiner of man ! mother of Wo,  
 And Death, and Hell ! wretched, yet seeking worse ;  
 Polluted most, yet wallowing in the mire ;  
 Most mad, yet drinking Frenzy's giddy cup ;  
 Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still ;  
 Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence ;  
 Anguish for rapture, and for hope despair ;  
 Destroyed, destroying ; in tormenting, pained ;  
 Unawed by wrath, by mercy unreclaimed ;  
 Thing most unsightly, most forlorn, most sad,  
 Thy time on earth is passed, thy war with God  
 And holiness. But who, oh, who shall tell,  
 Thy unrepentable and ruinous thoughts !  
 Thy sighs, thy groans ! who reckon thy burning tears,  
 And damned looks of everlasting grief,  
 Where now, with those who took their part with thee,  
 Thou sittest in hell, gnawed by the eternal Worm,  
 To hurt no more, on all the holy hills !

That those, deserting once the lamp of truth,  
 Should wander ever on, from worse to worse  
 Erroneously, thy wonder needs not ask ;  
 But that enlightened, reasonable men,  
 Knowing themselves accountable, to whom  
 God spoke from heaven, and by his servants warned,  
 Both day and night, with earnest, pleading voice,  
 Of retribution equal to their works,  
 Should persevere in evil, and be lost,—  
 This strangeness, this unpardonable guilt,  
 Demands an answer, which my song unfolds,  
 In part, directly ; but, hereafter, more,  
 To satisfy thy wonder, thou shalt learn,  
 Inferring much from what is yet to sing.

Know, then, of men who sat in highest place,  
 Exalted, and for sin by others done

Were chargeable, the king and priests were chief.  
Many were faithful, holy, just, upright,  
Faithful to God and man, reigning renowned  
In righteousness, and, to the people, loud  
And fearless, speaking all the words of life.  
These, at the judgment-day, as thou shalt hear,  
Abundant harvest reaped. But many, too,  
Alas, how many ! famous now in hell,  
Were wicked, cruel, tyrannous, and vile ;  
Ambitious of themselves, abandoned, mad ;  
And still from servants hasting to be gods,  
Such gods as now they serve in Erebus.  
I pass their lewd example by, that led  
So many wrong, for courtly fashion lost,  
And prove them guilty of one crime alone.  
Of every wicked ruler, prince supreme,  
Or magistrate below, the one intent,  
Purpose, desire, and struggle, day and night,  
Was evermore to wrest the crown from off  
Messiah's head, and put it on his own ;  
And in His place give spiritual laws to men ;  
To bind religion, free by birth, by God  
And nature free, and made accountable  
To none but God, behind the wheels of state ;  
To make the holy altar, where the Prince  
Of life, incarnate, bled to ransom man,  
A footstool to the throne. For this they met,  
Assembled, counselled, meditated, planned ;  
Devised in open and secret ; and for this  
Enacted creeds of wondrous texture, creeds  
The Bible never owned, unsanctioned too,  
And reprobate in heaven ; but, by the power  
That made,—exerted now in gentler form,  
Monopolizing rights and privileges,  
Equal to all, and waving now the sword  
Of persecution fierce, tempered in hell,—

Forced on the conscience of inferior men :  
The conscience, that sole monarchy in man,  
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince ;  
Made by the edict of creation free ;  
Made sacred, made above all human laws ;  
Holding of heaven alone ; of most divine  
And indefeasible authority ;  
An individual sovereignty, that none  
Created might, unpunished, bind or touch ;  
Unbound, save by the eternal laws of God,  
And unamenable to all below.

Thus did the uncircumcised potentates  
Of earth debase religion in the sight  
Of those they ruled, who, looking up, beheld  
The fair celestial gift despised, enslaved ,  
And, mimicking the folly of the great,  
With prompt docility despised her too.

The prince or magistrate, however named  
Or praised, who, knowing better, acted thus,  
Was wicked, and received, as he deserved,  
Damnation. But the unfaithful priest, what tongue  
Enough shall execrate ? His doctrine may  
Be passed, though mixed with most unhallowed leaven,  
That proved, to those who foolishly partook,  
Eternal bitterness. But this was still  
His sin, beneath what cloak soever veiled,  
His ever growing and perpetual sin,  
First, last, and middle thought, whence every wish,  
Whence every action rose, and ended both :  
To mount to place, and power of worldly sort ;  
To ape the gaudy pomp and equipage  
Of earthly state, and on his mitred brow  
To place a royal crown. For this he sold  
The sacred truth to him who most would give

Of titles, benefices, honors, names ;  
For this betrayed his Master ; and for this  
Made merchandise of the immortal souls  
Committed to his care. This was his sin.

Of all who office held unfairly, none  
Could plead excuse ; he least and last of all.  
By solemn, awful ceremony, he  
Was set apart to speak the truth entire,  
By action and by word ; and round him stood  
The people, from his lips expecting knowledge.  
One day in seven, the Holy Sabbath termed,  
They stood ; for he had sworn, in face of God  
And man, to deal sincerely with their souls ;  
To preach the gospel for the gospel's sake ;  
Had sworn to hate and put away all pride,  
All vanity, all love of earthly pomp ;  
To seek all mercy, meekness, truth, and grace :  
And being so endowed himself, and taught,  
In them like works of holiness to move ;  
Dividing faithfully the word of life.  
And oft indeed the word of life he taught ;  
But practising as thou hast heard, who could  
Believe ! Thus was Religion wounded sore  
At her own altars, and among her friends.  
The people went away, and, like the priest,  
Fulfilling what the prophet spoke before,  
For honor strove, and wealth, and place, as if  
The preacher had rehearsed an idle tale.  
The enemies of God rejoiced, and loud  
The unbeliever laughed, boasting a life  
Of fairer character than his who owned,  
For king and guide, the undefiled One.

Most guilty, villainous, dishonest man !  
Wolf in the clothing of the gentle lamb !

Dark traitor in Messiah's holy camp !  
 Leper in saintly garb ! assassin masked  
 In Virtue's robe ! vile hypocrite accursed !  
 I strive in vain to set his evil forth !  
 The words that should sufficiently accurse  
 And execrate such reprobate, had need  
 Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell.  
 Among the saddest in the den of wo,  
 Thou sawst him saddest, 'mong the damned most  
 damned.

But why should I with indignation burn,  
 Not well beseeeming here, and long forgot ?  
 Or why one censure for another's sin ?  
 Each had his conscience, each his reason, will,  
 And understanding, for himself to search,  
 To choose, reject, believe, consider, act.  
 And God proclaimed from heaven, and by an oath  
 Confirmed, that each should answer for himself :  
 And as his own peculiar work should be,  
 Done by his proper self, should live or die.  
 But sin, deceitful and deceiving still,  
 Had gained the heart, and reason led astray.

A strange belief, that leaned its idiot back  
 On folly's topmost twig,—belief that God,  
 Most wise, had made a world, had creatures made  
 Beneath his care to govern and protect,—  
 Devoured its thousands. Reason, not the true,  
 Learned, deep, sober, comprehensive, sound ;  
 But bigoted, one-eyed, short-sighted Reason,  
 Most zealous, and sometimes, no doubt, sincere,  
 Devoured its thousands. Vanity to be  
 Renowned for creed eccentric, devoured  
 Its thousands ; but a lazy, corpulent,  
 And over-credulous faith, that leaned on all

It met, nor asked if 'twas a reed or oak ;  
Stepped on, but never earnestly inquired  
Whether to heaven or hell the journey led,  
Devoured its tens of thousands, and its hands  
Made reddest in the precious blood of souls.

In Time's pursuits men ran till out of breath.  
The astronomer soared up, and counted stars,  
And gazed, and gazed upon the heaven's bright face,  
Till he dropped down dim-eyed into the grave.  
The numerist, in calculations deep,  
Grew gray. The merchant at his desk expired.  
The statesman hunted for another place,  
Till death o'ertook him, and made him his prey.  
The miser spent his eldest energy  
In grasping for another mite. The scribe  
Rubb'd pensively his old and withered brow,  
Devising new impediments to hold  
In doubt the suit that threatened to end too soon.  
The priest collected tithes, and pleaded rights  
Of decimation to the very last.  
In science, learning, all philosophy,  
Men labored all their days, and labored hard,  
And, dying, sighed how little they had done.  
But in religion, they at once grew wise.  
A creed in print, though never understood ;  
A theologic system on the shelf,  
Was spiritual lore enough, and served their turn ;  
But served it ill. They sinned, and never knew.  
For what the Bible said of good and bad,  
Of holiness and sin, they never asked.

Absurd, prodigiously absurd, to think  
That man's minute and feeble faculties,  
Even in the very childhood of his being,  
With mortal shadows dimmed and wrapped around,

Could comprehend at once the mighty scheme,  
 Where rolled the ocean of eternal love;  
 Where wisdom infinite its master-stroke  
 Displayed; and where omnipotence, oppressed,  
 Did travail in the greatness of its strength;  
 And everlasting Justice lifted up  
 The sword to smite the guiltless Son of God;  
 And Mercy smiling bade the sinner go!  
 Redemption is the science and the song  
 Of all eternity. Archangels, day  
 And night, into its glories look. The saints,  
 The elders round the Throne, old in the years  
 Of heaven, examine it perpetually;  
 And, every hour, get clearer, ampler views  
 Of right and wrong; see virtue's beauty more;  
 See vice more utterly depraved and vile;  
 And this, with a more perfect hatred, hate;  
 That daily love with a more perfect love.

But whether I for man's perdition blame  
 Office administered amiss, pursuit  
 Of pleasure false, perverted reason blind,  
 Or indolence that ne'er inquired; I blame  
 Effect and consequence, the branch, the leaf.  
 Who finds the fount and bitter root, the first  
 And guiltiest cause whence sprung this endless wo,  
 Must deep descend into the human heart,  
 And find it there. Dread passion! making men  
 On earth, and even in hell, if Mercy yet  
 Would stoop so low, unwilling to be saved,  
 If saved by grace of God. Hear, then, in brief,  
 What peopled hell, what holds its prisoners there.

Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause  
 Of all sin passed, all pain, all wo to come.  
 Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin,



Great fountain-head of evil ! highest source,  
Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnipotent,  
Whence hate of man to man, and all else ill.  
Pride at the bottom of the human heart  
Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all  
That grew above. Great ancestor of vice !  
Hate, unbelief, and blasphemy of God ;  
Envy and slander, malice and revenge ;  
And murder, and deceit, and every birth  
Of damned sort, was progeny of pride.  
It was the ever-moving, acting force,  
The constant aim, and the most thirsty wish  
Of every sinner unrenewed, to be  
A god ; in purple or in rags, to have  
Himself adored. Whatever shape or form  
His actions took, whatever phrase he threw  
About his thoughts, or mantle o'er his life,  
To be the highest, was the inward cause  
Of all ; the purpose of the heart to be  
Set up, admired, obeyed. But who would bow  
The knee to one who served and was dependent ?  
Hence man's perpetual struggle, night and day,  
To prove he was his own proprietor,  
And independent of his God ; that what  
He had might be esteemed his own, and praised  
As such. He labored still, and tried to stand  
Alone, unpropped, to be obliged to none ;  
And in the madness of his pride, he bade  
His God farewell, and turned away to be  
A god himself ; resolving to rely,  
Whatever came, upon his own right hand.

O desperate frenzy ! madness of the will !  
And drunkenness of the heart ! that naught could  
quench,

But floods of wo, poured from the sea of wrath,  
 Behind which mercy set. To think to turn  
 The back on life original, and live !  
 The creature to set up a rival throne  
 In the Creator's realm ! to deify  
 A worm ! and in the sight of God be proud  
 To lift an arm of flesh against the shafts  
 Of the Omnipresent, and, midst his wrath,  
 To seek for happiness !—insanity  
 Most mad ! guilt most complete ! Seest thou those  
                   worlds

That roll at various distance round the throne  
 Of God, innumerable, and fill the calm  
 Of heaven with sweetest harmony, when saints  
 And angels sleep ? As one of these, from love  
 Centripetal withdrawing, and from light,  
 And heat, and nourishment cut off, should rush  
 Abandoned o'er the line that runs between  
 Create and increate, from ruin driven  
 To ruin still, through the abortive waste ;  
 So pride from God drew off the bad ; and so,  
 Forsaken of him, he lets them ever try  
 Their single arm against the second death ;  
 Amidst vindictive thunders lets them try  
 The stoutness of their hearts, and lets them try  
 To quench their thirst amidst the unfading fire ;  
 And to reap joy where he has sown despair ;  
 To walk alone, unguided, unbemoaned,  
 Where Evil dwells, and Death, and moral Night ;  
 In utter emptiness to find enough ;  
 In utter dark find light ; and find repose,  
 Where God with tempest plagues for evermore.  
 For so they wished it, so did pride desire.

Such was the cause that turned so many off  
 Rebelliously from God, and led them on

From vain to vainer still, in endless chase.  
And such the cause that made so many cheeks  
Pale, and so many knees to shake, when men  
Rose from the grave ; as thou shalt hear anon.

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK III.**

### ANALYSIS OF BOOK III.

The Bard proceeds to a more full description of the "ways of Time," "the fond pursuits and vanities of men." Desire of happiness was universal in every age; but the star of God shining upon the only path to it was not heeded. The Bible taught that happiness was indissolubly connected with virtue; that it was a fruit to be gathered only from the tree of holiness, uprooted by the apostacy, but planted again by the Son of God, and nourished by the dewy influences of the Spirit. But, disregarding this, men pursued happiness in ten thousand mistaken routes, grasping at lying shades until the grave received them. Many "sweat and bled for GOLD;" most for the luxuries it bought, but some with the miser's craving avarice. Blinded votaries also chased the Shadow PLEASURE; who, with her thousand changing forms and varying robes, allured to her thousand fatal haunts; to the hall of giddy dance, the scene of thoughtless revel, the harlot's treacherous bed. Another Phantom fleeting in the mist of time was EARTHLY FAME, whose voice of empty breath oft deceived the men of science, and the poet, the reverend divine, the simple artisan, the vain fair one, the haughty warrior, the proud usurper. Even the Drunkard's bowl and the Skeptic's helmless bark were tried in the wild pursuit of happiness. This was done, too, notwithstanding the warning voice of wisdom speaking to man loudly in the Seasons, the Day, the Night, the Grave, the Word of God; notwithstanding all the pangs of Remorse, and all the sorrows of Disappointment. Against these, reckless men closed their ears and their hearts, until Death revealed to each his folly, and too late convinced him of the grand lesson of the Bible, "Eternity is all."

In the description of Disappointment the Author is happily introduced, and mention made of interesting circumstances in his history.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK III.

BEHOLDST thou yonder, on the crystal sea,  
Beneath the throne of God, an image fair,  
And in its hand a mirror large and bright?  
Tis truth, immutable, eternal truth,  
In figure emblematical expressed.  
Before it Virtue stands, and smiling sees,  
Well pleased, in her reflected soul, no spot.  
The sons of heaven, archangel, seraph, saint,  
There daily read their own essential worth;  
And, as they read, take place among the just;  
Or high, or low, each as his value seems.  
There each his certain interest learns, his true  
Capacity; and, going thence, pursues,  
Unerringly, through all the tracts of thought,  
As God ordains, best ends by wisest means.

The Bible held this mirror's place on earth.  
But, few would read, or, reading, saw themselves.  
The chase was after shadows, phantoms strange,  
That in the twilight walked of Time, and mocked  
The eager hunt, escaping evermore;  
Yet with so many promises and looks  
Of gentle sort, that he whose arms returned  
Empty a thousand times, still stretched them out,  
And, grasping, brought them back again unfilled.

In rapid outline thou hast heard of man,  
His death, his offered life, that life by most  
Despised, the Star of God, the Bible, scorned,  
That else to happiness and heaven had led,  
And saved my lyre from narrative of wo.  
Hear now more largely of the ways of Time,  
The fond pursuits and vanities of men.

“Love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy;”  
These were the words first uttered in the ear  
Of every being rational made, and made  
For thought, or word, or deed accountable.  
Most men the first forgot, the second none.  
Whatever path they took, by hill or vale,  
By night or day, the universal wish,  
The aim, and sole intent, was happiness.  
But, erring from the heaven-appointed path,  
Strange tracks indeed they took through barren wastes,  
And up the sandy mountain climbing toiled,  
Which pining lay beneath the curse of God,  
And naught produced. Yet did the traveller look  
And point his eye before him greedily,  
As if he saw some verdant spot, where grew  
The heavenly flower, where sprung the well of life,  
Where undisturbed felicity reposed;  
Though Wisdom’s eye no vestige could discern,  
That Happiness had ever passed that way.

Wisdom was right, for still the terms remained  
Unchanged, unchangeable, the terms on which  
True peace was given to man, unchanged as God,  
Who, in his own essential nature, binds  
Eternally to virtue happiness,  
Nor lets them part through all his universe.

Philosophy, as thou shalt hear, when she  
Shall have her praise, her praise and censure too,

Did much, refining and exalting man ;  
But could not nurse a single plant that bore  
True happiness. From age to age she toiled,  
Shed from her eyes the mist that dimmed them still,  
Looked forth on man, explored the wild and tame,  
The savage and polite, the sea and land,  
And starry heavens ; and then retired far back  
To meditation's silent, shady seat ;  
And there sat pale, and thoughtfully, and weighed  
With wary, most exact, and scrupulous care  
Man's nature, passions, hopes, propensities,  
Relations, and pursuits, in reason's scale ;  
And searched and weighed, and weighed and search-  
ed again,  
And many a fair and goodly volume wrote,  
That seemed well worded too, wherein were found  
Uncountable receipts, pretending each,  
If carefully attended to, to cure  
Mankind of folly, to root out the briers,  
And thorns, and weeds, that choked the growth of joy ;  
And showing too, in plain and decent phrase,  
Which sounded much like Wisdom's, how to plant,  
To shelter, water, culture, prune, and rear  
The tree of happiness ; and oft their plans  
Were tried ; but still the fruit was green and sour.

Of all the trees that in Earth's vineyard grew,  
And with their clusters tempted man to pull  
And eat, one tree, one tree alone, the true  
Celestial manna bore, which filled the soul,  
The tree of holiness, of heavenly seed,  
A native of the skies ; though stunted much  
And dwarfed, by Time's cold, damp, ungenial soil,  
And chilling winds, yet yielding fruit so pure,  
So nourishing and sweet, as, on his way,  
Refreshed the pilgrim ; and begot desire



Unquenchable to climb the arduous path  
To where her sister plants, in their own clime  
Around the fount, and by the stream of life,  
Blooming beneath the Sun that never sets,  
Bear fruit of perfect relish fully ripe.

To plant this tree, uprooted by the fall,  
To earth the Son of God descended, shed  
His precious blood ; and on it evermore,  
From off his living wings, the Spirit shook  
The dews of heaven, to nurse and hasten its growth  
Nor was this care, this infinite expense,  
Not needed to secure the holy plant.  
To root it out, and wither it from earth,  
Hell strove with all its strength, and blew with all  
Its blasts ! and Sin, with cold, consumptive breath,  
Involved it still in clouds of mortal damp.  
Yet did it grow, thus kept, protected thus ;  
And bear the only fruit of true delight ;  
The only fruit worth plucking under heaven.

But few, alas ! the holy plant could see,  
For heavy mists that Sin around it threw  
Perpetually ; and few the sacrifice  
Would make, by which alone its clusters stooped,  
And came within the reach of mortal man.  
For this, of him who would approach and eat,  
Was rigorously exacted to the full :  
To tread and bruise beneath the foot the world  
Entire ; its prides, ambitions, hopes, desires ;  
Its gold and all its "broidered equipage ;  
To loose its loves and friendships from the heart,  
And cast them off ; to shut the ear against  
Its praise, and all its flatteries abhor ;  
And, having thus behind him thrown what seemed  
So good and fair, then must he lowly kneel,

And with sincerity, in which the Eye  
That slumbers not, nor sleeps, could see no lack,  
This prayer pray : " Lord, God ! thy will be done,  
Thy holy will, howe'er it cross my own."  
Hard labor this for flesh and blood ! too hard  
For most it seemed. So, turning, they the tree  
Derided as mere bramble, that could bear  
No fruit of special taste ; and so set out  
Upon ten thousand different routes to seek  
What they had left behind, to seek what they  
Had lost. For still as something once possessed  
And lost, true happiness appeared. All thought  
They once were happy ; and even while they smoked  
And panted in the chase, believed themselves  
More miserable to-day than yesterday,  
To-morrow than to-day. When youth complained,  
The ancient sinner shook his hoary head,  
As if he meant to say, Stop till you come  
My length, and then you may have cause to sigh.  
At twenty, cried the boy, who now had seen  
Some blemish in his joys, How happily  
Plays yonder child that busks the mimic babe,  
And gathers gentle flowers, and never sighs !  
At forty, in the fervor of pursuit,  
Far on in disappointment's dreary vale,  
The grave and sage-like man looked back upon  
The stripling youth of plump unseared hope,  
Who galloped gay and briskly up behind,  
And, moaning, wished himself eighteen again.  
And he of threescore years and ten, in whose  
Chilled eye, fatigued with gaping after hope,  
Earth's freshest verdure seemed but blasted leaves,  
Praised childhood, youth, and manhood ; and de-  
nounced  
Old age alone as barren of all joy.  
Decisive proof that men had left behind

The happiness they sought, and taken a most  
Erroneous path ; since every step they took  
Was deeper mire. Yet did they onward run,  
Pursuing Hope that danced before them still,  
And beckoned them to proceed ; and with their hands,  
That shook and trembled piteously with age,  
Grasped at the lying Shade, even till the earth  
Beneath them broke, and wrapped them in the grave,

Sometimes indeed, when Wisdom in their ear  
Whispered, and with its disenchanting wand,  
Effectually touched the sorcery of their eyes,  
Directly pointing to the holy tree,  
Where grew the food they sought, they turned, sur-  
prised,

That they had missed so long what now they found,  
As one upon whose mind some new and rare  
Idea glances, and retires as quick,  
Ere memory has time to write it down ;  
Stung with the loss, into a thoughtful cast  
He throws his face, and rubs his vexed brow ;  
Searches each nook and corner of his soul  
With frequent care ; reflects, and re-reflects,  
And tries to touch relations that may start  
The fugitive again ; and oft is foiled ;  
Till something like a seeming chance, or flight  
Of random fancy, when expected least,  
Calls back the wandered thought, long sought in vain ;  
Then does uncommon joy fill all his mind ;  
And still he wonders, as he holds it fast,  
What lay so near he could not sooner find :  
So did the man rejoice, when from his eye  
The film of folly fell, and what he, day  
And night, and far and near, had idly searched,  
Sprung up before him suddenly displayed ;  
So wondered why he missed the tree so long.

But, few returned from Folly's giddy chase,  
Few heard the voice of Wisdom, or obeyed.  
Keen was the search, and various and wide,  
Without, within, along the flowery vale,  
And up the rugged cliff, and on the top  
Of mountains high, and on the ocean wave.  
Keen was the search, and various, and wide,  
And ever and anon a shout was heard :  
"Ho! here's the tree of life! come, eat, and live!"  
And round the new discoverer quick they flocked  
In multitudes, and plucked, and with great haste  
Devoured; and sometimes in the lips 'twas sweet,  
And promised well; but in the belly gall.  
Yet after him that cried again, "Ho! here's  
The tree of life!" again they ran, and pulled,  
And chewed again, and found it bitter still.  
From disappointment on to disappointment,  
Year after year, age after age, pursued,  
The child, the youth, the hoary-headed man,  
Alike pursued, and ne'er grew wise. For it  
Was folly's most peculiar attribute,  
And native act, to make experience void.

But hastily, as pleasures tasted, turned  
To loathing and disgust, they needed not  
Even such experiment to prove them vain  
In hope or in possession, Fear, alike,  
Boding disaster, stood. Over the flower  
Of fairest sort, that bloomed beneath the sun,  
Protected most, and sheltered from the storm,  
The Spectre, like a dark and thunderous cloud,  
Hung dismally, and threatened, before the hand  
Of him that wished could pull it, to descend,  
And o'er the desert drive its withered leaves;  
Or, being pulled, to blast it unenjoyed.

While yet he gazed upon its loveliness,  
And just began to drink its fragrance up.

Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold :  
Waked all the night, and labored all the day.  
And what was this allurements, dost thou ask ?  
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,  
Which, being cast into the fire, came out  
A shining thing that fools admired, and called  
A god ; and in devout and humble plight  
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less ;  
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,  
Truth, faith, integrity ; good conscience, friends,  
Love, charity, benevolence, and all  
The sweet and tender sympathies of life ;  
And, to complete the horrid murderous rite,  
And signalize their folly, offered up  
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,  
To gain them—what ?—an hour of dreaming joy,  
A feverish hour, that hastened to be done,  
And ended in the bitterness of wo.

Most, for the luxuries it bought, the pomp,  
The praise, the glitter, fashion, and renown,  
This yellow phantom followed and adored.  
But there was one in folly farther gone,  
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,  
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,  
And by his guardian angel quite given up,—  
The miser, who with dust inanimate  
Held wedded intercourse. Ill guided wretch !  
Thou mightst have seen him at the midnight hour,  
When good men slept, and in light winged dreams  
Ascended up to God,—in wasteful hall,  
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin  
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags,—

Thou mightst have seen him bending o'er his heaps,  
And holding strange communion with his gold ;  
And, as his thievish fancy seemed to hear  
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,  
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,  
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth  
To make it sure. Of all God made upright,  
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,  
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased ;  
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,  
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.  
Illustrious fool ! nay, most inhuman wretch !  
He sat among his bags, and, with a look  
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor  
Away unalmsed, and midst abundance died,  
Sorest of evils ! died of utter want.

Before this Shadow, in the vales of earth,  
Fools saw another glide, which seemed of more  
Intrinsic worth. Pleasure her name ; good name,  
Though ill applied. A thousand forms she took,  
A thousand garbs she wore ; in every age  
And clime, changing, as in her votaries changed  
Desire ; but, inwardly, the same in all.  
Her most essential lineaments we trace ;  
Her general features everywhere alike.

Of comely form she was, and fair of face :  
And underneath her eyelids sat a kind  
Of witching sorcery that nearer drew  
Whoever, with unguarded look, beheld :  
A dress of gaudy hue loosely attired  
Her loveliness ; her air and manner frank,  
And seeming free of all disguise ; her song  
Enchanting ; and her words, which sweetly dropped,  
As honey from the comb, most large of promise,

Still prophesying days of new delight,  
And rapturous nights of undecaying joy ;  
And in her hand, where'er she went, she held  
A radiant cup that seemed of nectar full ;  
And by her side, danced fair, delusive Hope.  
The fool pursued, enamored ; and the wise,  
Experienced man, who reasoned much and thought,  
Was sometimes seen laying his wisdom down,  
And vying with the stripling in the chase.

Nor wonder thou, for she was really fair,  
Decked to the very taste of flesh and blood,  
And many thought her sound within, and gay  
And healthy at the heart : but thought amiss.  
For she was full of all disease : her bones  
Were rotten ; Consumption licked her blood, and drank  
Her marrow up ; her breath smelled mortally ;  
And in her bowels plague and fever lurked ;  
And in her very heart, and reins, and life,  
Corruption's worm gnawed greedily unseen.

Many her haunts. Thou mightst have seen her now  
With Indolence, lolling on the mid-day couch,  
And whispering drowsy words ; and now at dawn,  
Loudly and rough, joining the sylvan horn ;  
Or sauntering in the park, and to the tale  
Of slander giving ear ; or sitting fierce,  
Rude, blasphemous, malicious, raving, mad,  
Where fortune to the fickle die was bound.

But chief she loved the scene of deep debauch,  
Where revelry, and dance, and frantic song,  
Disturbed the sleep of honest men ; and where  
The drunkard sat, she entered in, well pleased,  
With eye brimful of wanton mirthfulness,  
And urged him still to fill another cup.

And at the shadowy twilight, in the dark  
And gloomy night, I looked, and saw her come  
Abroad, arrayed in harlot's soft attire ;  
And walk without in every street, and lie  
In wait at every corner, full of guile :  
And as the unwary youth of simple heart,  
And void of understanding, passed, she caught  
And kissed him, and with lips of lying said,  
I have peace-offerings with me ; I have paid  
My vows this day ; and therefore came I forth  
To meet thee, and to seek thee diligently,  
To seek thy face, and I have found thee here.  
My bed is decked with robes of tapestry,  
With carved work and sheets of linen fine ;  
Perfumed with aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon.  
Sweet are stolen waters ! pleasant is the bread  
In secret eaten ! the goodman is from home.  
Come, let us take our fill of love till morn  
Awake ; let us delight ourselves with loves.  
With much fair speech, she caused the youth to yield  
And forced him with the flattering of her tongue.  
I looked, and saw him follow to her house,  
As goes the ox to slaughter ; as the fool  
To the correction of the stocks ; or bird  
That hastes into the subtle fowler's snare,  
And knows not, simple thing, 'tis for its life.  
I saw him enter in, and heard the door  
Behind them shut ; and in the dark, still night,  
When God's unsleeping eye alone can see,  
He went to her adulterous bed. At morn  
I looked, and saw him not among the youths.  
I heard his father mourn, his mother weep,  
For none returned that went with her. The dead  
Were in her house, her guests in depths of hell.  
She wove the winding-sheet of souls, and laid  
Them in the urn of everlasting death.



Such was the Shadow fools pursued on earth,  
Under the name of Pleasure ; fair outside,  
Within corrupted, and corrupting still.  
Ruined and ruinous, her sure reward,  
Her total recompense, was still, as he,  
The bard, recorder of Earth's Seasons, sung,  
" Vexation, disappointment, and remorse."  
Yet at her door the young and old, and some  
Who held high character among the wise,  
Together stood, and strove among themselves,  
Who first should enter, and be ruined first.

Strange competition of immortal souls !  
To sweat for death ! to strive for misery !  
But think not Pleasure told her end was death.  
Even human folly then had paused at least,  
And given some signs of hesitation ; nor  
Arrived so hot, and out of breath, at wo.  
Though contradicted every day by facts  
That sophistry itself would stumble o'er,  
And to the very teeth a liar proved,  
Ten thousand times, as if unconscious still  
Of inward blame, she stood and waved her hand,  
And pointed to her bower, and said to all  
Who passed, Take yonder flowery path, my steps  
Attend ; I lead the smoothest way to heaven ;  
This world receive as surety for the next :  
And many simple men, most simple, though  
Renowned for learning much, and wary skill,  
Believed, and turned aside, and were undone.

Another leaf of finished Time we turn,  
And read of fame, terrestrial fame which died,  
And rose not at the resurrection morn ;  
Not that by virtue earned, the true renown,  
Begun on earth, and lasting in the skies, .

Worthy the lofty wish of seraphim,—  
The approbation of the Eye that sees  
The end from the beginning, sees from cause  
To most remote effect. Of it we read  
In book of God's remembrance, in the book  
Of life, from which the quick and dead were judged;  
The book that lies upon the Throne, and tells  
Of glorious acts by saints and angels done;  
The record of the holy, just, and good.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist  
Of Time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,  
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade  
Was earthly Fame. She was a voice alone,  
And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.  
She never thought, but gabbled ever on,  
Applauding most what least deserved applause.  
The motive, the result, was naught to her.  
The deed alone, though dyed in human gore,  
And steeped in widow's tears, if it stood out  
To prominent display, she talked of much,  
And roared around it with a thousand tongues.  
As changed the wind her organ, so she changed  
Perpetually; and whom she praised to-day,  
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,  
To-morrow blamed, and hissed him out of sight.

Such was her nature, and her practice such.  
But, O! her voice was sweet to mortal ears,  
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride  
And vanity, which in the heart of man  
Were ever strung harmonious to her note,  
That many thought, to live without her song  
Was rather death than life. To live unknown,  
Unnoticed, unrenowned! to die unpraised,  
Unepitaphed! to go down to the pit,

And moulder into dust among vile worms,  
And leave no whispering of a name on earth !—  
Such thought was cold about the heart and chilled  
The blood. Who could endure it ? who could choose,  
Without a struggle, to be swept away  
From all remembrance, and have part no more  
With living men ? Philosophy failed here,  
And self-approving pride. Hence it became  
The aim of most, and main pursuit, to win  
A name, to leave some vestige as they passed,  
That following ages might discern, they once  
Had been on earth, and acted something there.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.  
The man of science to the shade retired,  
And laid his head upon his hand, in mood  
Of awful thoughtfulness, and dived, and dived  
Again, deeper and deeper still, to sound  
The cause remote ; resolved, before he died,  
To make some grand discovery, by which  
He should be known to all posterity.

And in the silent vigils of the night,  
When uninspired men reposed, the bard,  
Ghastly of countenance, and from his eye  
Oft streaming wild unearthly fire, sat up,  
And sent imagination forth, and searched  
The far and near, heaven, earth, and gloomy hell,  
For fiction new, for thought, unthought before ;  
And when some curious, rare idea peered  
Upon his mind, he dipped his hasty pen,  
And by the glimmering lamp, or moonlight beam  
That through his lattice peeped, wrote fondly down,  
What seemed in truth imperishable song.

And sometimes too, the reverend divine,  
In meditation deep of holy things  
And vanities of Time, heard Fame's sweet voice  
Approach his ear ; and hung another flower,  
Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth ;  
And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,  
With relish suited to the sinner's taste.

And oft-times too, the simple hind, who seemed  
Ambitionless, arrayed in humble garb,  
While round him, spreading, fed his harmless flock,  
Sitting was seen, by some wild warbling brook,  
Carving his name upon his favorite staff ;  
Or, in ill-favored letters, tracing it  
Upon the aged thorn, or on the face  
Of some conspicuous, oft-frequented stone,  
With persevering, wondrous industry ;  
And hoping as he toiled amain, and saw  
The characters take form, some other wight,  
Long after he was dead and in the grave,  
Should loiter there at noon, and read his name.

In purple some, and some in rags, stood forth  
For reputation. Some displayed a limb  
Well-fashioned ; some, of lowlier mind, a cane  
Of curious workmanship and marvellous twist.  
In strength some sought it, and in beauty more.  
Long, long, the fair one labored at the glass,  
And, being tired, called in auxiliar skill,  
To have her sails, before she went abroad,  
Full spread and nicely set, to catch the gale  
Of praise ; and much she caught, and much deserved,  
When outward loveliness was index fair  
Of purity within : but oft, alas !  
The bloom was on the skin alone ; and when  
She saw, sad sight ! the roses on her cheek

Wither, and heard the voice of Fame retire  
And die away, she heaved most piteous sighs,  
And wept most lamentable tears; and whiles,  
In wild delirium, made rash attempt,  
Unholy mimicry of Nature's work!  
To re-create, with frail and mortal things,  
Her withered face. Attempt how fond and vain!  
Her frame itself soon mouldered down to dust;  
And, in the land of deep forgetfulness,  
Her beauty and her name were laid beside  
Eternal silence and the loathsome worm;  
Into whose darkness flattery ventured not;  
Where none had ears to hear the voice of Fame.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried,  
And awful oft the wickedness they wrought.  
To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,  
And sat in vestures dripping wet with gore.  
The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote  
His name on lands and cities desolate.  
The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised  
The monumental piles up to the clouds,  
And called them by their names: and, strange to tell!  
Rather than be unknown, and pass away  
Obscurely to the grave, some, small of soul,  
That else had perished unobserved, acquired  
Considerable renown by oaths profane;  
By jesting boldly with all sacred things;  
And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred;  
Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts,  
That Satan in them moved; by wiser men  
Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.  
But all in vain. Who grasped at earthly fame,  
Grasped wind; nay worse, a serpent grasped, that thro'

His hand slid smoothly, and was gone; but left  
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain.  
For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lure,  
By which he charmed the foolish soul to death.

So happiness was sought in pleasure, gold,  
Renown, by many sought. But should I sing  
Of all the trifling race, my time, thy faith  
Would fail, of things erectly organized,  
And having rational articulate voice,  
And claiming outward brotherhood with man,  
Of him that labored sorely, in his sweat  
Smoking afar, then hurried to the wine,  
Deliberately resolving to be mad;  
Of him who taught the ravenous bird to fly  
This way or that, thereby supremely blest;  
Or rode in fury with the howling pack,  
Affronting much the noble animal,  
He spurred into such company; of him  
Who down into the bowels of the earth  
Descended deeply, to bring up the wreck  
Of some old earthen ware, which having stowed,  
With every proper care, he home returned  
O'er many a sea, and many a league of land,  
Triumphantly to show the marvellous prize;  
And him that vexed his brain and theories built  
Of gossamer upon the brittle winds,  
Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found  
Upon the mountain tops, but wondering not  
Why shells were found at all, more wondrous still!  
Of him who strange enjoyment took in tales  
Of fairy folk, and sleepless ghosts, and sounds  
Unearthly, whispering in the ear of night  
Disastrous things; and him who still foretold  
Calamity which never came, and lived  
In terror all his days of comets rude,

That should unmannerly and lawless drive  
Athwart the path of earth, and burn mankind ;  
As if the appointed hour of doom, by God  
Appointed, ere its time should come ! as if  
Too small the number of substantial ills,  
And real fears, to vex the sons of men.  
These, had they not possessed immortal souls,  
And been accountable, might have been passed  
With laughter, and forgot ; but, as it was,  
And is, their folly asks a serious tear.

Keen was the search, and various, and wide,  
For happiness. Take one example more,  
So strange, that common fools looked on amazed ;  
And wise and sober men together drew,  
And trembling stood ; and angels in the heavens  
Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand ;—  
The sceptic's route, the unbeliever's, who,  
Despising reason, revelation, God,  
And kicking 'gainst the pricks of conscience, rushed  
Deliriously upon the bossy shield  
Of the Omnipotent ; and in his heart  
Purposed to deify the idol Chance ;  
And labored hard,—oh, labor worse than naught !—  
And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,  
To make the fair and lovely earth, which dwelt  
In sight of Heaven, a cold and fatherless,  
Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,  
Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld ;  
A vapor eddying in the whirl of chance,  
And soon to vanish everlastingly.  
He travailed sorely, and made many a tack,  
His sails oft shifting, to arrive,—dread thought !—  
Arrive at utter nothingness ; and have  
Being no more, no feeling, memory,  
No lingering consciousness that e'er he was.

Guilt's midnight wish ! last, most abhorred thought,  
Most desperate effort of extremest sin !  
Others, pre-occupied, ne'er saw true Hope :  
He, seeing, aimed to stab her to the heart,  
And with infernal chymistry to wring  
The last sweet drop from Sorrow's cup of gall ;  
To quench the only ray that cheered the earth,  
And leave mankind in night which had no star.  
Others the stream of Pleasure troubled ; he  
Toiled much to dry her very fountain head.  
Unpardonable man ! sold under sin !  
He was the devil's pioneer, who cut  
The fences down of Virtue, sapped her walls,  
And opened a smooth and easy way to death.  
Traitor to all existence, to all life !  
Soul-suicide ! determined foe of being,  
Intended murderer of God, Most High !  
Strange road, most strange ! to seek for happiness !  
Hell's mad houses are full of such, too fierce,  
Too furiously insane, and desperate,  
To rage unbound 'mong evil spirits damned.

Fertile was earth in many things, not least  
In fools, who mercy both and judgment scorned,  
Scorned love, experience scorned, and onward rushed  
To swift destruction, giving all reproof,  
And all instructions, to the winds ; and much  
Of both they had, and much despised of both.

Wisdom took up her harp, and stood in place  
Of frequent concourse, stood in every gate,  
By every way, and walked in every street ;  
And, lifting up her voice, proclaimed : " Be wise,  
Ye fools ! be of an understanding heart ;  
Forsake the wicked, come not near his house,  
Pass by, make haste, depart and turn away.



Me follow, me, whose ways are pleasantness,  
Whose paths are peace, whose end is perfect joy."'  
The Seasons came and went, and went and came,  
To teach men gratitude ; and as they passed,  
Gave warning of the lapse of Time, that else  
Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle Flowers  
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,  
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.  
The Dews came down unseen at evening-tide,  
And silently their bounties shed, to teach  
Mankind unostentatious charity.  
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,  
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.  
And, on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,  
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak  
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still  
To courage in distress exhorted loud.  
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,  
Attuned the heart to melody and love.  
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept  
Essential love ; and, from her glorious bow,  
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,  
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God  
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,  
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive, forgive.  
The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced  
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.  
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,  
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,  
And with her virgin Stars walked in the heavens,  
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,  
Of purity, and holiness, and God.  
In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.  
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night  
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue ; the grave,  
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each

A tongue, that ever said, Man ! think of God !  
 Think of thyself ! think of eternity !  
 Fear God, the thunders said ; Fear God, the waves.  
 Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied.  
 Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep :  
 And, in the temples of the Holy One,  
 Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,  
 Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened,  
 And cried, Repent ! repent, ye sons of men !  
 Believe, be saved ; and reasoned awfully  
 Of temperance, righteousness, and judgment soon  
 To come, of ever-during life and death :  
 And chosen bards from age to age awoke  
 The sacred lyre, and full on Folly's ear,  
 Numbers of righteous indignation poured :  
 And God, omnipotent, when mercy failed,  
 Made bare his holy arm, and with the stroke  
 Of vengeance smote ; the fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, heaven's windows opened, and sent on men  
 A flood of wrath, sent plague and famine forth ;  
 With earthquake rocked the world beneath, with  
     storms  
 Above laid cities waste, and turned fat lands  
 To barrenness, and with the sword of war  
 In fury marched, and gave them blood to drink.  
 Angels remonstrated, Mercy beseeched,  
 Heaven smiled and frowned, Hell groaned, Time fled,  
     Death shook  
 His dart, and threatened to make repentance vain,—  
 Incredible assertion ! men rushed on  
 Determinedly to ruin ; shut their ears,  
 Their eyes, to all advice, to all reproof ;  
 O'er mercy and o'er judgment, downward rushed  
 To misery ; and,—most incredible  
 Of all !—to misery rushed, along the way  
 Of disappointment and remorse, where still,

At every step, adders, in pleasure's form,  
Stung mortally ; and Joys,—whose bloomy cheeks  
Seemed glowing high with immortality.  
Whose bosoms prophesied superfluous bliss,—  
While in the arms received, and locked in close  
And riotous embrace, turned pale, and cold,  
And died, and smelled of putrefaction rank ;  
Turned, in the very moment of delight,  
A loathsome, heavy corpse, that with the clear  
And hollow eyes of death, stared horribly.

All tribes, all generations of the earth,  
Thus wantonly to ruin drove alike.  
We heard indeed of golden and silver days,  
And of primeval innocence unstained :  
A pagan tale ! but by baptized bards,  
Philosophers, and statesmen, who were still  
Held wise and cunning men, talked of so much,  
That most believed it so, and asked not why.

The pair, the family first made, were ill ;  
And for their great peculiar sin, incurred  
The Curse, and left it due to all their race ;  
And bold example gave of every crime,  
Hate, murder, unbelief, reproach, revenge.  
A time, 'tis true, there came, of which thou soon  
Shalt hear, the Sabbath Day, the Jubilee  
Of earth, when righteousness and peace prevailed.  
This time except, who writes the history  
Of men, and writes it true, must write them bad ;  
Who reads, must read of violence and blood.  
The man, who could the story of one day  
Peruse, the wrongs, oppressions, cruelties,  
Deceits, and perjuries, and vanities,  
Rewarded worthlessness, rejected worth,  
Assassinations, robberies, thefts, and wars,

Disastrous accidents, life thrown away,  
Divinity insulted, Heaven despised,  
Religion scorned,—and not been sick at night,  
And sad,—had gathered greater store of mirth,  
Than ever wise man in the world could find.

One cause of folly, one especial cause,  
Was this : Few knew what wisdom was, though well  
Defined in God's own words, and printed large,  
On heaven and earth in characters of light,  
And sounded in the ear by every wind.

Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.  
'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,  
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear  
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said  
The world ; is quick and deadly of resentment,  
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,  
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honor clean.  
Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,  
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied  
The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,  
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.  
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on Heaven,  
Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,  
The world replied. Wisdom retires, said God,  
And counts it bravery to bear reproach,  
And shame, and lowly poverty, upright ;  
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.  
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze,  
Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot,  
Attracts all praises, counts it bravery  
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death ;  
And never weeps but for his own disgrace.  
Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops  
Lowest before the Holy Throne ; throws down

Its crown, abased ; forgets itself, admires,  
And breathes adoring praise. There Wisdom stoops,  
Indeed, the world replied, there stoops, because  
It must, but stoops with dignity ; and thinks  
And meditates the while of inward worth.

Thus did Almighty God, and thus the world,  
Wisdom define : and most the world believed,  
And boldly called the truth of God a lie.  
Hence, he that to the worldly wisdom shaped  
His character, became the favorite  
Of men, was honorable termed, a man  
Of spirit, noble, glorious, lofty soul !  
And as he crossed the earth in chase of dreams,  
Received prodigious shouts of warm applause.  
Hence, who to godly wisdom framed his life  
Was counted mean, and spiritless, and vile ;  
And as he walked obscurely in the path  
Which led to heaven, fools hissed with serpent tongue,  
And poured contempt upon his holy head,  
And poured contempt on all who praised his name.

But false as this account of wisdom was,  
The world's I mean, it was its best, the creed  
Of sober, grave, and philosophic men,  
With much research and cogitation framed,  
Of men who with the vulgar scorned to sit.

The popular belief seemed rather worse,  
When heard replying to the voice of truth.

The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God ;  
Surveys, far on, the endless line of life ;  
Values his soul, thinks of eternity,  
Both worlds considers, and provides for both ;  
With Reason's eye his passions guards ; abstains

From evil ; lives on hope, on hope, the fruit  
Of faith ; looks upward, purifies his soul,  
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky ;  
Passes the sun, and gains his father's house,  
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.

The multitude aloud replied,—replied  
By practice, for they were not bookish men  
Nor apt to form their principles in words,—  
The wise man, first of all, eradicates,  
As much as possible, from out his mind,  
All thought of death, God, and eternity ;  
Admires the world, and thinks of Time alone ;  
Avoids the Bible, all reproof avoids ;  
Rocks Conscience, if he can, asleep ; puts out  
The eye of Reason, prisons, tortures, binds,  
And makes her thus, by violence and force,  
Give wicked evidence against herself ;  
Lets passion loose, the substance leaves, pursues  
The shadow vehemently, but ne'er o'ertakes ;  
Puts by the cup of holiness and joy ;  
And drinks, carouses deeply, in the bowl  
Of death ; grovels in dust, pollutes, destroys,  
His soul ; is miserable to acquire  
More misery ; deceives to be deceived ;  
Strives, labors to the last, to shun the truth ;  
Strives, labors to the last, to damn himself ;  
Turns desperate, shudders, groans, blasphemes, and  
dies,  
And sinks—where could he else ?—to endless woe !  
And drinks the wine of God's eternal wrath.

The learned thus, and thus the unlearned world,  
Wisdom defined. In sound they disagreed ;  
In substance, in effect, in end, the same ;  
And equally to God and truth opposed,

Opposed as darkness to the light of heaven.  
Yet were there some, that seemed well-meaning men,  
Who systems planned, expressed in supple words,  
Which praised the man as wisest, that in one  
United both ; pleased God, and pleased the world ;  
And with the saint, and with the sinner, had,  
Changing his garb, unseen, a good report.  
And many thought their definition best ;  
And in their wisdom grew exceeding wise.

Union abhorred ! dissimulation vain !  
Could Holiness embrace the harlot Sin ?  
Could life wed death ? Could God with **Mammon**  
    dwell ?  
Oh, foolish men ! oh, men for ever lost !  
In spite of mercy lost, in spite of wrath !  
In spite of Disappointment and Remorse,  
Which made the way to ruin, ruinous !

Hear what they were : The progeny of Sin,  
Alike, and oft combined ; but differing much  
In mode of giving pain. As felt the gross,  
Material part, when in the furnace cast,  
So felt the soul, the victim of Remorse.  
It was a fire which on the verge of God's  
Commandments burned, and on the vitals fed  
Of all who passed. Who passed, there met Remorse,  
A violent fever seized his soul ; the heavens  
Above, the earth beneath, seemed glowing brass,  
Heated seven times ; he heard dread voices speak,  
And mutter horrid prophecies of pain,  
Severer and severer yet to come ;  
And as he writhed and quivered, scorched within,  
The Fury round his torrid temples flapped  
Her fiery wings, and breathed upon his lips  
And parched tongue the withered blast of hell.

It was the suffering begun, thou sawst  
In symbol of the Worm that never dies.

The other, Disappointment, rather seemed  
Negation of delight. It was a thing  
Sluggish and torpid, tending towards death.  
Its breath was cold, and made the sportive blood  
Stagnant, and dull, and heavy, round the wheels  
Of life. The roots of that whereon it blew,  
Decayed, and with the genial soil no more  
Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches drooped,  
And mouldered slowly down to formless dust;  
Not tossed and driven by violence of winds,  
But withering where they sprung, and rotting there  
Long disappointed, disappointed still,  
The hopeless man, hopeless in his main wish,  
As if returning back to nothing, felt;  
In strange vacuity of being hung,  
And rolled and rolled his eye on emptiness,  
That seemed to grow more empty every hour.

One of this mood I do remember well,  
We name him not,—what now are earthly names?  
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote  
In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,  
And melancholy deserts, where the Sun  
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here  
And there, watching his little flock, or heard  
The ploughman talking to his steers; his hopes.  
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,  
Among the dews and holy mountain airs;  
And fancy colored them with every hue  
Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams  
Of childhood fled away, those rainbow dreams,  
So innocent and fair, that withered Age,  
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,



And, passing all between, looked fondly back  
To see them once again, ere he departed :  
These fled away, and anxious thought, that wished  
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,  
Possessed his soul, and held it still awhile.  
He listened, and heard from far the voice of fame,  
Heard and was charmed ; and deep and sudden vow  
Of resolution, made to be renowned ;  
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.  
His parents saw, his parents, whom God made  
Of kindest heart, saw, and indulged his hope.  
The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,  
And with old bards of honorable name  
Measured his soul severely ; and looked up  
To fame, ambitious of no second place.  
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.  
And out before him opened many a path  
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved  
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring,  
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,  
The harp he loved, loved better than his life,  
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held  
The ear of thought a captive to its song.  
He searched and meditated much, and whiles,  
With rapturous hand, in secret, touched the lyre,  
Aiming at glorious strains ; and searched again  
For theme deserving of immortal verse ;  
Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied ;  
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud ;  
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud  
Of ills, we mention not. Enough to say,  
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.  
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,  
One after one, put out, as nearer still

It drew his soul ; but fainted not at first,  
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man  
Was troubled, and prepared to bear the worst ;  
Endure what'er should come, without a sigh  
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,  
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out ;  
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called philosophy, and with his heart  
Reasoned. He called religion too, but called  
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.  
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,  
He sought, and sought, with eye that dimmed apace,  
To find some avenue to light, some place  
On which to rest a hope ; but sought in vain.  
Darker and darker and darker still the darkness grew,  
At length he sunk, and Disappointment stood  
His only comforter, and mournfully  
Told all was passed. His interest in life,  
In being, ceased : and now he seemed to feel,  
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind  
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.  
The vigorous, weak became ; the clear, obscure.  
Memory gave up her charge, Decision reeled,  
And from her flight, Fancy returned, returned  
Because she found no nourishment abroad.  
The blue heavens withered, and the moon, and sun,  
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn  
And evening, withered ; and the eyes, and smiles,  
And faces, of all men and women, withered ;  
Withered to him ; and all the universe,  
Like something which had been, appeared ; but now  
Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried  
No more to hope, wished to forget his vow,  
Wished to forget his harp ; then ceased to wish.  
That was his last. Enjoyment now was done.

He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.  
Of being sensible, and sensible  
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God  
Had made superfluously, and needed not  
To build creation with ; but back again  
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,  
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh ! who can tell what days, what nights, he spent,  
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe !  
And who can tell how many, glorious once,  
To others and themselves of promise full,  
Conducted to this pass of human thought,  
This wilderness of intellectual death,  
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,  
Leaving no vestige of memorial there !

It was not so with him. When thus he lay,  
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,  
As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,  
Selecting from its falling sisters, chase,  
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,  
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten  
Eternally, God passed in mercy by,—  
His praise be ever new !—and on him breathed,  
And bade him live, and put into his hands  
A holy harp, into his lips a song,  
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time :  
Ambitious now but little, to be praised  
Of men alone ; ambitious most, to be  
Approved of God, the Judge of all ; and have  
His name recorded in the book of life.

Such things were Disappointment and Remorse,  
And oft united both, as friends severe,  
To teach men wisdom ; but the fool, untaught,

Was foolish still. His ear he stopped, his eyes  
He shut, and blindly, deafly obstinate,  
Forced desperately his way from wo to wo.

One place, one only place, there was on earth,  
Where no man e'er was fool, however mad.  
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."  
Ah ! 'twas a truth most true ; and sung in Time,  
And to the sons of men, by one well known  
On earth for lofty verse and lofty sense.  
Much hast thou seen, fair youth, much heard ; but  
thou  
Hast never seen a death bed, never heard  
A dying groan. Men saw it often. 'Twas sad,  
To all most sorrowful and sad ; to guilt,  
'Twas anguish, terror, darkness, without bow.  
But, oh ! it had a most convincing tongue,  
A potent oratory, that secured  
Most mute attention ; and it spoke the truth  
So boldly, plainly, perfectly distinct,  
That none the meaning could mistake or doubt ;  
And had withal a disenchanting power,  
A most omnipotent and wondrous power,  
Which in a moment broke, for ever broke,  
And utterly dissolved, the charms, and spells,  
And cunning sorceries of earth and hell.  
And thus it spoke to him who ghastly lay,  
And struggled for another breath : Earth's cup  
Is poisoned ; her renown, most infamous ;  
Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;  
Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise, reproach ;  
Her strength, an idiot's boast ; her wisdom, blind ;  
Her gain, eternal loss ; her hope, a dream ;  
Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;  
Her promises, a lie ; her smile, a harlot's ;  
Her beauty, paint, and rotten within ; her pleasures,

Deadly assassins masked ; her laughter, grief ;  
Her breasts, the sting of Death ; her total sum,  
Her all ! most utter vanity ; and all  
Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,  
And most insane because they know it not.

Thus did the mighty reasoner, Death, declare,  
And volumes more ; and in one word confirmed  
The Bible whole, Eternity is all.  
But few spectators, few believed, of those  
Who staid behind. The wisest, best of men,  
Believed not to the letter full ; but turned,  
And on the world looked forth, as if they thought  
The well-trimmed hypocrite had something still  
Of inward worth. The dying man alone,  
Gave faithful audience, and the words of Death,  
To the last jot, believed, believed and felt ;  
But oft, alas ! believed and felt too late.

And had Earth, then, no joys, no native sweets,  
No happiness, that one, who spoke the truth,  
Might call her own ? She had ; true, native sweets,  
Indigenous delights, which up the tree  
Of holiness, embracing as they grew,  
Ascended, and bore fruit of heavenly taste ;  
In pleasant memory held, and talked of oft,  
By yonder Saints, who walk the golden streets  
Of New Jerusalem, and compass round  
The Throne, with nearest vision blessed. Of these,  
Hereafter, thou shalt hear, delighted hear ;—  
One page of beauty in the life of man.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.

BOOK IV.

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK IV.

Sketches are given by the Bard of several features in the history and affairs of men, which appeared wonderful.

One singular feature was the universal love of independence united with lust for power, so that the essence of "earth's liberty" was, after all its praises, nothing but this: "each sought to make all subject to his will;" but **REAL** liberty was the freedom from sin and passion, effected by the truth and spirit of God.

A wonderful phenomenon appeared in the Christian heart. This exhibited a scene of strangest conflicts between opposite principles, and inconsistent emotions. But the final victory was found on the side of holiness; and the Christian, after all his internal struggles, and all the abuse and slander of Earth, was brought in triumph to the world of glory.

The Books composed in time presented also an occasion of wonder. They were numerous as the swarms of locusts sent on rebellious Egypt, but, like their authors, went to oblivion under the curse that returns dust to kindred dust.

Various things in the government and providence of God, furnished ground of wonder among men. The origin of evil, the predetermination of accountable actions, the mystery of the Trinity and Incarnation, were subjects which Theology and Philosophy and Fancy toiled in vain to comprehend.

There seemed something wondrous in the unequal distribution of worldly possession and intellectual gifts. But the Providence of God plainly taught that He did not estimate men by their outward circumstances or their mere talents, but by their **MORAL WORTH**. A pertinent and affecting illustration is found in the history of the gifted, wretched Byron.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME  
BOOK IV.

THE world had much of strange and wonderful,  
In passion much, in action, reason, will,  
And much in Providence, which still retired  
From human eye, and led Philosophy,  
That ill her ignorance liked to own, through dark  
And dangerous paths of speculation wild.  
Some striking features, as we pass, we mark,  
In order such as memory suggests.

One passion prominent appears, the lust  
Of power, which oft-times took the fairer name  
Of liberty, and hung the popular flag  
Of freedom out. Many, indeed, its names.  
When on the throne it sat, and round the neck  
Of millions riveted its iron chain,  
And on the shoulders of the people laid  
Burdens unmerciful, it title took  
Of tyranny, oppression, despotism ;  
And every tongue was weary cursing it.  
When in the multitude it gathered strength,  
And, like an ocean bursting from its bounds,  
Long beat in vain, went forth resistlessly,  
It bore the stamp and designation, then,  
Of popular fury, anarchy, rebellion ;  
And honest men bewailed all order void ;



All laws annulled ; all property destroyed ;  
The venerable, murdered in the streets ;  
The wise, despised ; streams red with human blood ;  
Harvests, beneath the frantic foot trod down ;  
Lands, desolate ; and famine at the door.

These are a part ; but other names it had,  
Innumerable as the shapes and robes it wore.  
But under every name, in nature still  
Invariably the same, and always bad.  
We own, indeed, that oft against itself  
It fought, and sceptre both and people gave  
An equal aid ; as long exemplified  
In Albion's isle, Albion, queen of the seas ;  
And in the struggle, something like a kind  
Of civil liberty grew up, the best  
Of mere terrestrial root ; but, sickly, too,  
And living only, strange to tell ! in strife  
Of factions equally contending ; dead,  
That very moment dead, that one prevailed.

Conflicting cruelly against itself,  
By its own hand it fell ; part slaying part.  
And men who noticed not the suicide,  
Stood wondering much, why earth, from age to age,  
Was still enslaved ; and erring causes gave.

This was earth's liberty, its nature this,  
However named, in whomsoever found,—  
And found it was in all of woman born,—  
Each man to make all subject to his will ;  
To make them do, undo, eat, drink, stand, move,  
Talk, think, and feel, exactly as he chose.  
Hence the eternal strife of brotherhoods,  
Of individuals, families, commonwealths.  
The root from which it grew was pride ; bad root,

And bad the fruit it bore. Then wonder not,  
 That long the nations from it richly reaped  
 Oppression, slavery, tyranny, and war;  
 Confusion, desolation, trouble, shame.  
 And marvellous though it seem, this monster, when  
 It took the name of slavery, as oft  
 It did, had advocates to plead its cause;  
 Beings that walked erect, and spoke like men;  
 Of Christian parentage descended, too,  
 And dipped in the baptismal font, as sign  
 Of dedication to the Prince who bowed  
 To death, to set the sin-bound prisoner free,

Unchristian thought! on what pretence soe'er  
 Of right, inherited, or else acquired;  
 Of loss, or profit, or what plea you name,  
 To buy and sell, to barter, whip, and hold  
 In chains, a being of celestial make;  
 Of kindred form, of kindred faculties,  
 Of kindred feelings, passions, thoughts, desires;  
 Born free, and heir of an immortal hope;  
 Thought villanous, absurd, detestable!  
 Unworthy to be harbored in a fiend!  
 And only overreached in wickedness  
 By that, birth, too, of earthly liberty,  
 Which aimed to make a reasonable man  
 By legislation think, and by the sword  
 Believe. This was that liberty renowned,  
 Those equal rights of Greece and Rome, where men,  
 All, but a few, were bought, and sold, and scourged,  
 And killed, as interest or caprice enjoined;  
 In after times talked of, written of, so much,  
 That most, by sound and custom led away,  
 Believed the essence answered to the name.  
 Historians on this theme were long and warm.  
 Statesmen, drunk with the fumes of vain debate,

In lofty swelling phrase, called it perfection.  
Philosophers its rise, advance, and fall,  
Traced carefully : and poets kindled still,  
As memory brought it up ; their lips were touched  
With fire, and uttered words that men adored.  
Even he, true bard of Zion, holy man !  
To whom the Bible taught this precious verse,  
"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,"  
By fashion, though by fashion little swayed,  
Scarce kept his harp from pagan freedom's praise.

The captive prophet, whom Jehovah gave  
The future years, described it best, when he  
Beheld it rise in vision of the night :  
A dreadful beast, and terrible, and strong  
Exceedingly, with mighty iron teeth ;  
And, lo, it brake in pieces, and devoured,  
And stamped the residue beneath its feet !

True liberty was Christian, sanctified,  
Baptized, and found in Christian hearts alone ;  
First-born of Virtue, daughter of the skies,  
Nursling of truth divine, sister of all  
The graces, meekness, holiness, and love ;  
Giving to God, and man, and all below,  
That symptom showed of sensible existence,  
Their due, unasked ; fear to whom fear was due ;  
To all, respect, benevolence, and love ;  
Companion of religion, where she came,  
There freedom came ; where dwelt, there freedom  
dwelt,  
Ruled where she ruled, expired where she expired.

"He was the freeman whom the truth made free,"  
Who, first of all, the bands of Satan broke ;  
Who broke the bands of sin ; and for his soul,

In spite of fools, consulted seriously ;  
In spite of fashion, persevered in good ;  
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright ;  
Who did as reason, not as fancy, bade ;  
Who heard temptation sing, and yet turned not  
Aside ; saw Sin bedeck her flowery bed,  
And yet would not go up ; felt at his heart  
The sword unsheathed, yet would not sell the truth ;  
Who, having power, had not the will to hurt ;  
Who blushed alike to be, or have a slave ;  
Who blushed at naught but sin, feared naught but  
God ;

Who, finally, in strong integrity  
Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,  
Uplifted, calmly sat, and heard the waves  
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,  
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,  
And both despised sincerely ; seeking this  
Alone, The approbation of his God,  
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

This, this is freedom, such as angels use,  
And kindred to the liberty of God.  
First-born of Virtue, daughter of the skies !  
The man, the state, in whom she ruled, was free ;  
All else were slaves of Satan, Sin, and Death.

Already thou hast something heard of good  
And ill, of vice and virtue, perfect each ;  
Of those redeemed, or else abandoned quite ;  
And more shalt hear, when, at the judgment-day,  
The characters of mankind we review.  
Seems aught which thou hast heard astonishing ?  
A greater wonder now thy audience asks ;  
Phenomena in all the universe,  
Of moral being most anomalous,

Inexplicable most, and wonderful.  
I'll introduce thee to a single heart,  
A human heart. We enter not the worst,  
But one by God's renewing Spirit touched,  
A Christian heart, awaked from sleep of sin.  
What seest thou here? what markst? Observe it well.  
Will, passion, reason, hopes, fears, joy, distress,  
Peace, turbulence, simplicity, deceit,  
Good, ill, corruption, immortality,  
A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet  
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling-place of all  
The heavenly virtues, charity and truth,  
Humility, and holiness, and love;  
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,  
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;  
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell;  
A soldier listed in Messiah's band,  
Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops;  
With seraphs drinking from the well of life,  
And yet carousing in the cup of death;  
An heir of heaven, and walking thitherward,  
Yet casting back a covetous eye on earth:  
Emblem of strength, and weakness; loving now,  
And now abhorring sin; indulging now,  
And now repenting sore; rejoicing now,  
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory;  
Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in dust;  
A man willing to do, and doing not;  
Doing, and willing not; embracing what  
He hates, what most he loves abandoning;  
Half saint, and sinner half; half life, half death;  
Commixture strange of heaven, and earth, and hell.

What seest thou here? what mark'st? A battle-  
field,  
Two banners spread, two dreadful fronts of war

In shock of opposition fierce, engaged.  
God, angels, saw whole empires rise in arms,  
Saw kings exalted, heard them tumble down,  
And others raised,—and heeded not ; but here  
God, angels, looked ; God, angels, fought ; and Hell,  
With all his legions, fought : here, error fought  
With truth, with darkness light, and life with death ;  
And here, not kingdoms, reputations, worlds,  
Were won ; the strife was for eternity,  
The victory was never-ending bliss,  
The badge, a chaplet from the tree of life.

While thus, within, contending armies strove  
Without, the Christian had his troubles too.  
For, as by God's unalterable laws,  
And ceremonial of the Heaven of Heavens,  
Virtue takes place of all, and worthiest deeds  
Sit highest at the feast of bliss ; on earth,  
The opposite was fashion's rule polite.  
Virtue the lowest place at table took,  
Or served, or was shut out ; the Christian still  
Was mocked, derided, persecuted, slain ;  
And Slander, worse than mockery, or sword,  
Or death, stood nightly by her horrid forge,  
And fabricated lies to stain his name,  
And wound his peace ; but still he had a source  
Of happiness, that men could neither give  
Nor take away. The avenues that led  
To immortality before him lay.  
He saw, with faith's far-reaching eye, the fount  
Of life, his Father's house, his Saviour God,  
And borrowed thence to help his present want.

Encountered thus with enemies, without,  
Within, like bark that meets opposing winds  
And floods, this way, now that, she steers athwart,

Tossed by the wave, and driven by the storm ;  
But still the pilot, ancient at the helm,  
The harbor keeps in eye ; and after much  
Of danger passed, and many a prayer rude,  
He runs her safely in : so was the man  
Of God beset, so tossed by adverse winds ;  
And so his eye upon the land of life  
He kept. Virtue grew daily stronger, sin  
Decayed ; his enemies, repulsed, retired ;  
Till, at the stature of a perfect man  
In Christ arrived, and with the Spirit filled,  
He gained the harbor of eternal rest.

But think not virtue, else than dwells in God  
Essentially, was perfect, without spot.  
Examine yonder suns. At distance seen,  
How bright they burn ; how gloriously they shine,  
Mantling the worlds around in beamy light !  
But nearer viewed, we through their lustre see  
Some dark behind ; so virtue was on earth,  
So is in heaven, and so shall always be.  
Though good it seem, immaculate, and fair  
Exceedingly, to saint or angel's gaze,  
The uncreated Eye, that searches all,  
Sees it imperfect ; sees, but blames not ; sees,  
Well pleased, and best with those who deepest dive  
Into themselves, and know themselves the most ;  
Taught thence in humbler reverence to bow  
Before the Holy One ; and oftener view  
His excellence, that in them still may rise,  
And grow his likeness, growing evermore.

Nor think that any, born of Adam's race,  
In his own proper virtue, entered heaven.  
Once fallen from God and perfect holiness,  
No being, unassisted, e'er could rise,

Or sanctify the sin-polluted soul.  
Oft was the trial made, but vainly made.  
So oft as men, in earth's best livery clad,  
However fair, approached the gates of heaven.  
And stood presented to the eye of God,  
Their impious pride so oft his soul abhorred.  
Vain hope ! in patch-work of terrestrial grain,  
To be received into the courts above !  
As vain as towards yonder suns to soar,  
On wing of waxen plumage, melting soon.

Look round, and see those numbers infinite,  
That stand before the Throne, and in their hands  
Palms waving high, as token of victory  
For battles won. These are the sons of men  
Redeemed, the ransomed of the Lamb of God  
All these, and millions more of kindred blood,  
Who now are out on messages of love.  
All these, their virtue, beauty, excellence,  
And joy, are purchase of redeeming blood ;  
Their glory, bounty of redeeming love.

O Love divine !—Harp, lift thy voice on high !  
Shout, angels ! shout aloud, ye sons of men !  
And burn, my heart, with the eternal flame !  
My lyre, be eloquent with endless praise !—  
O Love divine ! immeasurable Love !  
Stooping from heaven to earth, from earth to hell,  
Without beginning, endless, boundless Love !  
Above all asking, giving far, to those  
Who naught deserved, who naught deserved but death,  
Saving the vilest ! saving me ! O Love  
Divine ! O Saviour God ! O Lamb, once slain !  
At thought of thee, thy love, thy flowing blood,  
All thoughts decay ; all things remembered fade ;  
All hopes return ; all actions done by men



Or angels, disappear, absorbed and lost ;  
All fly, as from the great white Throne, which he,  
The prophet, saw, in vision wrapped, the heavens  
And earth, and sun, and moon, and starry host,  
Confounded, fled, and found a place no more.

One glance of wonder, as we pass, deserve  
The books of Time. Productive was the world  
In many things, but most in books. Like swarms  
Of locusts, which God sent to vex a land  
Rebellious long, admonished long in vain,  
Their numbers they poured annually on man,  
From heads conceiving still. Perpetual birth !  
Thou wonderest how the world contained them all ?  
Thy wonder stay. Like men, this was their doom,  
"That dust they were, and should to dust return."  
And oft their fathers, childless and bereaved,  
Wept o'er their graves, when they themselves were  
green ;  
And on them fell, as fell on every age,  
As on their authors fell, oblivious Night,  
Which o'er the past lay, darkling, heavy, still,  
Impenetrable, motionless, and sad,  
Having his dismal, leaden plumage stirred  
By no remembrancer, to show the men  
Who after came what was concealed beneath.

The story-telling tribe, alone, outran  
All calculation far, and left behind,  
Lagging, the swiftest numbers. Dreadful, even  
To fancy, was their never-ceasing birth ;  
And room had lacked, had not their life been short.  
Excepting some, their definition take  
Thou thus, expressed in gentle phrase, which leaves  
Some truth behind ; A Novel was a book  
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft crammed full

Of poisonous error, blackening every page,  
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand  
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,  
And miserable incident, at war  
With nature, with itself and truth at war ;  
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,  
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,  
And nothing found, but dreaming emptiness.  
These, like ephemera, sprung, in a day,  
From lean and shallow-soiled brains of sand,  
And in a day expired ; yet, while they lived,  
Tremendous oft-times was the popular roar ;  
And cries of—Live for ever ! struck the skies.

One kind alone remained, seen through the gloom  
And sullen shadow of the past : as lights  
At intervals they shone, and brought the eye,  
That backward travelled, upward, till arrived  
At him, who, on the hills of Midian, sang  
The patient man of Uz ; and from the lyre  
Of angels, learned the early dawn of Time.  
Not light and momentary labor these,  
But discipline and self-denial long,  
And purpose stanch, and perseverance, asked,  
And energy that inspiration seemed.  
Composed of many thoughts, possessing each  
Innate and underived vitality ;  
Which, having fitly shaped, and well arranged  
In brotherly accord, they builded up ;  
A stately superstructure, that, nor wind,  
Nor wave, nor shock of falling years, could move ;  
Majestic and indissolubly firm ;  
As ranks of veteran warriors in the field,  
Each by himself alone and singly seen,  
A tower of strength ; in massy phalanx knit,

And in embattled squadron rushing on,  
A sea of valor, dread, invincible.

Books of this sort, or sacred, or profane,  
Which virtue helped, were titled, not amiss,  
"The medicine of the mind : " who read them, read  
Wisdom, and was refreshed ; and on his path  
Of pilgrimage, with healthier step advanced.

In mind, in matter, much was difficulty  
To understand. But, what in deepest night  
Retired, inscrutable, mysterious, dark,—  
Was evil, God's decrees, and deeds decreed,  
Responsible : why God, the just and good,  
Omnipotent and wise, should suffer sin  
To rise : why man was free, accountable ;  
Yet God foreseeing, overruling all.  
Where'er the eye could turn, whatever tract  
Of moral thought it took, by reason's torch,  
Or Scripture's led, before it still this mount  
Sprung up, impervious, insurmountable,  
Above the human stature rising far ;  
Horizon of the mind, surrounding still  
The vision of the soul with clouds and gloom.  
Yet did they oft attempt to scale its sides,  
And gain its top. Philosophy, to climb,  
With all her vigor, toiled from age to age ;  
From age to age, Theology, with all  
Her vigor, toiled ; and vagrant Fancy toiled.  
Not weak and foolish only, but the wise,  
Patient, courageous, stout, sound-headed man,  
Of proper discipline, of excellent wind,  
And strong of intellectual limb, toiled hard ;  
And oft above the reach of common eye  
Ascended far, and seemed well nigh the top,  
But only seemed ; for still another top

Above them rose, till, giddy grown and mad,  
With gazing at these dangerous heights of God,  
They tumbled down, and in their raving said,  
They o'er the summit saw. And some believed,  
Believed a lie; for never man on earth,  
That mountain crossed, or saw its farther side.  
Around it lay the wreck of many a Sage,  
Divine, Philosopher; and many more  
Fell daily, undeterred by millions fallen;  
Each wondering why he failed to comprehend  
God, and with finite measure infinite.  
To pass it, was no doubt desirable;  
And few of any intellectual size,  
That did not, sometime in their day, attempt;  
But all in vain; for as the distant hill,  
Which, on the right or left, the traveller's eye  
Bounds, seems advancing as he walks, and oft  
He looks, and looks, and thinks to pass; but still  
It forward moves, and mocks his baffled sight,  
Till night descends, and wraps the scene in gloom;  
So did this moral height the vision mock;  
So lifted up its dark and cloudy head,  
Before the eye, and met it evermore;  
And some, provoked, accused the righteous God.  
Accused of what? hear human boldness now!  
Hear guilt, hear folly, madness, all extreme!  
Accused of what? the God of truth accused  
Of cruelty, injustice, wickedness.  
Abundant sin! because a mortal man,  
A worm, at best, of small capacity,  
With scarce an atom of Jehovah's works  
Before him, and with scarce an hour to look  
Upon them, should presume to censure God,  
The infinite and uncreated God!  
To sit, in judgment, on Himself, his works,  
His providence! and try, accuse, condemn!

If there is aught, thought or to think, absurd,  
Irrational and wicked, this is more,  
This most ; the sin of devils, or of those  
To devils growing fast. Wise men and good  
Accused themselves, not God ; and put their hands  
Upon their mouths, and in the dust adored.

The Christian's faith had many mysteries too ;  
The uncreated holy Three in One,  
Divine incarnate, human in divine ;  
The inward call ; the Sanctifying Dew  
Coming unseen, unseen departing thence ;  
Anew creating all, and yet not heard ;  
Compelling, yet not felt. Mysterious these,  
Not that Jehovah to conceal them wished,  
Not that religion wished. The Christian faith,  
Unlike the timorous creeds of pagan priests,  
Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all  
To prove, examine, search, investigate,  
And gave herself a light to see her by.  
Mysterious these, because too large for eye  
Of man, too long for human arm to mete.

Go to yon mount, which on the north side stands  
Of New Jerusalem, and lifts its head  
Serene in glory bright, except the hill,  
The Sacred Hill of God, whereon no foot  
Must tread, highest of all creation's walks,  
And overlooking all, in prospect vast,  
From out the ethereal blue. That cliff ascend,  
Gaze thence, around thee look ; naught now impedes  
Thy view ; yet still thy vision, purified  
And strong although it be, a boundary meets ;  
Or rather, thou wilt say, thy vision fails  
To gaze throughout illimitable space,  
And find the end of infinite : and so

It was with all the mysteries of faith.  
God set them forth unveiled to the full gaze  
Of man, and asked him to investigate;  
But Reason's eye, however purified,  
And on whatever tall and goodly height  
Of observation placed, to comprehend  
Them fully, sought in vain : in vain seeks still ;  
But, wiser now and humbler, she concludes,  
From what she knows already of his love  
All gracious, that she cannot understand ;  
And gives him credit, reverence, praise for all.

Another feature in the ways of God,  
That wondrous seemed, and made some men complain,  
Was the unequal gift of worldly things.  
Great was the difference; indeed, of men  
Externally, from beggar to the prince.  
The highest take and lowest, and conceive  
The scale between. A noble of the earth,  
One of its great, in splendid mansion dwelt;  
Was robed in silk and gold ; and every day  
Fared sumptuously ; was titled, honored, served.  
Thousands his nod awaited, and his will  
For law received. Whole provinces his march  
Attended, and his chariot drew, or on  
Their shoulders bore aloft the precious man.  
Millions, abased, fell prostrate at his feet :  
And millions more thundered adoring praise.  
As far as eye could reach, he called the land  
His own, and added yearly to his fields.  
Like tree that of the soil took healthy root,  
He grew on every side, and towered on high,  
And over half a nation shadowing wide,  
He spread his ample boughs. Air, earth, and sea,  
Nature entire, the brute, and rational,  
To please him ministered, and vied among

Themselves, who most should his desires prevent,  
Watching the moving of his rising thoughts,  
Attentively, and hasting to fulfil.  
His palace rose and kissed the gorgeous clouds :  
Streams bent their music to his will, trees sprung,  
The native waste put on luxuriant robes ;  
And plans of happy cottages cast out  
Their tenants, and became a hunting-field.  
Before him bowed the distant isles, with fruits  
And spices rare ; the South her treasures brought ;  
The East and West sent ; and the frigid North  
Came with her offering of glossy furs.  
Musicians soothed his ear with airs select ;  
Beauty held out her arms ; and every man  
Of cunning skill, and curious device,  
And endless multitudes of liveried wights,  
His pleasure waited with obsequious look.  
And when the wants of nature were supplied  
And common-place extravagances filled,  
Beyond their asking ; and caprice itself,  
In all its zig-zag appetites, gorged full,  
The man new wants and new expenses planned ;  
Nor planned alone. Wise, learned, sober men,  
Of cogitation deep, took up his case,  
And planned for him new modes of folly wild ;  
Contrived new wishes, wants, and wondrous means  
Of spending with despatch ; yet, after all,  
His fields extended still, his riches grew,  
And what seemed splendor infinite, increased.  
So lavishly upon a single man  
Did Providence his bounties daily shower.

Turn now thy eye, and look on Poverty ;  
Look on the lowest of her ragged sons.  
We find him by the way, sitting in dust ;  
He has no bread to eat, no tongue to ask,

No limbs to walk, no home, no house, no friend.  
Observe his goblin cheek, his wretched eye ;  
See how his hand, if any hand he has,  
Involuntary opens, and trembles forth,  
As comes the traveller's foot ; and hear his groan,  
His long and lamentable groan, announce  
The want that gnaws within. Severely now  
The sun scorches and burns his old bald head ;  
The frost now glues him to the chilly earth.  
On him hail, rain, and tempest, rudely beat ;  
And all the winds of heaven, in jocular mood,  
Sport with his withered rags, that, tossed about,  
Display his nakedness to passers by,  
And grievously burlesque the human form.  
Observe him yet more narrowly. His limbs,  
With palsy shaken, about him, blasted lie ;  
And all his flesh is full of putrid sores  
And noisome wounds, his bones, of racking pains.  
Strange vesture this for an immortal soul !  
Strange retinue to wait a lord of earth !  
It seems as Nature, in some surly mood,  
After debate and musing long, had tried  
How vile and miserable thing her hand  
Could fabricate, then made this meagre man,  
A sight so full of perfect misery,  
That passengers their faces turned away,  
And hasted to be gone ; and delicate  
And tender women took another path.

This great disparity of outward things  
Taught many lessons ; but this taught in chief,  
Though learned by few : That God no value set,  
That man should none, on goods of worldly kind !  
On transitory, frail, external things,  
Of migratory, ever-changing sort :  
And further taught, that in the soul alone,



The thinking, reasonable, willing soul,  
God placed the total excellence of man ;  
And meant him evermore to seek it there.

But stranger still the distribution seemed  
Of intellect, though fewer here complained,  
Each with his share, upon the whole, content.  
One man there was—and many such you **might**  
Have met—who never had a dozen thoughts  
In all his life, and never changed their course ;  
But told them o'er, each in its customary place,  
From morn till night, from youth to hoary age.  
Little above the ox that grazed the field,  
His reason rose ; so weak his memory,  
The name his mother called him by, he scarce  
Remembered ; and his judgment so untaught,  
That what at evening played along the swamp,  
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,  
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled  
With quivering heart and winged footsteps home.  
The word philosophy he never heard,  
Or science ; never heard of liberty,  
Necessity, or laws of gravitation ;  
And never had an unbelieving doubt.  
Beyond his native vale he never looked ;  
But thought the visual line, that girt him round,  
The world's extreme ; and thought the silver Moon,  
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,  
No broader than his father's shield. He lived,—  
Lived where his father lived, died where he died,  
Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved.  
Be not surprised. He loved and served his God.

There was another, large of understanding,  
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep,  
Who knew all learning, and all science knew ;

And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,  
Traced to their causes ; traced the labyrinths  
Of thought, association, passion, will ;  
And all the subtle, nice affinities  
Of matter traced, its virtues, motions, laws ;  
And most familiarly and deeply talked  
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.  
Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,  
And read the glorious visions of the skies ;  
And to the music of the rolling spheres  
Intelligently listened ; and gazed far back  
Into the awful depths of Deity ;  
Did all that mind assisted most could do ;  
And yet in misery lived, in misery died,  
Because he wanted holiness of heart.

A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,  
And nearer cut the branches of their pride,  
That not in mental, but in moral worth,  
God excellence placed ; and only to the good,  
To virtue, granted happiness, alone.

Admire the goodness of Almighty God !  
He riches gave, he intellectual strength,  
To few, and therefore none commands to be  
Or rich, or learned ; nor promises reward  
Of peace to these. On all, He moral worth  
Bestowed, and moral tribute asked from all.  
And who that could not pay ? who born so poor,  
Of intellect so mean, as not to know  
What seemed the best ; and, knowing, might not do,  
As not to know what God and conscience bade,  
And what they bade not able to obey ;  
And he, who acted thus, fulfilled the law  
Eternal, and promise reaped of peace ;  
Found peace this way alone : who sought it else,

Sought mellow grapes beneath the icy Pole,  
Sought blooming roses on the cheek of death,  
Sought substance in a world of fleeting shades.

Take one example, to our purpose quite.  
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,  
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire;  
An heir of flattery, to titles born,  
And reputation and luxurious life :  
Yet not content with ancestral name,  
Or to be known because his fathers were,  
He on this height hereditary stood,  
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart  
To take another step. Above him seemed,  
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat  
Of canonized bards ; and thitherward,  
By nature taught, and inward melody,  
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.  
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read ;  
What sage to hear he heard ; what scenes to see,  
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days  
Britannia's mountain walks, and heath-girt lakes,  
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,  
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul  
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.  
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.  
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;  
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows :  
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought  
In other days ; and mused on ruins gray  
With years ; and drank from old and fabulous wells,  
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked :  
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave  
Of Ocean mused, and on the desert waste ;  
The heavens and earth of every country saw.  
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,

Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,  
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.  
As some vast river of unfailing source,  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,  
And opened new fountains in the human heart.  
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,  
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,  
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,  
Beneath their arguments seemed struggling while; ;  
He, from above descending, stooped to touch  
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though  
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks ;  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines,  
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;  
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,  
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed ;  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were ;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and  
storms,  
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,  
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;  
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity ;  
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;

All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man ;  
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves ;  
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;  
But back into his soul retired, alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.  
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,  
To which the stars did reverence, as it passed,  
So he through learning and through fancy took  
His flight sublime, and on the loftiest top  
Of Fame's dread mountain sat ; not soiled and worn,  
As if he from the earth had labored up ;  
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,  
He looked, which down from higher regions came,  
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.

The nations gazed, and wondered much, and praised.  
Critics before him fell in humble plight,  
Confounded fell, and made debasing signs  
To catch his eye, and stretched, and swelled themselves  
To bursting sigh, to utter bulky words  
Of admiration vast : and many, too,  
Many that aimed to imitate his flight,  
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,  
And gave abundant sport to after days.

Great man ! the nations gazed, and wondered much,  
And praised ; and many called his evil good.

Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness,  
 And kings to do him honor took delight.  
 Thus, full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,  
 Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,  
 He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness;—  
 Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump  
 Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts,  
 That common millions might have quenched; then  
 died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.  
 His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,  
 Fell from his arms, abhorred; his passions died,  
 Died, all but dreary, solitary Pride;  
 And all his sympathies in being died.  
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,  
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,  
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot  
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;  
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,  
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,  
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,  
 Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,  
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—  
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.  
 His groanings filled the land, his numbers filled;  
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan;—Poor man—  
 Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,  
 That not with natural or mental wealth,  
 Was God delighted, or his peace secured;  
 That not in natural or mental wealth,  
 Was human happiness or grandeur found.  
 Attempt how monstrous, and how surely vain!  
 With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,  
 With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,

To satisfy and fill the immortal soul !  
Attempt, vain inconceivably ! attempt  
To satisfy the Ocean with a drop,  
To marry Immortality to Death,  
And with the unsubstantial Shade of Time,  
To fill the embrace of all eternity !

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK V.**



## ANALYSIS OF BOOK V.

In this Book the Bard sketches the "Joys of Time." Whether happiness or misery preponderated, and where happiness might be found, were subjects of debate among men. True happiness had no exclusive locality, but was within the reach of all. She always went in company with duty.

Among the numerous contributions to this happiness were the joys of childhood, the joys of maternal affection, the joys of youthful love, the joys of friendship. The study of nature, and contemplation of earth's scenery, also afforded their joys. Joys were felt in anticipations of the future; in recollections of the past; in repose after labor; even in grief.

From these sources all men experienced joy; but the pious man shared the highest degree.

And finally, in earth's history, there came a period when general joy pervaded it. This was the "thousand years" of Messiah's reign, foretold by the prophets, preceded by a terrible contest between the opposing powers of Truth and Error.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK V.

PRAISE God, ye servants of the Lord ! praise God,  
Ye angels strong ! praise God, ye sons of men !  
Praise him who made, and who redeemed your souls,  
Who gave you hope, reflection, reason, will ;  
Minds that can pierce eternity remote,  
And live at once on future, present, past ;  
Can speculate on systems yet to make,  
And back recoil on ancient days of Time,  
Of Time, soon past, soon lost among the shades  
Of buried years. Not so the actions done  
In Time, the deeds of reasonable men.  
As if engraven with pen of iron grain,  
And laid in flinty rock, they stand, unchanged,  
Written on the various pages of the past ;  
If good, in rosy characters of love ;  
If bad, in letters of vindictive fire.

God may forgive, but cannot blot them out.  
Systems begin and end, Eternity  
Rolls on his endless years, and men, absolved  
By mercy from the consequence, forget  
The evil deed, and God imputes it not ;  
But neither systems ending nor begun,  
Eternity that rolls his endless years,

Nor men absolved, and sanctified, and washed  
By mercy from the consequence, nor yet  
Forgetfulness, nor God imputing not,  
Can wash the guilty deed, once done, from out  
The faithful annals of the past : who reads,  
And many read, there finds it, as it was,  
And is, and shall for ever be,—a dark,  
Unnatural, and loathly moral spot.

The span of Time was short, indeed ; and now  
Three-fourths were past, the last begun, and on  
Careering to its close, which soon we sing.  
But first our promise we redeem, to tell  
The joys of Time, her joys of native growth ;  
And briefly must, what longer tale deserves.

Wake, dear remembrances ! wake, childhood-  
days !  
Loves, friendships, wake ! and wake, thou morn and  
even !  
Sun ! with thy orient locks ; night, moon, and stars !  
And thou, celestial bow ! and all ye woods,  
And hills, and vales, first trod in dawning life,  
And hours of holy musing, wake ! wake, earth  
And, smiling to remembrance, come, and bring,  
For thou canst bring, meet argument for song  
Of heavenly harp, meet hearing for the ear  
Of heavenly auditor, exalted high.

God gave much peace on earth, much holy joy ;  
Oped fountains of perennial spring, whence flowed  
Abundant happiness to all who wished  
To drink ; not perfect bliss ;—that dwells with us,  
Beneath the eyelids of the Eternal One,  
And sits at his right hand alone ;—but such  
As well deserved the name, abundant joy ;

Pleasures, on which the memory of saints  
Of highest glory, still delights to dwell.

It was, we own, subject of much debate,  
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,  
Whether the cup of mortal life had more  
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when asked  
In general terms, and worthy to be left  
Unsolved. If most was sour, the drinker, not  
The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means  
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet  
To bitter. Hence, from out the self-same fount,  
One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.  
Hence, from the self-same quarter of the sky,  
One saw ten thousand angels look and smile ;  
Another saw as many demons frown.  
One discord heard, where harmony inclined  
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste,  
The beauty in the eye, and in the ear  
The melody ; and in the man,—for God  
Necessity of sinning laid on none,—  
To form the taste, to purify the eye,  
And tune the ear, that all he tasted, saw,  
Or heard, might be harmonious, sweet, and fair.  
Who would, might groan ; who would, might sing  
for joy.

Nature lamented little. Undevoured  
By spurious appetites, she found enough,  
Where least was found ; with gleanings satisfied,  
Or crumbs, that from the hand of luxury fell ;  
Yet seldom these she ate, but ate the bread  
Of her own industry, made sweet by toil ;  
And walked in robes that her own hand had spun ;  
And slept on down her early rising bought.  
Frugal and diligent in business, chaste

And abstinent, she stored for helpless age,  
And, keeping in reserve her spring-day health,  
And dawning relishes of life, she drank  
Her evening cup with excellent appetite ;  
And saw her eldest sun decline, as fair  
As rose her earliest morn, and pleased as well.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets  
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems  
In vain to ask ; her nature makes it vain ;  
Though poets much, and hermits talked, and sung  
Of brooks, and crystal founts, and weeping dews,  
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,  
And with the nymph made assignations there,  
And wooed her with the love-sick oaten reed ;  
And sages too, although less positive,  
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.  
Delirious babble all ! Was happiness,  
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,  
In drops of dew, however pure ? in gales,  
However sweet ? in wells, however clear ?  
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade ?

True, these were of themselves exceeding fair :  
How fair at morn and even ! worthy the walk  
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within  
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss ;  
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.  
They waked the native fountains of the soul,  
Which slept before ; and stirred the holy tides  
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink  
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.

The Christian faith, which better knew the heart  
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus  
Declared : Who finds it, let him find it there ;

Who finds it not, for ever let him seek  
In vain ; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.

True Happiness had no localities,  
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.  
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,  
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.  
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart  
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew  
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang  
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury  
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;  
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,  
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er  
A sin was heartily abjured, and left ;  
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed  
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish ;  
There was a high and holy place, a spot  
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,  
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

But these apart, in sacred memory lives  
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,  
Most joyful morn ! nor yet for nought the joy.  
A being of eternal date commenced,  
A young immortal then was born ! and who  
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss  
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked  
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw  
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face  
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt  
All new ! when thought awoke, though never  
more  
To sleep ! when first it saw, heard, reasoned,  
willed,  
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life !

Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,  
Which those who never tasted always mourned.  
What tongue !—no tongue shall tell what bliss  
o'erflowed

The mother's tender heart, while round her hung  
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name,  
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,  
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,  
Than every ornament of costliest hue !  
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed  
With all her playful band of little ones,  
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,  
Walking in matron majesty and grace ?  
All who had hearts here pleasure found : and oft  
Have I, when tired with heavy task,—for tasks  
Were heavy in the world below,—relaxed  
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,  
And led them by their little hands a-field,  
And watched them run and crop the tempting flower,  
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed  
With smiling face, that waited for a look  
Of praise,—and answered curious questions, put  
In much simplicity, but ill to solve ;  
And heard their observations strange and new,  
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon  
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.  
And still I looked upon their loveliness,  
And sought through nature for similitudes  
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,  
And fairest imagery around me thronged ;  
Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,  
Roses that bathe about the well of life,  
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's  
cheek,  
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love !  
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed

As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.  
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely, little things !  
Playing around the den of Sorrow, clad  
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,  
And thinking man and woman true ! all joy,  
Happy all day, and happy all the night !

Hail, holy Love ! thou word that sums all bliss,  
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most  
Thou givest ! spring-head of all felicity,  
Deepest when most is drawn ! emblem of God !  
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink !  
Essence that binds the uncreated Three,  
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,  
Centre to which all being gravitates,  
Eternal, ever-growing, happy Love !  
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all ;  
Instead of law, fulfilling every law ;  
Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,  
Hapest not, nor fear'st ; but on the present livest,  
And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms.  
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless Love !  
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still  
In heaven ! sweet chord that harmonizes all  
The harps of Paradise ! the spring, the well,  
That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky !

But why should I to thee of Love divine?  
Who happy, and not eloquent of Love?  
Who holy, and, as thou art, pure, and not  
A temple where her glory ever dwells,  
Where burn her fires, and beams her perfect eye?

Kindred to this, part of this holy flame,  
Was youthful love—the sweetest boon of Earth.  
Hail, Love ! first Love, thou word that sums all bliss,



The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,  
The silken down of happiness complete !  
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,  
She gathered, and selected with her hand,  
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,  
All rarest odors, all divinest sounds,  
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul ;  
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled  
The heart with all superlatives of bliss !  
But, who would that expound, which words transcends,  
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene  
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.  
The corn fields bathed in Cynthia's silver light,  
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand ;  
And all the Winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,  
In silent contemplation, to adore  
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf  
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground ;  
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.  
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,  
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,  
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,  
From out her western hermitage, and smiled ;  
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon  
With all her Stars, gazing on earth intense,  
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,  
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill  
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,  
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,  
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.  
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place  
Of love, before his country's voice had called

The ardent youth to fields of honor far  
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,  
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye  
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone,  
"Her lover's safety, and his quick return."  
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,  
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed  
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.  
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,  
As violet meek, excessive ardor streamed,  
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.  
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs  
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,  
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.  
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;  
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,  
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,  
On yonder willows by the stream of life.  
On her the Moon looked steadfastly: the Stars,  
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,  
Glanced down, well pleased; and Everlasting Love  
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,  
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!  
Nor did he not: for oft-times Providence,  
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer  
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,  
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,  
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought  
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,  
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.  
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,  
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.  
All holy images seemed too impure  
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,

Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,  
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the  
thought!

But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,  
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,  
The plighted partner of his future life.  
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered,  
In woody chambers of the starry night,  
Spirits of love about them ministered,  
And God, approving, blest the holy joy!

Nor unremembered in the hour when friends  
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear,  
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;  
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,  
So much desired, and coveted by all.  
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not nor need'st.  
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,  
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen  
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,  
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen  
In darkest day: and many sounds were sweet,  
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;  
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,  
Sweet always, sweetest, heard in loudest storm.  
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;  
My early friends, friends of my evil day;  
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;  
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;  
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;  
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;  
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,  
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.  
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget,  
Our meeting spots, our chosen, sacred hours,  
Our burning words that uttered all the soul,

Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;  
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope  
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.  
As birds of social feather helping each  
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,  
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and Earth  
With all her tardy, leaden-footed Cares,  
And talked the speech and ate the food of heaven !  
These I remember, these selectest men,  
And would their names record ; but what avails  
My mention of their name ? Before the Throne  
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,  
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs.  
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends !  
And many friendships, in the days of Time  
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still ;  
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot,  
In the wide desert, where the view was large.  
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me  
The solitude of vast extent, untouched  
By hand of art, where Nature sowed, herself,  
And reaped her crops ; whose garments were the  
clouds,  
Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps, the moon and  
stars ;  
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;  
Whose banquets, morning dews ; whose heroes,  
storms ;  
Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers, flowers ;  
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;  
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills ;  
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue :  
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,  
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,

Lost now between the welkin and the main,  
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

Most fit was such a place for musing men,  
Happiest sometimes, when musing without aim.  
It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss  
The lonely bard enjoyed, when forth he walked,  
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,  
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;  
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;  
And sought—sought neither heaven nor earth—sought  
naught,  
Nor meant to think; but ran, meantime, through vast  
Of visionary things, fairer than aught  
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,  
Which men of common stature never saw,  
Greater than aught that largest words could hold,  
Or give idea of, to those who read.  
He entered in to Nature's holy place,  
Her inner chamber, and beheld her face  
Unveiled; and heard unutterable things,  
And incommunicable visions saw;  
Things then unutterable, and visions then  
Of incommunicable glory bright;  
But by the lips of after ages formed  
To words, or by their pencil pictured forth;  
Who, entering farther in, beheld again,  
And heard unspeakable and marvelous things,  
Which other ages in their turn revealed,  
And left to others, greater wonders still.

The earth abounded much in silent wastes;  
Nor yet is heaven without its solitudes,  
Else incomplete in bliss, whither who will  
May oft retire, and meditate alone,  
Of God, redemption, holiness, and love;

Nor needs to fear a setting sun, or haste  
Him home from rainy tempest unforseen,  
Or, sighing, leave his thoughts for want of time.

But whatsoever was both good and fair,  
And highest relish of enjoyment gave,  
In intellectual exercise was found,  
When, gazing through the future, present, past,  
Inspired, thought linked to thought, harmonious  
flowed  
In poetry—the loftiest mood of mind;  
Or when philosophy the reason led  
Deep through the outward circumstance of things;  
And saw the master-wheels of Nature move;  
And travelled far along the endless line  
Of certain and of probable; and made,  
At every step, a new discovery,  
That gave the soul sweet sense of larger room  
High these pursuits, and sooner to be named,  
Deserved; at present, only named, again  
To be resumed, and praised in longer verse.

Abundant and diversified above  
All number, were the sources of delight;  
As infinite as were the lips that drank;  
And to the pure, all innocent and pure;  
The simplest still to wisest men the best.  
One made acquaintanceship with plants and flowers,  
And happy grew in telling all their names;  
One classed the quadrupeds; a third, the fowls;  
Another found in minerals his joy:  
And I have seen a man, a worthy man,  
In happy mood conversing with a fly;  
And as he, through his glass, made by himself,  
Beheld its wondrous eye and plumage fine,  
From leaping scarce he kept, for perfect joy.

And from my path I with my friend have turned,  
A man of excellent mind and excellent heart,  
And climbed the neighboring hill, with arduous step,  
Fetching from distant cairn, or from the earth  
Digging, with labor sure, the ponderous stone,  
Which, having carried to the highest top,  
We downward rolled; and as it strove, at first,  
With obstacles that seemed to match its force,  
With feeble, crooked motion to and fro  
Wavering, he looked with interest most intense,  
And prayed almost; and as it gathered strength,  
And straightened the current of its furious flow,  
Exulting in the swiftness of its course,  
And, rising now with rainbow-bound immense,  
Leaped down careering o'er the subject plain,  
He clapped his hands in sign of boundless bliss,  
And laughed and talked, well paid for all his toil:  
And when at night the story was rehearsed,  
Uncommon glory kindled in his eye.

And there were, too,—Harp! lift thy voice on high,  
And run in rapid numbers o'er the face  
Of Nature's scenery,—and there were day  
And night, and rising suns and setting suns,  
And clouds that seemed like chariots of saints,  
By fiery coursers drawn, as brightly hued  
As if the glorious, bushy, golden locks  
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off,  
And on the temples hung of Morn and Even.  
And there were moons, and stars, and darkness  
    streaked  
With light; and voice and tempest heard secure,  
And there were seasons coming evermore,  
And going still, all fair, and always new,  
With bloom, and fruit, and fields of hoary grain.  
And there were hills of flock, and groves of song,

And flowery streams, and garden walks embowered,  
 Where, side by side, the rose and lily bloomed;  
 And sacred founts, wild harps, and moonlight glens,  
 And forests vast, fair lawns, and lonely oaks,  
 And little willows, sipping at the brook;  
 Old wizard haunts, and dancing seats of mirth;  
 Gay festive bowers, and palaces in dust;  
 Dark owlet nooks, and caves, and battled rocks;  
 And winding valleys, roofed with pendent shade;  
 And tall and perilous cliffs, that overlooked  
 The breadth of Ocean, sleeping on his waves;  
 Sounds, sights, smells, tastes, the heaven and earth,  
 profuse

In endless sweets, above all praise of song :  
 For not to use alone did Providence  
 Abound; but large example gave to man  
 Of grace, and ornament, and splendor rich,  
 Suited abundantly to every taste,  
 In bird, beast, fish, winged and creeping thing,  
 In herb and flower, and in the restless change,  
 Which, on the many-colored seasons, made  
 The annual circuit of the fruitful earth.

Nor do I aught of earthly sort remember,—  
 If partial feeling to my native place  
 Lead not my lyre astray,—of fairer view,  
 And comelier walk, than the blue mountain-paths,  
 And snowy cliffs of Albion renowned;  
 Albion, an isle long blessed with gracious laws,  
 And gracious kings, and favored much of Heaven,  
 Though yielding oft penurious gratitude.  
 Nor do I of that isle remember aught  
 Of prospect more sublime and beautiful,  
 Than Scotia's northern battlement of hills,  
 Which first I from my father's house beheld,  
 At dawn of life; beloved in memory still,



And standard still of rural imagery.  
What most resembles them, the fairest seems,  
And stirs the eldest sentiments of bliss;  
And, pictured on the tablet of my heart,  
Their distant shapes eternally remain,  
And in my dreams their cloudy tops arise.

Much of my native scenery appears,  
And presses forward to be in my song;  
But must not now, for much behind awaits  
Of higher note. Four trees I pass not by,  
Which o'er our house their evening shadow threw;  
Three ash, and one of elm. Tall trees they were,  
And old, and had been old a century  
Before my day. None living could say aught  
About their youth; but they were goodly trees  
And oft I wondered,—as I sat and thought  
Beneath their summer shade, or, in the night  
Of winter, heard the spirits of the wind  
Growling among their boughs,—how they had grown  
So high, in such a rough tempestuous place;  
And when a hapless branch, torn by the blast,  
Fell down, I mourned, as if a friend had fallen.

These I distinctly hold in memory still,  
And all the desert scenery around.  
Nor strange, that recollection there should dwell,  
Where first I heard of God's redeeming love;  
First felt and reasoned, loved and was beloved;  
And first awoke the harp to holy song.

To hoar and green there was enough of joy.  
Hopes, friendships, charities, and warm pursuit,  
Gave comfortable flow to youthful blood.  
And there were old remembrances of days,  
When, on the glittering dews of orient life,

Shone sunshine hopes, unfailed, unperjured, then ;  
And there were childish sports, and school-boy feats,  
And school-boy spots, and earnest vows of love,  
Uttered, when passion's boisterous tide ran high,  
Sincerely uttered, though but seldom kept :  
And there were angel looks, and sacred hours  
Of rapture, hours that in a moment passed,  
And yet were wished to last for evermore ;  
And venturous exploits, and hardy deeds,  
And bargains shrewd, achieved in manhood's prime ;  
And thousand recollections, gay and sweet,  
Which, as the old and venerable man  
Approached the grave, around him, smiling, flocked,  
And breathed new ardor through his ebbing veins,  
And touched his lips with endless eloquence,  
And cheered and much refreshed his withered heart.

Indeed, each thing remembered, all but guilt,  
Was pleasant, and a constant source of joy.  
Nor lived the old on memory alone.  
He in his children lived a second life,  
With them again took root, sprang with their hopes,  
Entered into their schemes, partook their fears,  
Laughed in their mirth, and in their gain grew rich.  
And sometimes on the eldest cheek was seen  
A smile as hearty as on face of youth,  
That saw in prospect sunny hopes invite,  
Hope's pleasures, sung to harp of sweetest note,  
Harp, heard with rapture on Britannia's hills,  
With rapture heard by me, in morn of life.

Nor small the joy of rest to mortal men,  
Rest after labor, sleep approaching soft,  
And wrapping all the weary faculties  
In sweet repose. Then Fancy, unrestrained  
By sense or judgment, strange confusion made

Of future, present, past, combining things  
Unseemly, things unsociable in nature,  
In most absurd communion, laughable,  
Though sometimes vexing sore the slumbering soul.  
Sporting at will, she, through her airy halls,  
With moonbeams paved, and canopied with stars,  
And tapestried with marvelous imagery,  
And shapes of glory, infinitely fair,  
Moving and mixing in most wondrous dance,—  
Fantastically walked, but pleased so well,  
That ill she liked the judgment's voice severe,  
Which called her home when noisy morn awoke.  
And oft she sprang beyond the bounds of Time,  
On her swift pinion lifting up the souls  
Of righteous men, on high to God and heaven,  
Where they beheld unutterable things;  
And heard the glorious music of the blessed,  
Circling the throne of the Eternal Three;  
And, with the spirits unincarnate, took  
Celestial pastime, on the hills of God,  
Forgetful of the gloomy pass between.

Some dreams were useless, moved by turbid course  
Of animal disorder; not so all.  
Deep moral lessons some impressed, that naught  
Could afterwards deface: and oft in dreams,  
The master passion of the soul displayed  
His huge deformity, concealed by day,  
Warning the sleeper to beware, awake:  
And oft in dreams, the reprobate and vile,  
Unpardonable sinner,—as he seemed  
Toppling upon the perilous edge of hell,—  
In dreadful apparition, saw before  
His visions pass the shadows of the damned;  
And saw the glare of hollow, cursed eyes  
Spring from the skirts of the infernal night;

And saw the souls of wicked men, new dead,  
By devils hearsed into the fiery gulf;  
And heard the burning of the endless flames;  
And heard the weltering of the waves of wrath;  
And sometimes, too, before his fancy, passed  
The Worm that never dies, writhing its folds  
In hideous sort, and with eternal Death  
Held horrid colloquy, giving the wretch  
Unwelcome earnest of the wo to come.  
But these we leave, as unbefitting song,  
That promised happy narrative of joy.

But what, of all the joys of earth, was most  
Of native growth, most proper to the soil,  
Not elsewhere known, in worlds that never fell,  
Was joy that sprung from disappointed wo.  
The joy in grief, the pleasure after pain,  
Fears turned to hopes, meetings expected not,  
Deliverances from dangerous attitudes,  
Better for worse, and best sometimes for worst,  
And all the seeming ill ending in good,—  
A sort of happiness composed, which none  
Has had experience of, but mortal man;  
Yet not to be despised. Look back, and one  
Behold, who would not give her tear for all  
The smiles that dance about the cheek of Mirth.

Among the tombs she walks at noon of night,  
In miserable garb of widowhood.  
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,  
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave  
Of him who was the husband of her youth.  
The moonbeams, trembling through these ancient  
yews,  
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed  
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,

Her little, hollow, withered face, almost  
Invisible, so worn away with wo.  
The tread of hasty foot, passing so late,  
Disturbs her not; nor yet the roar of mirth,  
From neighboring revelry ascending loud.  
She hears, sees naught, fears naught. One thought  
alone  
Fills all her heart and soul, half hoping, half  
Remembering, sad, unutterable thought!  
Uttered by silence and by tears alone.  
Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent  
Of infinite affection, far too big  
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,  
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk  
Already many showers of grief; a drop  
Or two are all that now remain behind,  
And, from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,  
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,  
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.  
But yet she wants not tears. That babe, that hangs  
Upon her breast, that babe that never saw  
Its father—he was dead before its birth—  
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time,  
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting voice,  
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.  
Be not surprised at this expense of wo!  
The man she mourns was all she called her own,  
The music of her ear, light of her eye,  
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,  
The element in which her passions lived,  
Dead now, or dying all: nor long shall she  
Visit that place of skulls. Night after night,  
She wears herself away. The moonbeam, now,  
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,  
Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,  
Barren as leafless boughs in winter-time,

Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,  
Forgetful, she leaves him a while unheld.  
But, look, she passes not away in gloom.  
A light from far illumines her face, a light  
That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun—  
The light of truth divine, the glorious hope  
Of resurrection at the promised morn,  
And meetings then which ne'er shall part again.

Indulge another note of kindred tone,  
Where grief was mixed with melancholy joy.

Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears,  
For she, we lost, was lovely, and we loved  
Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh  
As yesterday, is yet the day she died.  
It was an April day ; and blithely all  
The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,  
And promised glorious manhood ; and our hearts  
Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome  
blood,  
In healthy merriment, when tidings came,  
A child was born : and tidings came again,  
That she who gave it birth was sick to death.  
So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy !  
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees  
In fervent supplication to the Throne  
Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs  
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks  
Of self-abasement ; but we sought to stay  
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe  
For heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refused,  
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !  
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown !  
The room I well remember, and the bed  
On which she lay, and all the faces, too,

That crowded dark and mournfully around.  
Her father there and mother, bending, stood;  
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops  
Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,  
And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,  
Did weep and sorrow, comfortless; and I,  
Too, wept, though not to weeping given; and all  
Within the house was dolorous and sad.  
This I remember well; but better still,  
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,  
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,  
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached.  
As I have seen the gentle little flower  
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell,  
Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon  
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far  
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign  
To bring her babe—'t was brought, and by her placed.  
She looked upon its face that neither smiled  
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon 't; and laid  
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought  
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate  
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such  
As God to dying parents only granted,  
For infants left behind them in the world.  
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard  
No more. The Angel of the Covenant  
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood  
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.  
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,  
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused  
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Loves, friendships, hopes, and dear remembrances,  
The kind embracings of the heart, and hours  
Of happy thought, and smiles coming to tears,  
And glories of the heaven and starry cope  
Above, and glories of the earth beneath,—  
These were the rays that wandered through the gloom  
Of mortal life ; wells of the wilderness,  
Redeeming features in the face of Time,  
Sweet drops, that made the mixed cup of Earth  
A palatable draught—too bitter else.

About the joys and pleasures of the world,  
This question was not seldom in debate :  
Whether the righteous man, or sinner, had  
The greatest share, and relished them the most ?  
Truth gives the answer thus, gives it distinct,  
Nor needs to reason long : The righteous man.  
For what was he denied of earthly growth,  
Worthy the name of good ? Truth answers, Naught.  
Had he not appetites, and sense, and will ?  
Might he not eat, if Providence allowed,  
The finest of the wheat ? Might he not drink  
The choicest wine ? True, he was temperate ;  
But, then, was temperance a foe to peace ?  
Might he not rise and clothe himself in gold ?  
Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings ?  
True, he was honest still, and charitable :  
Were, then, these virtues foes to human peace ?  
Might he not do exploits, and gain a name ?  
Most true, he trode not down a fellow's right,  
Nor walked up to a throne on skulls of men :  
Were justice, then, and mercy, foes to peace ?  
Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles, and hopes ?  
Sat not around his table sons and daughters ?  
Was not his ear with music pleased ? his eye  
With light ? his nostrils with perfumes ? his lips



With pleasant relishes ? Grew not his herds ?  
Fell not the rain upon his meadows ? reaped  
He not his harvests ? and did not his heart  
Revel, at will, through all the charities  
And sympathies of nature, unconfined ?  
And were not these all sweetened and sanctified  
By dews of holiness, shed from above ?  
Might he not walk through Fancy's airy halls ?  
Might he not History's ample page survey ?  
Might he not, finally, explore the depths  
Of mental, moral, natural, divine ?  
But why enumerate thus ? One word enough.  
There was no joy in all created things,  
No drop of sweet, that turned not in the end  
To sour, of which the righteous man did not  
Partake ; partake, invited by the voice  
Of God, his Father's voice, who gave him all  
His heart's desire : and o'er the sinner still,  
The Christian had this one advantage more,  
That when his earthly pleasures failed—and fail  
They always did to every soul of man,—  
He sent his hopes on high, looked up and reached  
His sickle forth, and reaped the fields of heaven,  
And plucked the clusters from the vines of God.

Nor was the general aspect of the world  
Always a moral waste. A time there came,  
Though few believed it e'er should come ; a time,  
Typed by the Sabbath day recurring once  
In seven, and by the year of rest indulged  
Septennial to the lands on Jordan's banks ;  
A time foretold by Judah's bards in words  
Of fire ; a time, seventh part of time, and set  
Before the eighth and last, the Sabbath day  
Of all the earth, when all had rest and peace.  
Before its coming many to and fro

Ran, ran from various cause ; by many sent  
 From various cause, upright and crooked both.  
 Some sent and ran for love of souls, sincere  
 And more, at instance of a holy name.  
 With godly zeal much vanity was mixed ;  
 And circumstance of gaudy civil pomp ;  
 And speeches buying praise for praise ; and lists,  
 And endless scrolls, surcharged with modest names  
 That sought the public eye ; and stories, told  
 In quackish phrase, that hurt their credit, even  
 When true ; combined with wise and prudent means,  
 Much wheat, much chaff, much gold, and much alloy ;  
 But God wrought with the whole, wrought most with  
     what  
 To man seemed weakest means, and brought result  
 Of good, from good and evil both ; and breathed  
 Into the withered nations breath of life,  
 The breath of life, of liberty and truth,  
 By means of knowledge, breathed into the soul.

Then was the evil day of tyranny,  
 Of kingly and of priestly tyranny,  
 That bruised the nations long. As yet, no state  
 Beneath the heavens had tasted freedom's wine,  
 Though loud of freedom was the talk of all.  
 Some groaned more deeply, being heavier tasked ;  
 Some wrought with straw, and some without ; but all  
 Were slaves, or meant to be ; for rulers, still,  
 Had been of equal mind, excepting few,  
 Cruel, rapacious, tyrannous, and vile,  
 And had with equal shoulder propped the Beast.  
 As yet, the Church, the holy spouse of God,  
 In members few, had wandered in her weeds  
 Of mourning, persecuted, scorned, reproached,  
 And buffeted, and killed ; in members few,  
 Though seeming many whiles ; then fewest, oft,

When seeming most. She still had hung her harp  
Upon the willow-tree, and sighed, and wept  
From age to age. Satan began the war,  
And all his angels, and all wicked men,  
Against her fought by while, or fierce attack,  
Six thousand years; but fought in vain. She stood  
Troubled on every side, but not distressed;  
Weeping, but yet despairing not; cast down,  
But not destroyed: for she upon the palms  
Of God was graven, and precious in his sight,  
As apple of his eye; and, like the bush  
On Midia's mountain seen, burned unconsumed;  
But to the wilderness retiring, dwelt,  
Debased in sackcloth, and forlorn in tears.

As yet had sung the scarlet-colored Whore,  
Who on the breast of civil power reposed  
Her harlot head, (the Church a harlot then,  
When first she wedded civil power,) and drank  
The blood of martyred saints,—whose priests were  
    lords,  
Whose coffers held the gold of every land,  
Who held a cup of all pollutions full,  
Who with a double horn the people pushed,  
And raised her forehead, full of blasphemy,  
Above the holy God, usurping oft  
Jehovah's incommunicable names.  
The nations had been dark; the Jews had pined,  
Scattered, without a name, beneath the Curse;  
War had abounded, Satan raged, unchained;  
And earth had still been black with moral gloom.

But now the cry of men oppressed went up  
Before the Lord, and to remembrance came  
The tears of all his saints, their tears, and groans.  
Wise men had read the number of the name;

The prophet-years had rolled ; the time, and times,  
And half a time, were now fulfilled complete ;  
The seven fierce vials of the wrath of God,  
Poured by seven angels strong, were shed abroad  
Upon the earth and emptied to the dregs ;  
The prophecy for confirmation stood ;  
And all was ready for the sword of God.

The righteous saw, and fled without delay  
Into the chambers of Omnipotence.  
The wicked mocked, and sought for erring cause,  
To satisfy the dismal state of things ;  
The public credit gone, the fear in time  
Of peace, the starving want in time of wealth,  
The insurrection muttering in the streets,  
And pallid consternation spreading wide ;  
And leagues, though holy termed, first ratified  
In hell, on purpose made to under-prop  
Iniquity, and crush the sacred truth.

Meantime, a mighty angel stood in heaven,  
And cried aloud, "Associate now yourselves,  
Ye princes, potentates, and men of war,  
And mitred heads, associate now yourselves,  
And be dispersed ; embattle, and be broken.  
Gird on your armor, and be dashed to dust.  
Take counsel, and it shall be brought to naught.  
Speak, and it shall not stand." And suddenly  
The armies of the saints, imbannered, stood  
On Zion hill ; and with them angels stood  
In squadron bright, and chariots of fire ;  
And with them stood the Lord, clad like a man  
Of war, and, to the sound of thunder, led  
The battle on. Earth shook, the kingdoms shook ;  
The Beast, the lying Seer, dominions, fell ;  
Thrones, tyrants fell, confounded in the dust,

Scattered and driven before the breath of God,  
As chaff of summer threshing floor, before  
The wind. Three days the battle wasting slew.  
The sword was full, the arrow drunk with blood;  
And to the supper of Almighty God,  
Spread in Hamonah's vale, the fowls of heaven,  
And every beast, invited, came, and fed  
On captains' flesh, and drank the blood of kings.

And, lo ! another angel stood in heaven,  
Crying aloud with mighty voice, "Fallen, fallen,  
Is Babylon the Great, to rise no more.  
Rejoice, ye prophets ! over her rejoice,  
Apostles ! holy men, all saints, rejoice !  
And glory give to God and to the Lamb."  
And all the armies of disburdened earth,  
As voice of many waters, and as voice  
Of thunderings, and voice of multitudes,  
Answered, Amen. And every hill and rock,  
And sea, and every beast, answered, Amen.  
Europa answered, and the farthest bounds  
Of woody Chili, Asia's fertile coasts,  
And Afric's burning wastes, answered, Amen.  
And Heaven, rejoicing, answered back, Amen.

Not so the wicked. They afar were heard  
Lamenting. Kings, who drank her cup of whoredoms,  
Captains, and admirals, and mighty men,  
Who lived deliciously ; and merchants, rich  
With merchandise of gold, and wine, and oil ;  
And those who traded in the souls of men,  
Known by their gaudy robes of priestly pomp ;—  
All these afar off stood, crying, Alas !  
Alas ! and wept, and gnashed their teeth, and groaned,  
And with the owl that on her ruins sat,  
Made dolorous concert in the ear of Night.

And over her again the Heavens rejoiced,  
And Earth returned again the loud response.

Thrice happy days ! thrice blessed the man who saw  
Their dawn ! The Church and State, that long had  
held

Unholy intercourse, were now divorced ;  
Princes were righteous men, judges upright ;  
And first, in general, now—for in the worst  
Of times there were some honest seers—the priest  
Sought other than the fleece among his flocks,  
Best paid when God was honored most ; and, like  
A cedar, naurished well, Jerusalem grew,  
And towered on high, and spread, and flourished fair ;  
And underneath her boughs the nations lodged,  
All nations lodged, and sung the song of peace.  
From the four winds, the Jews, eased of the Curse  
Returned, and dwelt with God in Jacob's land,  
And drank of Sharon and of Carmel's vine.  
Satan was bound, though bound, not banished quite,  
But lurked about the timorous skirts of things,  
Ill lodged, and thinking whiles to leave the earth,  
And with the wicked,—for some wicked were,—  
Held midnight meetings, as the saints were wont,  
Fearful of day, who once was as the sun,  
And worshiped more. The bad, but few, became  
A taunt and hissing now, as heretofore  
The good ; and, blushing, hasted out of sight.  
Disease was none ; the voice of war forgot ;  
The sword, a share ; a pruning-hook the spear.  
Men grew and multiplied upon the earth,  
And filled the city and the waste ; and Death  
Stood waiting for the lapse of tardy Age,  
That mocked him long. Men grew and multiplied,  
But lacked not bread ; for God his promise brought  
To mind, and blessed the land with plenteous rain,

And made it blessed for dews and precious things  
Of heaven, and blessings of the deep beneath,  
And blessings of the sun and moon, and fruits  
Of day and night, and blessings of the vale,  
And precious things of the eternal hills,  
And all the fulness of perpetual spring.

The prison-house, where chained felons pined,  
Threw open his ponderous doors, let in the light  
Of heaven, and grew into a church, where God  
Was worshipped. None were ignorant, selfish none;  
Love took the place of law; where'er you met  
A man, you met a friend, sincere and true.  
Kind looks foretold as kind a heart within;  
Words as they sounded, meant; and promises  
Were made to be performed. Thrice happy days!  
Philosophy was sanctified, and saw  
Perfections that she thought a fable, long.  
Revenge his dagger dropped, and kissed the hand  
Of Mercy; Anger cleared his cloudy brow,  
And sat with Peace; Envy grew red, and smiled  
On Worth; Pride stooped, and kissed Humility;  
Lust washed his miry hands, and wedded, leaned  
On chaste Desire; and Falsehood laid aside  
His many-folded cloak, and bowed to Truth;  
And Treachery up from his mining came,  
And walked above the ground with righteous Faith:  
And Covetousness unclenched his sinewy hand,  
And opened his door to Charity, the fair;  
Hatred was lost in Love; and Vanity,  
With a good conscience pleased, her feathers cropped;  
Sloth in the morning rose with Industry;  
To Wisdom Folly turned; and Fashion turned  
Deception off, in act as good as word.  
The hand that held a whip was lifted up  
To bless; slave was a word in ancient books

Met only ; every man was free ; and all  
Feared God, and served him day and night in love.

How fair the daughter of Jerusalem then !  
How gloriously from Zion Hill she looked !  
Clothed with the sun, and in her train the moon,  
And on her head a coronet of stars,  
And girdling round her waist, with heavenly grace,  
The bow of Mercy bright ; and in her hand  
Immanuel's cross, her sceptre and her hope.

Desire of every land ! the nations came,  
And worshipped at her feet ; all nations came,  
Flocking like doves : Columba's painted tribes,  
That from the Magellan to the Frozen Bay,  
Beneath the Arctic, dwelt ; and drank the tides  
Of Amazona, prince of earthly streams ;  
Or slept at noon beneath the giant shade  
Of Andes' mount ; or, roving northward, heard  
Nigara sing, from Erie's billow down  
To Frontenac, and hunted thence the fur  
To Labrador : and Afric's dusky swarms,  
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,  
And drank the Niger from his native wells,  
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves ;  
The tribes that sat among the fabled cliffs  
Of Atlas, looking to Atlanta's wave ;  
With joy and melody, arose and came.  
Zara awoke and came, and Egypt came,  
Casting her idol gods into the Nile.  
Black Ethiopia, that shadowless,  
Beneath the Torrid burned, arose and came.  
Dauma and Medra, and the pirate tribes  
Of Algeri, with incense came, and pure  
Offerings, annoying now the seas no more.  
The silken tribes of Asia, flocking, came,



Innumeros : Ishmael's wandering race, that rode  
On camels o'er the spicy tract that lay  
From Persia to the Red Sea coast ; the king  
Of broad Cathay, with numbers infinite,  
Of many lettered casts ; and all the tribes  
That dwelt from Tigris, to the Ganges' wave,  
And worshipped fire, or Brahma, fabled god ;  
Cashmeres, Circassians, Banyans, tender race !  
That swept the insect from their path, and lived  
On herbs and fruits ; and those who peaceful dwelt  
Along the shady avenue that stretched  
From Agra to Lahore ; and all the hosts  
That owned the Crescent late, deluded long ;  
The Tartar hordes, that roamed from Oby's bank,  
Ungoverned, southward to the wondrous Wall.  
The tribes of Europe came ; the Greek, redeemed  
From Turkish thrall, the Spaniard came, and Gaul,  
And Britain with her ships, and, on his sledge,  
The Laplander, that nightly watched the bear  
Circling the Pole ; and those who saw the flames  
Of Hecla burn the drifted snow ; the Russ,  
Long-whiskered, and equestrian Pole ; and those  
Who drank the Rhine, or lost the evening sun  
Behind the Alpine towers ; and she that sat  
By Arno, classic stream ; Venice ; or Rome,  
Head quarters long of sin ! first guileless now,  
And meaning as she seemed, stretched forth her hands ;  
And all the Isles of ocean rose and came,  
Whether they heard the roll of banished tides,  
Antipodes to Albion's wave, or watched  
The Moon ascending chalky Teneriffe,  
And with Atlanta holding nightly love.  
The Sun, the Moon, the Constellations, came :  
Thrice twelve and ten that watched the Antarctic  
sleep,  
Twice six that near the Ecliptic dwelt, thrice twelve

And one, that with the Streamers danced, and saw  
The Hyperborean Ice guarding the Pole.  
The East, the West, the South, and snowy North,  
Rejoicing met, and worshipped reverently  
Before the Lord, in Zion's holy hill ;  
And all the places round about were blessed.

The animals, as once in Eden, lived  
In peace. The wolf dwelt with the lamb, the bear  
And leopard with the ox. With looks of love,  
The tiger and the scaly crocodile  
Together met, at Gumbia's palmy wave.  
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song,  
Singing, arose, and visited the sun ;  
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.  
The little child leapt from its mother's arms,  
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled unhurt  
Among his speckled waves, and wished him home ;  
And sauntering school-boys, slow returning, played  
At eve about the lion's den, and wove,  
Into his shaggy mane, fantastic flowers.  
To meet the husbandman, early abroad,  
Hasted the deer, and waved its woody head,  
And round his dewy steps, the hare, unscared,  
Sported ; and toyed familiar with his dog.  
The flocks and herds, o'er hill and valley spread,  
Exulting, cropped the ever-budding herb.  
The desert blossomed, and the barren sung.  
Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love,  
Among the people walked, Messiah reigned,  
And Earth kept Jubilee a thousand years.



**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK VI.**

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK VI.

At the opening of the Book, the Bard glances at the final destruction of the Earth, as if the astonishing change were actually again taking place under his eye. But, checking himself, he proceeds to describe the years which followed the millennial rest.

Ungodliness again abounded. Ambition and love of ease, principles which had always struggled for the mastery of man, regained their ascendancy. Every form of sin, which had existed before the reign of Messiah, was renewed, and new forms were invented. The age was, however, enlightened and polished, and the universal contempt of God was wholly wilful.

In the meantime, strange phenomena and disasters gave promise of Earth's approaching dissolution. Men disordered, not reformed, inquired the meaning in alarm; but soon forgot the whole, in their guilty pleasures; and Earth hastened to fill up the measure of her wickedness.

Here the Bard pauses in his narrative, as the numerous occupants of heaven suspend their various employments, to join in an evening hymn of praise. All are represented as turning towards the unveiled Godhead, while the sainted Isaiah takes the harp, and, standing before the throne, utters the holy song. At its close, the thousands infinite, who "circling stand, bowing afar," devoutly respond their assent.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK VI.

RESUME thy tone of wo, immortal Harp !  
The song of mirth is past, the Jubilee  
Is ended, and the sun begins to fade !  
Soon passed, for Happiness counts not the hours :  
To her a thousand years seem as a day ;  
A day, a thousand years to Misery.  
Satan is loose, and Violence is heard,  
And Riot in the street, and Revelry  
Intoxicate, and Murder, and Revenge.  
Put on your armor now, ye righteous ! put  
The helmet of salvation on, and gird  
Your loins about with truth ; add righteousness,  
And add the shield of faith, and take the sword  
Of God—awake and watch !—the day is near,  
Great day of God Almighty and the Lamb !  
The harvest of the earth is fully ripe ;  
Vengeance begins to tread the great wine-press  
Of fierceness and of wrath ; and Mercy pleads,  
Mercy that pleaded long, she pleads—no more !  
Whence comes that darkness ? whence those yells of  
wo ?  
What thunderings are these that shake the world ?  
Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs ?  
Why tremble righteous men ? why angels pale ?  
Why is all fear ? what has become of hope ?

God comes ! — God, in his car of vengeance,  
comes ! —

Hark ! louder on the blast, come hollow shrieks  
Of dissolution ! in the fitful scowl  
Of night, near and more near, angels of death  
Incessant flap their deadly wings, and roar  
Through all the fevered air ! the mountains rock,  
The moon is sick, and all the stars of heaven  
Burn feebly ! oft and sudden gleams the fire,  
Revealing awfully the brow of Wrath !  
The Thunder, long and loud, utters his voice,  
Responsive to the Ocean's troubled growl !  
Night comes, last night, the long, dark, dark, dark,  
night,

That has no morn beyond it, and no star !  
No eye of man hath seen a night like this !  
Heaven's trampled Justice girds itself for fight !  
Earth, to thy knees, and cry for mercy ! cry  
With earnest heart, for thou art growing old  
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven !  
And all thy glory mourns ! The vintage mourns !  
Bashan and Carmel, mourn and weep ; and mourn.  
Thou Lebanon ! with all thy cedars, mourn.  
Sun ! glorying in thy strength from age to age,  
So long observant of thy hour, put on  
Thy weeds of wo, and tell the Moon to weep ;  
Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even ;  
Tell all the nations, tell the Clouds that sit  
About the portals of the east and west,  
And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait  
Thee not to-morrow, for no morrow comes !  
Tell men and women, tell the new-born child,  
And every eye that sees, to come, and see  
Thee set behind Eternity, for thou  
Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake !  
Stars ! walking on the pavement of the sky,

Out-sentinels of heaven, watching the earth,  
 Cease dancing now ; your lamps are growing dim,  
 Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds,  
 And angels are assembling round your bier !  
 Orion, mourn ! and Mazzaroth, and thou,  
 Arcturus ! mourn, with all thy northern sons,  
 Daughters of Pleiades ! that nightly shed  
 Sweet influence, and thou, fairest of stars !  
 Eye of the morning, weep ! and weep at eve !  
 Weep setting, now to rise no more, " and flame  
 On forehead of the dawn,"—as sung the bard,  
 Great bard ! who used on earth a seraph's lyre,  
 Whose numbers wandered through eternity,  
 And gave sweet foretaste of the heavenly harps !  
 Minstrel of sorrow ! native of the dark,  
 Shrub-loving Philomel, that wooed the Dews,  
 At midnight from their starry beds, and, charmed,  
 Held them around thy song till dawn awoke,  
 Sad bird ! pour through the gloom thy weeping song,  
 Pour all thy dying melody of grief,  
 And with the turtle spread the wave of wo !  
 Spare not thy reed, for thou shalt sing no more !

Ye holy bards !—if yet a holy bard  
 Remain—what chord shall serve you now ! what harp !  
 What harp shall sing the dying Sun asleep,  
 And mourn behind the funeral of the Moon !  
 What harp of boundless, deep, exhaustless wo,  
 Shall utter forth the groanings of the damned !  
 And sing the obsequies of wicked souls !  
 And wail their plunge in the eternal fire !—  
 Hold, hold your hands ! hold, angels !—God laments,  
 And draws a cloud of mourning round his throne !  
 The Organ of Eternity is mute !  
 And there is silence in the Heaven of Heavens !



Daughters of beauty ! choice of beings made !  
Much praised, much blamed, much loved ; but fairer  
far

Than aught beheld, than aught imagined else  
Fairest, and dearer than all else most dear ;  
Light of the darksome wilderness ! to Time  
As stars to night, whose eyes were spells that held  
The passenger forgetful of his way,  
Whose steps were majesty, whose words were song,  
Whose smiles were hope, whose actions, perfect grace,  
Whose love, the solace, glory, and delight  
Of man, his boast, his riches, his renown ;  
When found, sufficient bliss ! when lost, despair !—  
Stars of creation ! images of love !  
Break up the fountains of your tears, your tears,  
More eloquent than learned tongue, or lyre  
Of purest note ! your sunny raiment stain,  
Put dust upon your heads, lament and weep,  
And utter all your minstrelsy of wo !

Go to, ye wicked, weep and howl ; for all  
That God hath written against you is at hand.  
The cry of Violence hath reached his ear,  
Hell is prepared, and Justice whets his sword.  
Weep all of every name ! Begin the wo,  
Ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds ;  
And doleful winds, wail to the howling hills ;  
And howling hills, mourn to the dismal vales ;  
And dismal vales, sigh to the sorrowing brooks ;  
And sorrowing brooks, weep to the weeping stream  
And weeping stream, awake the groaning deep ;  
And let the instrument take up the song,  
Responsive to the voice, harmonious wo !  
Ye Heavens, great arch-way of the universe,  
Put sackcloth on ; and Ocean, clothe thyself  
In garb of widowhood, and gather all

Thy waves into a groan, and utter it,  
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense :  
The occasion asks it !—Nature dies, and God  
And angels come to lay her in the grave !

But we have overleaped our theme ; behind,  
A little season waits a verse or two,  
The years that followed the millennial rest.  
Bad years they were ; and first, as signal sure,  
That at the core religion was diseased,  
The sons of Levi strove again for place,  
And eminence, and names of swelling pomp ;  
Setting their feet upon the people's neck,  
And slumbering in the lap of civil power,  
Of civil power again tyrannical :  
And second sign, sure sign, whenever seen,  
That holiness was dying in a land,  
The Sabbath was profaned and set at naught ;  
The honest seer, who spoke the truth of God  
Plainly, was left with empty walls ; and round\*  
The frothy orator, who busked his tales  
In quackish pomp of noisy word, the ear  
Tickling, but leaving still the heart unprobed,  
The judgment uninformed,—numbers immense  
Flocked, gaping wide, with passions high inflamed ;  
And on the way returning, heated, home,  
Of eloquence, and not of truth, conversed—  
Mean eloquence that wanted sacred truth.

Two principles from the beginning strove  
In human nature, still dividing man,—  
Sloth and activity ; the lust of praise,  
And indolence that rather wished to sleep.  
And not unfrequently in the same mind  
They dubious contest held ; one gaining now,  
And now the other crowned, and both again

Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.  
Much different was their voice. Ambition called  
To action, sloth invited to repose.  
Ambition early rose, and, being up,  
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest ;  
Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,  
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,  
And, having rolled him out with much ado,  
And many a dismal sigh, and vain attempt,  
He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly,—  
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,  
Somniferous, that weighed the object down  
On which its burden fell,—an hour or two,  
Then with a groan retired to rest again.  
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,  
Thought it too little, and too small the praise ;  
The other tried to think—for thinking so  
Answered his purpose best—that what of great  
Mankind could do had been already done ;  
And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.

Different in mode, destructive both alike.  
Destructive always indolence ; and love  
Of fame destructive always too, if less  
Than praise of God it sought, content with less :  
Even then not current, if it sought his praise  
From other motive than resistless love ;  
Though base, main-spring of action in the world ;  
And, under name of vanity and pride,  
Was greatly practised on by cunning men.  
It opened the niggard's purse, clothed nakedness,  
Gave beggars food, and threw the Pharisee  
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act  
Of prayer ; it spread the lace upon the fop,  
His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait ;  
it stuck the feather on the gay coquette,

And on her finger laid the heavy load  
Of jewelry; it did—what did it not?  
The gospel preached, the gospel paid, and sent  
The gospel; conquered nations, cities built,  
Measured the furrow of the field with nice  
Directed share, shaped bulls, and cows, and rams,  
And threw the ponderous stone; and, pitiful,  
Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragged  
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool  
Through learning's halls, and made him labor much  
Abortively; though sometimes not unpraised  
He left the sage's chair, and home returned,  
Making his simple mother think that she  
Had borne a man. In schools designed to root  
Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness  
In youthful minds, it held a signal place.  
The little infant man, by nature proud,  
Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,  
And grew religious as he grew in fame.  
And thus the principle, which out of heaven  
The devil threw, and threw him down to hell,  
And keeps him there, was made an instrument  
To moralize and sanctify mankind,  
And in their hearts beget humility;  
With what success it needs not now to say.

Destructive both we said, activity  
And sloth: behold the last exemplified,  
In literary man. Not all at once,  
He yielded to the soothing voice of sleep;  
But, having seen a bough of laurel wave,  
He effort made to climb; and friends, and even  
Himself, talked of his greatness, as at hand,  
And, prophesying, drew his future life.  
Vain prophecy! his fancy, taught by sloth,  
Saw, in the very threshold of pursuit,

A thousand obstacles ; he halted first,  
And while he halted, saw his burning hopes  
Grow dim and dimmer still ; ambition's self,  
The advocate of loudest tongue, decayed ;  
His purposes, made daily, daily broken,  
Like plant uprooted oft, and set again,  
More sickly grew, and daily wavered more ;  
Till at the last, decision, quite worn out,  
Decision, fulcrum of the mental powers,  
Resigned the blasted soul to staggering chance ;  
Sleep gathered fast, and weighed him downward still ;  
His eye fell heavy from the mount of fame ;  
His young resolves to benefit the world  
Perished and were forgotten ; he shut his ear  
Against the painful news of rising worth ;  
And drank with desperate thirst the poppy's juice ;  
A deep and mortal slumber settled down  
Upon his weary faculties oppressed ;  
He rolled from side to side, and rolled again ;  
And snored, and groaned, and withered and expired,  
And rotted on the spot, leaving no name.

The hero best example gives of toil  
Unsanctified. One word his history writes,  
"He was a murderer above the laws,  
And greatly praised for doing murderous deeds."  
And now he grew, and reached his perfect growth ;  
And also now the sluggard soundest slept,  
And by him lay the uninterred corpse.

Of every order, sin and wickedness,  
Deliberate, cool, malicious villany,  
This age, attained maturity, unknown  
Before ; and seemed in travail to bring forth  
Some last, enormous, monstrous deed of guilt,  
Original, unprecedented guilt,

That might obliterate the memory  
Of what had hitherto been done most vile.  
Inventive men were paid, at public cost,  
To plan new modes of sin ; the holy Word  
Of God was burned, with acclamations loud ;  
New tortures were invented for the good ;—  
For still some good remained, as whiles through sky  
Of thickest clouds, a wandering star appeared ;—  
New oaths of blasphemy were framed and sworn ;  
And men in reputation grew, as grew  
The stature of their crimes. Faith was not found.  
Fruth was not found, truth always scarce, so scarce  
That half the misery which groaned on earth,  
In ordinary times, was progeny  
Of disappointment, daily coming forth  
From broken promises, that might have ne'er  
Been made, or, being made, might have been kept ;  
Justice and mercy, too, were rare, obscured  
In cottage garb : before the palace door,  
The beggar rotted, starving in his rags ;  
And on the threshold of luxurious domes,  
The orphan child laid down his head, and died ;  
Nor unamusing was his piteous cry  
To women, who had now laid tenderness  
Aside, best pleased with sights of cruelty ;  
Flocking, when fouler lusts would give them time,  
To horrid spectacles of blood, where men,  
Or guiltless beasts, that seemed to look to heaven,  
With eye imploring vengeance on the earth,  
Were tortured for the merriment of kings.  
The advocate for him who offered most  
Pleaded ; the scribe, according to the hire,  
Wording the lie, adding, for every piece,  
An oath of confirmation ; judges raised  
One hand to intimate the sentence, death,  
Imprisonment, or fine, or loss of goods,

And in the other held a lusty bribe,  
Which they had taken to give the sentence wrong,  
So managing the scale of justice still,  
That he was wanting found who poorest seemed.

But laymen most renowned for devilish deeds,  
Labored at distance still behind the priest;  
He shorn his sheep, and, having packed the wool,  
Sent them unguarded to the hill of wolves;  
And to the bowl deliberately sat down,  
And with his mistress mocked at sacred things.

The theatre was, from the very first,  
The favorite haunt of Sin, though honest men,  
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men,  
Maintained it might be turned to good account,  
And so perhaps it might, but never was.  
From first to last, it was an evil place:  
And now such things were acted there, as made  
The devils blush; and from the neighborhood,  
Angels and holy men, trembling, retired:  
And what with dreadful aggravation crowned  
This dreary time, was sin against the light.  
All men knew God, and, knowing, disobeyed;  
And gloried to insult him to his face.

Another feature only we shall mark.  
It was withal a highly polished age,  
And scrupulous in ceremonious rite.  
When stranger stranger met upon the way,  
First, each to each bowed most respectfully,  
And large profession made of humble service,  
And then the stronger took the other's purse,  
And he that stabbed his neighbor to the heart,  
Stabbed him politely, and returned the blade  
Reeking into its sheath with graceful air.

Meantime the earth gave symptoms of her end,  
And all the scenery above proclaimed,  
That the great last catastrophe was near.  
The Sun at rising staggered and fell back,  
As one too early up, after a night  
Of late debauch; then rose, and shone again,  
Brighter than wont; and sickened again, and paused  
In zenith altitude, as one fatigued;  
And shed a feeble twilight ray at noon,  
Rousing the wolf before his time to chase  
The shepherd and his sheep, that sought for light,  
And darkness found, astonished, terrified;  
Then, out of course, rolled furious down the west,  
As chariot reined by awkward charioteer;  
And, waiting at the gate, he on the earth  
Gazed, as he thought he ne'er might see't again.  
The bow of mercy, heretofore so fair,  
Ribbed with the native hues of heavenly love,  
Disastrous colors showed, unseen till now;  
Changing upon the watery gulf, from pale  
To fiery red, and back again to pale;  
And o'er it hovered wings of wrath. The Moon  
Swaggered in midst of heaven, grew black, and dark,  
Unclouded, uneclipsed. The Stars fell down,  
Tumbling from off their towers like drunken men,  
Or seemed to fall; and glimmered now, and now  
Sprang out in sudden blaze and dimmed again,  
As lamp of foolish virgin lacking oil.  
The heavens, this moment, looked serene; the next,  
Glowed like an oven with God's displeasure hot.

Nor less, below, was intimation given,  
Of some disaster great and ultimate.  
The tree that bloomed, or hung with clustering fruit,  
Untouched by visible calamity  
Of frost or tempest, died and came again.



The flower and herb fell down as sick ; then rose  
And fell again. The fowls of every hue,  
Crowding together, sailed on weary wing ;  
And, hovering, oft they seemed about to light ;  
Then soared, as if they thought the earth unsafe.  
The cattle looked with meaning face on man.  
Dogs howled, and seemed to see more than their mas-  
ters.

And there were sights that none had seen before ;  
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds,  
And earnest whisperings ran along the hills  
At dead of night ; and long, deep, endless sighs,  
Came from the dreary vale ; and from the waste  
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce unearthly groans,  
The wail of evil spirits, that now felt  
The hour of utter vengeance near at hand.  
The winds from every quarter blew at once,  
With desperate violence, and, whirling, took  
The traveller up, and threw him down again,  
At distance from his path, confounded, pale ;  
And shapes, strange shapes ! in winding sheets were  
seen,

Gliding through night, and singing funeral songs,  
And imitating sad, sepulchral rites ;  
And voices talked among the clouds, and still  
The words that men could catch were spoken of them,  
And seemed to be the words of wonder great,  
And expectation of some vast event.  
Earth shook, and swam, and reeled, and opened her  
jaws,  
By earthquake tossed, and tumbled to and fro ;  
And, louder than the ear of man had heard,  
The Thunder bellowed, and the Ocean groaned.

The race of men, perplexed, but not reformed,  
Flocking together, stood in earnest crowds,

Conversing of the awful state of things.  
 Some curious explanations gave, unlearned ;  
 Some tried affectedly to laugh, and some  
 Gazed stupidly ; but all were sad and pale,  
 And wished the comment of the wise. Nor less  
 These prodigies, occurring night and day,  
 Perplexed philosophy. The magi tried,—  
 Magi, a name not seldom given to fools,  
 In the vocabulary of earthly speech,—  
 They tried to trace them still to second cause,  
 But scarcely satisfied themselves ; though round  
 Their deep deliberations, crowding came,  
 And, wondering at their wisdom, went away,  
 Much quieted and very much deceived,  
 The people, always glad to be deceived.

These warnings passed, they, unregarded, passed,  
 And all in wonted order calmly moved.  
 The pulse of Nature regularly beat,  
 And on her cheek the bloom of perfect health  
 Again appeared. Deceitful pulse ! and bloom  
 Deceitful ! and deceitful calm ! The Earth  
 Was old, and worn within ; but, like the man  
 Who noticed not his mid-day strength decline,  
 Sliding so gently round the curvature  
 Of life, from youth to age,—she knew it not.  
 The calm was like the calm, which oft the man,  
 Dying, experienced before his death ;  
 The bloom was but a hectic flush, before  
 The eternal paleness. But all these were taken,  
 By this last race of men, for tokens of good ;  
 And blustering public News aloud proclaimed—  
 News always gabbling ere they well had thought—  
 Prosperity, and joy, and peace ; and mocked  
 The man who, kneeling, prayed, and trembled still ;  
 And all in earnest to their sins returned.

It was not so in heaven. The elders round  
The Throne conversed about the state of man,  
Conjecturing—for none of certain knew—  
That Time was at an end. They gazed intense  
Upon the Dial's face, which yonder stands  
In gold, before the Sun of Righteousness,  
Jehovah, and computes time, seasons, years,  
And destinies, and slowly numbers o'er  
The mighty cycles of eternity;  
By God alone completely understood,  
But read by all, revealing much to all.  
And now, to saints of eldest skill, the ray,  
Which on the gnomon fell of Time, seemed sent  
From level west, and hasting quickly down.  
The holy Virtues, watching, saw, besides,  
Great preparation going on in heaven,  
Betokening great event, greater than aught  
That first-created seraphim had seen.  
The faithful messengers, who have for wing  
The lightning, waiting, day and night, on God,  
Before his face, beyond their usual speed,  
On pinion of celestial light were seen,  
Coming and going, and their road was still  
From heaven to earth, and back again to heaven:  
The angel of Mercy, bent before the Throne,  
By earnest pleading, seemed to hold the hand  
Of Vengeance back, and win a moment more  
Of late repentance for some sinful world  
In jeopardy: and now, the hill of God,  
The mountain of his majesty, rolled flames  
Of fire, now smiled with momentary love,  
And now again with fiery fierceness burned;  
And from behind the darkness of his Throne,  
Through which created vision never saw,  
The living Thunders, in their native caves,  
Muttered the terrors of Omnipotence,

And ready seemed, impatient to fulfil  
Some errand of exterminating wrath.

Meanwhile the Earth increased in wickedness,  
And hasted daily to fill up her cup.  
Satan raged loose, Sin had her will, and Death  
Enough. Blood trode upon the heels of Blood,  
Revenge, in desperate mood, at midnight met  
Revenge, War brayed to War, Deceit deceived  
Deceit, Lie cheated Lie, and Treachery  
Mined under Treachery, and Perjury  
Swore back on Perjury, and Blasphemy  
Arose with hideous Blasphemy, and Curse  
Loud answered Curse; and drunkard, stumbling, fell  
O'er drunkard fallen; and husband husband met,  
Returning each from other's bed defiled;  
Thief stole from thief, and robber on the way  
Knocked robber down, and Lewdness, Violence,  
And Hate, met Lewdness, Violence, and Hate.  
Oh, Earth! thy hour was come! the last elect  
Was born, complete the number of the good,  
And the last sand fell from the glass of Time.  
The cup of guilt was full up to the brim;  
And Mercy, weary with beseeching, had  
Retired behind the sword of Justice, red  
With ultimate and unrepenting wrath;  
But man knew not: he o'er his bowl laughed loud,  
And, prophesying, said, "To-morrow shall  
As this day be, and more abundant still!"  
As thou shalt hear—But, hark! the trumpet sounds,  
And calls to evening song; for, though with hymn  
Eternal, course succeeding course extol  
In presence of the incarnate, holy God,  
And celebrate his never-ending praise,—  
Duly at morn and night, the multitudes  
Of men redeemed, and angels, all the hosts

Of glory, join in universal song,  
And pour celestial harmony, from harps  
Above all number, eloquent and sweet,  
Above all thought of melody conceived.  
And now behold the fair inhabitants,  
Delightful sight ! from numerous business turn,  
And round and round through all the extent of bliss  
Towards the temple of Jehovah bow,  
And worship reverently before his face !

Pursuits are various here, suiting all tastes,  
Though holy all, and glorifying God.  
Observe yon band pursue the sylvan stream :  
Mounting among the cliffs, they pull the flower,  
Springing as soon as pulled, and, marvelling, pry  
Into its veins, and circulating blood,  
And wondrous mimicry of higher life ;  
Admire its colors, fragrance, gentle shape ;  
And thence admire the God who made it so—  
So simple, complex, and so beautiful.

Behold yon other band, in airy robes  
Of bliss. They weave the sacred bower of rose  
And myrtle shade, and shadowy verdant bay,  
And laurel, towering high ; and round their song,  
The pink and lily bring, and amaranth,  
Narcissus sweet, and jessamine ; and bring  
The clustering vine, stooping with flower and fruit,  
The peach and orange, and the sparkling stream,  
Warbling with nectar to their lips unasked ;  
And talk the while of everlasting love.

On yonder hill, behold another band,  
Of piercing, steady, intellectual eye,  
And spacious forehead of sublimest thought.  
They reason deep of present, future, past ;

And trace effect to cause ; and meditate  
On the eternal laws of God, which bind  
Circumference to centre ; and survey,  
With optic tubes, that fetch remotest stars  
Near them, the systems circling round immense  
Innumerable. See how,—as he, the sage,  
Among the most renowned in days of Time,  
Renowned for large, capacious holy soul,  
Demonstrates clearly motion, gravity,  
Attraction and repulsion, still opposed ;  
And dips into the deep, original,  
Unknown, mysterious elements of things,—  
See how the face of every auditor  
Expands with admiration of the skill,  
Omnipotence, and boundless love of God !

These other, sitting near the tree of life,  
In robes of linen flowing white and clean,  
Of holiest aspect, of divinest soul,  
Angels and men,—into the glory look  
Of the Redeeming Love, and turn the leaves  
Of man's redemption o'er, the secret leaves,  
Which none on earth were found worthy to open ;  
And, as they read the mysteries divine,  
The endless mysteries of salvation, wrought  
By God's incarnate Son, they humbler bow  
Before the Lamb, and glow with warmer love.

These other, there relaxed beneath the shade  
Of yon embowering palms, with friendship smile,  
And talk of ancient days, and young pursuits,  
Of dangers passed, of godly triumphs won  
And sing the legends of their native land,  
Less pleasing far than this their Father's house.

Behold that other band, half lifted up  
Between the hill and dale, reclined beneath

The shadow of impending rocks, 'mong streams,  
And thundering waterfalls, and waving boughs;  
That band of countenance sublime and sweet,  
Whose eye, with piercing, intellectual ray,  
Now beams severe, or now bewildered seems,  
Left rolling wild, or fixed in idle gaze,  
While Fancy and the Soul are far from home;  
These hold the pencil, art divine! and throw  
Before the eye remembered scenes of love;  
Each picturing to each the hills, and skies,  
And treasured stories of the world he left;  
Or, gazing on the scenery of heaven,  
They dip their hand in color's native well,  
And, on the everlasting canvass, dash  
Figures of glory, imagery divine,  
With grace and grandeur in perfection knit.

But, whatso'er the spirits blessed pursue,  
Where'er they go, whatever sights they see  
Of glory and bliss through all the tracts of heaven,—  
The centre, still, the figure eminent,  
Whither they ever turn, on whom all eyes  
Repose with infinite delight, is God  
And his incarnate Son, the Lamb once slain  
On Calvary, to ransom ruined men.

None idle here. Look where thou wilt, they all  
Are active, all engaged in meet pursuit;  
Not happy else. Hence is it that the song  
Of heaven is ever new; for daily thus,  
And nightly new discoveries are made  
Of God's unbounded wisdom, power, and love,  
Which give the understanding larger room,  
And swell the hymn with ever-growing praise.

Behold they cease! and every face to God  
Turns; and we pause from high poetic theme,

Not worthy least of being sung in heaven ;  
 And on unveiled Godhead look from this,  
 Our oft frequented hill. He takes the harp,  
 Nor needs to seek befitting phrase : unsought,  
 Numbers harmonious roll along the lyre ;  
 As river in its native bed, they flow  
 Spontaneous, flowing with the tide of thought.  
 He takes the harp—a bard of Judah leads,  
 This night, the boundless song, the bard that once,  
 When Israel's king was sad and sick to death,  
 A message brought of fifteen added years.  
 Before the Throne he stands sublime, in robes  
 Of glory ; and now his fingers wake the chords  
 To praise, which we and all in heaven repeat.

Harps of Eternity ! begin the song,  
 Redeemed and angel harps ! begin to God,  
 Begin the anthem ever sweet and new,  
 While I extol Him, holy, just, and good.  
 Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love  
 Eternal, uncreated, infinite !  
 Unsearchable Jehovah ! God of truth !  
 Maker, upholder, governor of all !  
 Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld !  
 Omnipotent, unchangeable, Great God !  
 Exhaustless fulness ! giving unimpaired !  
 Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound !  
 Highest and best ! beginning, middle, end !  
 All-seeing Eye ! all-seeing, and unseen !  
 Hearing, unheard ! all-knowing, and unknown !  
 Above all praise ! above all height of thought !  
 Proprietor of immortality !  
 Glory ineffable ! bliss underived !  
 Of old thou buildst thy throne on righteousness,  
 Before the morning Stars their song began,



Or silence heard the voice of praise. Thou laidst  
Eternity's foundation stone, and sawst  
Life and existence out of Thee begin.  
Mysterious more, the more displayed, where still  
Upon thy glorious Throne thou sitst alone,  
Hast sat alone, and shalt for ever sit  
Alone, Invisible, Immortal One !  
Behind essential brightness unbeheld.  
Incomprehensible ! what weight shall weigh,  
What measure measure Thee ! What know we more  
Of Thee, what need to know, than Thou hast taught,  
And bidst us still repeat, at morn and even ?—  
God ! Everlasting Father ! Holy One !  
Our God, our Father, our Eternal All !  
Source whence we came, and whither we return ;  
Who made our spirits, who our bodies made,  
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land,  
Who made all made, who orders, governs all,  
Who walks upon the wind, who holds the wave  
In hollow of thy hand, whom thunders wait,  
Whom tempests serve, whom flaming fires obey,  
Who guides the circuit of the endless years,  
And sitst on high, and makest creation's top  
Thy footstool, and beholdest, below Thee, all—  
All naught, all less than naught, and vanity.  
Like transient dust that hovers on the scale,  
Ten thousand worlds are scattered in thy breath.  
Thou sitst on high, and measurest destinies,  
And days, and months, and wide-revolving years,  
And dost according to thy holy will ;  
And none can stay thy hand, and none withhold  
Thy glory ; for in judgment, Thou, as well  
As mercy, art exalted, day and night.  
Past, present, future, magnify thy name.  
Thy works all praise Thee, all thy angels praise,  
Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn

The fragrant incense of perpetual love.  
They praise Thee now, their hearts, their voices  
praise,  
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.  
Harp ! lift thy voice on high ! shout, angels, shout !  
And loudest, ye redeemed ! glory to God,  
And to the Lamb who bought us with his blood,  
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue ;  
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls ;  
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns  
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.  
Shout back to ancient Time ! Sing loud, and wave  
Your palms of triumph ! sing, Where is thy sting,  
O Death ! where is thy victory, O Grave !  
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave  
Us victory through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.  
Harp ! lift thy voice on high ! shout, angels, shout !  
And loudest, ye redeemed ! glory to God,  
And to the Lamb, all glory and all praise,  
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,  
That come and go eternally, and find  
Us happy still, and Thee for ever blessed !  
Glory to God and to the Lamb. Amen.  
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

And those who stood upon the sea of glass,  
And those who stood upon the battlements  
And lofty towers of New Jerusalem,  
And those who circling stood, bowing afar,  
Exalted on the everlasting hills,  
Thousands of thousands, thousands infinite,  
With voice of boundless love, answered, Amen.  
And through Eternity, near and remote,  
The worlds, adoring, echoed back, Amen ;  
And God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The One Eternal, smiled superior bliss !

And every eye, and every face in heaven,  
Reflecting and reflected, beamed with love.

Nor did he not, the Virtue new arrived,  
From Godhead gain an individual smile,  
Of high acceptance, and of welcome high,  
And confirmation evermore in good.  
Meantime the landscape glowed with holy joy.  
Zephyr, with wing dipped from the well of life,  
Sporting through Paradise, shed living dew;  
The flowers, the spicy shrubs, the lawns, refreshed,  
Breathed their selectest balm, breathed odors, such  
As angels love; and all the trees of heaven,  
The cedar, pine, and everlasting oak,  
Rejoicing on the mountains, clapped their hands.

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK VII.**

### ANALYSIS OF BOOK VII.

After the Hymn of praise, the Bard resumes his story. He relates the destruction of the Earth, the Resurrection of the dead, and the Transformation of the living.

On the morn of the final day every appearance of Nature was as usual; but at mid-day universal darkness prevailed, and every action and motion ceased; an Angel from Heaven proclaimed the end of Time, and another blew the Trump of God, at which the dead awoke and the living were changed.

The remainder of the Book is occupied with a description of circumstances connected with the momentous scene; the living surprised in the midst of their thousand various occupations of study, labor, pleasure, crime; the dead of every age and nation springing to life, in the wilderness, the cultivated field, amid ancient ruins, in the streets of populous cities, from the depths of the mighty waters.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.

BOOK VII.

As one who meditates at evening tide,  
Wandering alone by voiceless solitudes,  
And flies, in fancy, far beyond the bounds  
Of visible and vulgar things, and things  
Discovered hitherto, pursuing tracts  
As yet untravelled and unknown, through vast  
Of new and sweet imaginings; if chance  
Some airy harp, waked by the gentle sprites  
Of twilight, or light touch of sylvan maid,  
In soft succession fall upon his ear,  
And fill the desert with its heavenly tones;  
He listens intense, and pleased exceedingly,  
And wishes it may never stop; yet when  
It stops, grieves not; but to his former thoughts  
With fondest haste returns: so did the Seer,  
So did his audience, after worship passed,  
And praise in heaven, return to sing, to hear  
Of man, not worthy less the sacred lyre,  
Or the attentive ear; and thus the bard,  
Not unbesought, again resumed his song.

In customary glory bright, that morn, the Sun  
Rose, visiting the earth with light and heat,  
And joy; and seemed as full of youth and strong  
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars

Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night  
Fled from his face ; the spacious sky received  
Him, blushing as a bride, when on her looked  
The bridegroom ; and, spread out beneath his eye,  
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace, the Dews,  
That all night long had wept his absence, flew ;  
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,  
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,  
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,  
A thousand grateful smells ; the joyous woods  
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops  
Of night ; and all the sons of music sung  
Their matin song—from arbored bower, the thrush,  
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high.  
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale  
The herds, rejoiced ; and, light of heart, the hind  
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,  
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change. All nature moved  
In wonted harmony. Men, as they met,  
In morning salutation, praised the day,  
And talked of common things. The husbandman  
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued Hope  
Promised another harvest. In the streets,  
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbor,  
Merchants, assembling, spoke of trying times,  
Of bankruptcies, and markets glutted full,  
Or, crowding to the beach,—where, to their ear,  
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise  
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,  
Elate with certain gain,—beheld the bark,  
Expected long, enriched with other climes,  
Into the harbor safely steer ; or saw,  
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,  
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,

The rich-laden carack, bound to distant shore,  
And hopefully talked of her coming back,  
With richer freight ; or sitting at the desk,  
In calculation deep and intricate  
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved,  
At intervals, the irksome task, with thought  
Of future ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtle look, amid his parchments, sat  
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court  
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch,  
Fat Luxury, sick of the night's debauch,  
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam,  
That through his lattice peeped derisively.  
The restless miser had begun again  
To count his heaps. Before her toilet stood  
The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked  
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,  
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.  
And evil men, of desperate, lawless life,  
By oath of deep damnation leagued to ill,  
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,  
Against the innocent their counsel held,  
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,  
And villanies of fearful magnitude.  
Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,  
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man.  
Senates were meeting, statesmen loudly talked  
Of national resources, war and peace,  
And sagely balanced empires soon to end ;  
And faction's jaded minions, by the page  
Paid for abuse and oft-repeated lies,  
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,  
For party schemes, made interest, under cloak  
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.  
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,



And of the awful wickedness of men.  
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,  
And universal rule, and panting hard  
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave  
To battle. Men, in science deeply read,  
And academic theory, foretold  
Improvements vast ; and learned sceptics proved  
That earth should with eternity endure—  
Concluding madly, that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared : to every man  
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path  
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all  
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure,  
When suddenly, alas, fair earth ! the sun  
Was wrapped in darkness, and his beams returned  
Up to the throne of God, and over all  
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.  
Nature stood still. The seas and rivers stood,  
And all the winds and every living thing.  
The cataract, that, like a giant wroth,  
Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once,  
By sudden frost, with all his hoary locks,  
Stood still ; and beasts of every kind stood still.  
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone !  
Hope died in every breast, and on all men  
Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbor spoke.  
Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child  
The mother, nor friend of friend, nor foe of foe.  
In horrible suspense all mortals stood ;  
And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard  
Rolling in heaven. Revealed in flaming fire,  
The angel of God appeared in stature vast,  
Blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high,  
By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time  
Should be no more. Throughout, creation heard

And sighed ; all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,  
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale,  
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,  
Sighed. Earth, arrested in her wonted path,  
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when naught  
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.  
A universal crash was heard, as if  
The ribs of Nature broke, and all her dark  
Foundations failed ; and deadly paleness sat  
On every face of man, and every heart  
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.  
None spoke, none stirred, none wept ; for horror held  
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.  
Again, o'er all the nations silence fell :  
And, in the heavens, robed in excessive light,  
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,  
And walked with penetration keen, through all  
The abodes of men, another angel stood,  
And blew the trump of God : Awake, ye dead,  
Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb  
Of immortality. Awake, arise !—  
The God of judgment comes ! This said the voice,  
And Silence, from eternity that slept  
Beyond the sphere of the creating Word,  
And all the noise of Time, awakened, heard.  
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell, through  
all  
Her regions of despair ; the ear of Death  
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night  
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled ; and all  
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending, had leaned,  
Crazy and frail, or sat, benumbed with age,  
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,  
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs,

New vigor flow ; the wrinkled face grew smooth ;  
Upon the head, that Time had razored bare,  
Rose bushy locks ; and as his son in prime  
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.  
Changing herself, the mother saw her son  
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form  
Of manhood ; and the wretch that begging sat,  
Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,  
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb,  
Arose complete ; and he, that on the bed  
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,  
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now  
The tide of life and vigor rushing back ;  
And, looking up, beheld his weeping wife,  
And daughter fond, that o'er him, bending, stooped  
To close his eyes. The frantic madman, too,  
In whose confused brain reason had lost  
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,  
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.  
The newly-sheeted corpse arose, and stared  
On those who dressed it ; and the coffined dead,  
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,  
And mingled with their friends ; and armies, which  
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock  
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,  
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks  
Return the stream of life in healthy flow ;  
And as the anatomist, with all his band  
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,  
And impolitely hewed his way, through bones  
And muscles of the sacred human form,  
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze,  
The mysteries of nature, joint embraced  
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,  
And suddenly the injured man awoke,  
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete

In immortality—forgiving scarce  
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,  
Of universal jubilee to all  
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand  
The scourge of violence fell, and from his back,  
Healed of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

The youth of great religious soul, who sat  
Retired in voluntary loneliness,  
In reverie extravagant now wrapped,  
Or poring now on book of ancient date,  
With filial awe, and dipping oft his pen  
To write immortal things; to pleasure deaf,  
And joys of common men, working his way  
With mighty energy, not uninspired,  
Through all the mines of thought; reckless of pain,  
And weariness, and wasted health, the scoff  
Of Pride, or growl of Envy's hellish brood;  
While Fancy, voyaged far beyond the bounds  
Of years revealed, heard many a future age,  
With commendation loud, repeat his name,—  
False prophetess! the day of change was come,—  
Behind the shadow of eternity,  
He saw his visions set of earthly fame,  
For ever set; nor sighed, while through his veins,  
In lighter current, ran immortal life;  
His form renewed to undecaying health;  
To undecaying health his soul, erewhile  
Not tuned amiss to God's eternal praise.

All men, in field and city, by the way,  
On land or sea, lolling in gorgeous hall,  
Or plying at the oar; crawling in rags  
Obscure, or dazzling in embroidered gold;

Alone, in companies, at home, abroad ;  
In wanton merriment surprised and taken,  
Or kneeling reverently in act of prayer ;  
Or cursing recklessly, or uttering lies ;  
Or lapping greedily, from slander's cup,  
The blood of reputation ; or between  
Friendships and brotherhoods devising strife ;  
Or plotting to defile a neighbor's bed ;  
In duel met with dagger of revenge ;  
Or casting on the widow's heritage  
The eye of covetousness ; or, with full hand,  
On mercy's noiseless errands, unobserved,  
Administering ; or meditating fraud  
And deeds of horrid barbarous intent ;  
In full pursuit of unexperienced hope,  
Fluttering along the flowery path of youth ;  
Or steeped in disappointment's bitterness,  
The fevered cup that guilt must ever drink,  
When parched and fainting on the road of ill ;  
Beggar and king, the clown and haughty lord ;  
The venerable sage, and empty fop ;  
The ancient matron, and the rosy bride ;  
The virgin chaste, and shrivelled harlot vile ;  
The savage fierce, and man of science mild ;  
The good and evil, in a moment, all  
Were changed, corruptible to incorrupt,  
And mortal to immortal, ne'er to change.

And now, descending from the bowers of heaven,  
Soft airs o'er all the earth, spreading, were heard,  
And Hallelujahs sweet, the harmony  
Of righteous souls that came to repossess  
Their long neglected bodies : and anon  
Upon the ear fell horribly the sound  
Of cursing, and the yells of damned despair,  
Uttered by felon spirits, that the trump

Had summoned from the burning glooms of hell  
To put their bodies on, reserved for wo.

Now, starting up among the living changed,  
Appeared innumerable the risen dead.  
Each particle of dust was claimed : the turf,  
For ages trod beneath the careless foot  
Of men, rose, organized in human form ;  
The monumental stones were rolled away ;  
The doors of death were opened ; and in the dark  
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel house,  
Moving, were heard the mouldered bones, that sought  
Their proper place. Instinctive, every soul  
Flew to its clayey part ; from grass-grown mould,  
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,  
Reanimate ; and, merging from beneath  
The flattered marble, undistinguished rose  
The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,  
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.  
The Memphian mummy, that, from age to age  
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,  
In hall of curious antiquary stowed,  
Wrapped in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme  
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags ;  
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside  
The European, his last purchaser.  
In vale remote, the hermit rose, surprised  
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought  
His slumbers had been single ; and the bard,  
Who fondly covenanted with his friend,  
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough  
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed  
By multitudes that claimed their proper dust  
From the same spot ; and he, that, richly hearsed,  
With gloomy garniture of purchased wo,  
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,

Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round  
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think  
His father's lordly clay should ever mix  
With peasant dust,—saw by his side awake  
The clown that long had slumbered in his arms.

The family tomb, to whose devouring mouth  
Descended sire and son, age after age,  
In long, unbroken, hereditary line,  
Poured forth at once, the ancient father rude,  
And all his offspring of a thousand years.  
Refreshed from sweet repose, awoke the man  
Of charitable life—awoke and sung:  
And from his prison house, slowly and sad,  
As if unsatisfied with holding near  
Communion with the earth, the miser drew  
His carcass forth, and gnashed his teeth, and howled,  
Unsolaced by his gold and silver then.  
From simple stone in lonely wilderness,  
That hoary lay, o'er-lettered by the hand  
Of oft-frequenting pilgrim, who had taught  
The willow tree to weep, at morn and even,  
Over the sacred spot,—the martyr saint,  
To song of seraph harp, triumphant, rose,  
Well pleased that he had suffered to the death.  
“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,”  
As sung the bard by Nature's hand anointed,  
In whose capacious giant numbers rolled  
The passions of old Time, fell lumbering down.  
All cities fell, and every work of man,  
And gave their portion forth of human dust,  
Touched by the mortal finger of decay.  
Tree, herb, and flower, and every fowl of heaven,  
And fish, and animal, the wild and tame,  
Forthwith dissolving, crumbled into dust.

Alas ! ye sons of strength, ye ancient oaks,  
Ye holy pines, ye elms, and cedars tall,  
Like towers of God, far seen on Carmel mount,  
Or Lebanon, that waved your boughs on high,  
And laughed at all the winds,—your hour was come !  
Ye laurels, ever green, and bays, that wont  
To wreath the patriot's and the poet's brow,  
Ye myrtle bowers, and groves of sacred shade,  
Where Music ever sung, and Zephyr fanned  
His airy wing, wet with the dews of life,  
And Spring forever smiled, the fragrant haunt  
Of Love, and Health, and ever-dancing Mirth,—  
Alas ! how suddenly your verdure died,  
And ceased your minstrelsy, to sing no more !  
Ye flowers of beauty, penciled by the hand  
Of God, who annually renewed your birth,  
To gem the virgin robes of Nature chaste,  
Ye smiling-featured daughters of the Sun !  
Fairer than queenly bride, by Jordan's stream  
Leading your gentle lives, retired, unseen ;  
Or on the sainted cliffs on Zion hill  
Wandering, and holding with the heavenly dews,  
In holy revelry, your nightly loves,  
Watched by the stars, and offering, every morn,  
Your incense, grateful both to God and man ;—  
Ye lovely, gentle things, alas ! no spring  
Shall ever wake you now ! ye withered all !  
All in a moment drooped, and on your roots  
The grasp of everlasting winter seized !  
Children of song, ye birds that dwelt in air,  
And stole your notes from angel's lyres, and first  
In levee of the morn, with eulogy  
Ascending, hailed the advent of the dawn ;  
Or, roosted on the pensive evening bough,  
In melancholy numbers, sung the day  
To rest ;—your little wings, failing, dissolved,



In middle air, and on your harmony  
Perpetual silence fell ! Nor did his wing,  
That sailed in track of gods sublime, and fanned  
The sun, avail the eagle then ; quick smitten,  
His plumage withered in meridian height,  
And, in the valley, sunk the lordly bird,  
A clod of clay. Before the ploughman fell  
His steers, and in midway the furrow left.  
The shepherd saw his flocks around him turn  
To dust. Beneath his rider fell the steed  
To ruins ; and the lion in his den  
Grew cold and stiff, or in the furious chase,  
With timid fawn, that scarcely missed his paws.  
On earth no living thing was seen but men,  
New-changed, or rising from the opening tomb.

Athens, and Rome, and Babylon, and Tyre,  
And she that sat on Thames, queen of the seas,  
Cities once famed on earth, convulsed through all  
Their mighty ruins, threw their millions forth.  
Palmyra's dead, where Desolation sat,  
From age to age, well pleased, in solitude,  
And silence, save when traveller's foot, or owl  
Of night, or fragment mouldering down to dust,  
Broke faintly on his desert ear,—awoke.  
And Salem, holy city ! where the Prince  
Of Life, by death, a second life secured  
To man, and with him, from the grave, redeemed,  
A chosen number brought, to retinue  
His great ascent on high, and give sure pledge,  
That death was foiled,—her generations, now,  
Gave up, of kings and priests, and Pharisees ;  
Nor even the Sadducee, who fondly said,  
No morn of resurrection e'er should come,  
Could sit the summons ; to his ear did reach  
The trumpet's voice, and, ill prepared for what

He oft had proved should never be, he rose  
Reluctantly, and on his face began  
To burn eternal shame. The cities, too,  
Of old, ensepulchred beneath the flood,  
Or deeply slumbering under mountains huge,  
That Earthquake, servant of the wrath of God,  
Had on her wicked population thrown;  
And marts of busy trade, long ploughed and sown,  
By history unrecorded, or the song  
Of bard, yet not forgotten their wickedness,  
In heaven;—poured forth their ancient multitudes,  
That vainly wished their sleep had never broke.  
From battle-fields, where men by millions met  
To murder each his fellow, and make sport  
To kings and heroes, things long since forgot,  
Innumerable armies rose, unbannered all,  
Unpanoplied, unpraised; nor found a prince,  
Or general, then, to answer for their crimes.  
The hero's slaves, and all the scarlet troops  
Of antichrist, and all that fought for rule,—  
Many high-sounding names, familiar once  
On earth, and praised exceedingly, but now  
Familiar most in hell, their dungeon fit,  
Where they may war eternally with God's  
Almighty thunderbolts, and win them pangs  
Of keener wo,—saw, as they sprung to life,  
The widow and the orphan ready stand,  
And helpless virgin, ravished in their sport,  
To plead against them at the coming doom.  
The Roman legions, boasting once, how loud!  
Of liberty, and fighting bravely o'er  
The torrid and the frigid zone, the sands  
Of burning Egypt, and the frozen hills  
Of snowy Albion, to make mankind  
Their thralls, untaught that he who made or kept  
A slave could ne'er himself be truly free,—

That morning, gathered up their dust, which lay  
Wide-scattered over half the globe ; nor saw  
Their eagled banners then. Sennacherib's hosts,  
Embattled once against the sons of God,  
With insult bold, quick as the noise of mirth  
And revelry, sunk in their drunken camp,  
When death's dark angel, at the dead of night,  
Their vitals touched, and made each pulse stand still :  
Awoke in sorrow ; and the multitudes  
Of Gog, and all the fated crew that warred  
Against the chosen saints, in the last days,  
At Armageddon, when the Lord came down,  
Mustering his host on Israel's holy hills,  
And, from the treasures of his snow and hail,  
Rained terror, and confusion rained, and death,  
And gave to all the beasts, and fowls of heaven,  
Of captains' flesh, and blood of men of war,  
A feast of many days,—revived, and, doomed  
To second death, stood in Hamonah's vale.

Nor yet did all that fell in battle rise,  
That day, to wailing. Here and there were seen  
The patriot bands that from his guilty throne  
The despot tore, unshackled nations, made  
The prince respect the people's laws, drove back  
The wave of proud invasion, and rebuked  
The frantic fury of the multitude,  
Rebelled, and fought and fell for liberty  
Right understood, true heroes in the speech  
Of heaven, where words express the thoughts of him  
Who speaks ; not undistinguished, these, though few,  
That morn, arose, with joy and melody.

All woke—the north and south gave up their dead.  
The caravan, that in mid-journey sunk,  
With all its merchandise, expected long,

And long forgot, ingulfed beneath the tide  
Of death, that the wild Spirit of the winds  
Swept, in his wrath, along the wilderness,  
In the wide desert,—woke, and saw all calm  
Around, and populous with risen men ;  
Nor of his relics thought the pilgrim then,  
Nor merchant of his silks and spiceries.

And he, far voyaging from home and friends,  
Too curious, with a mortal eye to peep  
Into the secrets of the Pole, forbid  
By nature, whom fierce Winter seized, and froze  
To death, and wrapped in winding sheet of ice,  
And sung the requiem of his shivering ghost,  
With the loud organ of his mighty winds,  
And on his memory threw the snow of ages,—  
Felt the long-absent warmth of life return,  
And shook the frozen mountain from his bed.

All rose, of every age, of every clime.  
Adam and Eve, the great progenitors  
Of all mankind, fair as they seemed, that morn,  
When first they met in Paradise, unfallen,  
Uncursed,—from ancient slumber broke, where once,  
Euphrates rolled his stream ; and by them stood,  
In stature equal, and in soul as large,  
Their last posterity, though poets sung,  
And sages proved them far degenerate.

Blessed sight ! not unobserved by angels, nor  
Unpraised,—that day, 'mong men of every tribe  
And hue, from those who drank of Tenglio's stream  
To those who nightly saw the Hermit Cross,  
In utmost south retired,—rising, were seen  
The fair and ruddy sons of Albion's land,  
How glad !—not those who travelled far, and sailed,

To purchase human flesh, or wreath the yoke  
Of vassalage on savage liberty,  
Or suck large fortune from the sweat of slaves;  
Or, with refined knavery, to cheat,  
Politely villanous, untutored men  
Out of their property; or gather shells,  
Intaglios rude, old pottery, and store  
Of mutilated gods of stone, and scraps  
Of barbarous epitaphs defaced, to be  
Among the learned the theme of warm debate,  
And infinite conjecture, sagely wrong!—  
But those, denied to self, to earthly fame  
Denied, and earthly wealth; who kindred left,  
And home, and ease, and all the cultured joys,  
Conveniences, and delicate delights,  
Of ripe society; in the great cause  
Of man's salvation greatly valorous,—  
The warriors of Messiah, messengers  
Of peace, and light, and life, whose eye, unscaled,  
Saw up the path of immortality,  
Far into bliss, saw men, immortal men,  
Wide wandering from the way: eclipsed in night,  
Dark, moonless, moral night; living like beasts,  
Like beasts descending to the grave, untaught  
Of life to come, unsanctified, unsaved;  
Who, strong, though seeming weak; who, warlike  
though  
Unarmed with bow and sword; appearing mad,  
Though sounder than the schools alone e'er made  
The doctor's head; devote to God and truth,  
And sworn to man's eternal weal, beyond  
Repentance sworn, or thought of turning back;  
And casting far behind all earthly care,  
All countryships, all national regards,  
And enmities, all narrow bourns of state  
And selfish policy; beneath their feet

Treading all fear of opposition down,  
 All fear of danger, of reproach all fear,  
 And evil tongues; went forth, from Britain went,  
 A noiseless band of heavenly soldiery,  
 From out the armory of God equipped  
 Invincible, to conquer sin, to blow  
 The trump of freedom in the despot's ear,  
 To tell the bruted slave his manhood high,  
 His birthright liberty, and in his hand  
 To put the writ of manumission, signed  
 By God's own signature; to drive away  
 From earth the dark, infernal legionry  
 Of superstition, ignorance, and hell;  
 High on the pagan hills, where Satan sat,  
 Encamped, and o'er the subject kingdoms threw  
 Perpetual night, to plant Immanuel's cross,  
 The ensign of the Gospel blazing round  
 Immortal truth; and, in the wilderness  
 Of human waste, to sow eternal life;  
 And from the rock, were Sin, with horrid yell,  
 Devoured its victims unredeemed, to raise  
 The melody of grateful hearts to Heaven:  
 To falsehood, truth; to pride, humility;  
 To insult, meekness; pardon to revenge;  
 To stubborn prejudice, unwearied zeal;  
 To censure, unaccusing minds; to stripes,  
 Long suffering; to want of all things, hope;  
 To death, assured faith of life to come;—  
 Opposing. These great worthies, rising, shone  
 Through all the tribes and nations of mankind,  
 Like Hesper, glorious once among the stars  
 Of twilight, and around them, flocking, stood,  
 Arrayed in white, the people they had saved.

Great Ocean! too, that morning, thou the call  
 Of restitution heardst, and reverently

To the last trumpet's voice, in silence, listened.  
Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons!  
Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,  
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,  
In Nature's anthem, and made music, such  
As pleased the ear of God! original,  
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,  
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill,  
From age to age enduring and unchanged,  
Majestical, inimitable, vast;  
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each  
Succeeding race, and little pompous work  
Of man!—unfallen, religious, holy Sea!  
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst  
none,  
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God  
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive  
Thy great obeisance! Undiscovered Sea!  
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,  
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep  
Beneath all visible retired, none went,  
And came again, to tell the wonders there.  
Tremendous Sea! what time thou lifted up  
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and  
storms  
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides  
Indignantly,—the pride of navies fell;  
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,  
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and  
war;  
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,  
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,  
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts  
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,  
Infinitude, eternity; and thought

And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped, and  
grasped  
Again ; beyond her reach, exerting all  
The soul, to take thy great idea in,  
To comprehend incomprehensible ;  
And wondered more, and felt their littleness,  
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea !  
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast  
For ever heaving to the lovely Moon,  
That, like a shy and holy virgin, robed  
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,  
And to the everlasting serenade  
Gave gracious audience ; nor was wooed in vain.  
That morning, thou, that slumbered not before,  
Nor slept, great Ocean ! laid thy waves to rest,  
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy. No breath  
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar ;  
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,  
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell  
From angel-chariots, sentinelled on high,  
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,  
Thy dead arise. Charybdis listened, and Scylla ;  
And savage Euxine, on the Thracian beach,  
Lay motionless : and every battle-ship  
Stood still, and every ship of merchandise,  
And all that sailed, of every name, stood still.  
Even as the ship of war, full fledged, and swift,  
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe,  
Opposing with as fell intent, the wind  
Fell withered from her wings that idly hung ;  
The stormy bullet, by the cannon thrown  
Uncivily against the heavenly face  
Of men, half sped, sunk harmlessly, and all  
Her loud, uncircumcised, tempestuous crew,  
How ill prepared to meet their God ! — were  
changed,



Unchangeable—the pilot at the helm  
Was changed, and the rough captain, while he  
mouthed

The huge, enormous oath. The fisherman,  
That in his boat, expectant, watched his lines,  
Or mended on the shore his net, and sung,  
Happy in thoughtlessness, some careless air,  
Heard Time depart, and felt the sudden change.  
In solitary deep, far out from land,  
Or steering from the port with many a cheer,  
Or while returning from long voyage, fraught  
With lusty wealth, rejoicing to have escaped  
The dangerous main, and plagues of foreign  
climes,—

The merchant quaffed his native air, refreshed ;  
And saw his native hills in the sun's light,  
Serenely rise ; and thought of meetings glad,  
And many days of ease and honor, spent  
Among his friends—unwarned man ! even then,  
The knell of Time broke on his reverie,  
And, in the twinkling of an eye, his hopes,  
All earthly, perished all. As sudden rose,  
From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,  
Renewed ; and, on the unstirring billows, stood  
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea—  
Of every nation blent, and every age.

Wherever slept one grain of human dust,  
Essential organ of a human soul,  
Wherever tossed, obedient to the call  
Of God's omnipotence, it hurried on  
To meet its fellow particles, revived,  
Rebuilt, in union indestructible.  
No atom of his spoils remained to Death.  
From his strong arm, by stronger arm released,  
Immortal now in soul and body both,

Beyond his reach, stood all the sons of men,  
And saw, behind, his valley lie, unfear'd.

O Death! with what an eye of desperate lust,  
From out thy emptied vaults, thou then didst look  
After the risen multitudes of all  
Mankind! Ah! thou hadst been the terror long,  
And murderer, of all of woman born.  
None could escape thee! In thy dungeon house,  
Where darkness dwelt, and putrid loathsomeness,  
And fearful silence, villanously still,  
And all of horrible and deadly name,—  
Thou satst, from age to age, insatiate,  
And drank the blood of men, and gorged their  
flesh,  
And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones  
To powder, treading out, beneath thy feet,  
Their very names and memories. The blood  
Of nations could not slake thy parched throat.  
No bribe could buy thy favor for an hour,  
Or mitigate thy ever-cruel rage  
For human prey. Gold, beauty, virtue, youth,  
Even helpless, swaddled innocency, failed  
To soften thy heart of stone! the infant's blood  
Pleased well thy taste, and while the mother  
wept,  
Bereaved by thee, lonely and waste in wo,  
Thy ever-grinding jaws devoured her too.

Each son of Adam's family beheld,  
Where'er he turned, whatever path of life  
He trod, thy goblin form before him stand,  
Like trusty old assassin, in his aim  
Steady and sure as eye of destiny,  
With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible,  
Equipped, and ever menacing his life.

He turned aside, he drowned himself in sleep,  
In wine, in pleasure; travelled, voyaged, sought  
Receipts for health from all he met; betook  
To business, speculate, retired; returned  
Again to active life, again retired;  
Returned, retired again; prepared to die,  
Talked of thy nothingness, conversed of life  
To come, laughed at his fears, filled up the cup,  
Drank deep, refrained; filled up, refrained again;  
Planned, built him round with splendor, won ap-  
    plause,  
Made large alliances with men and things,  
Read deep in science and philosophy,  
To fortify his soul; heard lectures prove  
The present ill, and future good; observed  
His pulse beat regular, extended hope;  
Thought, dissipated thought, and thought again;  
Indulged, abstained, and tried a thousand schemes,  
To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye;  
But still thy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,  
Before him frowned, and withered all his joy.  
Still, feared and hated thing! thy ghostly shape  
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope;  
Unmannerly and uninvited, crept  
Into his haunts of most select delight.  
Still, on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,  
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen  
Writing thy name of—Death. Vile worm, that gnawed  
The root of all his happiness terrene, the gall  
Of all his sweet, the thorn of every rose  
Of earthly bloom, cloud of his noon-day sky,  
Frost of his spring, sigh of his loudest laugh,  
Dark spot on every form of loveliness,  
Rank smell amidst his rarest spiceries,  
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony,  
Reserve of every promise, and the if

Of all to-morrows !—now, beyond thy vale,  
Stood all the ransomed multitude of men,  
Immortal all : and, in their visions, saw  
Thy visage grim no more. Great payment day !  
Of all thou ever conquered, none was left  
In thy unpeopled realms, so populous once.  
He, at whose girdle hang the keys of death,  
And life, not bought but with the blood of Him  
Who wears, the eternal Son of God, that morn,  
Dispelled the cloud that sat so long, so thick,  
So heavy o'er thy vale ; opened all thy doors,  
Unopened before ; and set thy prisoners free.  
Vain was resistance, and to follow vain.  
In thy unveiled caves, and solitudes  
Of dark and dismal emptiness, thou satst,  
Rolling thy hollow eyes, disabled thing !  
Helpless, despised, unpitied, and unfear'd,  
Like some fallen tyrant, chained in sight of all  
The people ; from thee dropped thy pointless dart,  
Thy terrors withered all, thy ministers,  
Annihilated, fell before thy face,  
And on thy maw eternal Hunger seized.

Nor yet, sad monster ! wast thou left alone.  
In thy dark dens some phantoms still remained,—  
Ambition, Vanity, and earthly Fame,  
Swollen Ostentation, meagre Avarice,  
Mad Superstition, smooth Hypocrisy,  
And Bigotry intolerant, and Fraud,  
And wilful Ignorance, and sullen Pride,  
Hot Controversy, and the subtle ghost  
Of vain Philosophy, and worldly Hope,  
And sweet-lipped, hollow-hearted Flattery.  
All these, great personages once on earth,  
And not unfollowed, nor unpraised, were left,  
Thy ever-unredeemed, and with thee driven

To Erebus, through whose uncheered wastes,  
Thou mayest chase them, with thy broken scythe  
Fetching vain strokes, to all eternity,  
Unsatisfied, as men who, in the days  
Of Time, their unsubstantial forms pursued.

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK VIII.**

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK VIII.

**The Bard describes the appearance of the vast Assembly of men gathered for the Final Judgment.**

**All were divested of the extraneous circumstances by which they were distinguished in life, each retaining simply his moral character. Various classes in the Assembly are particularized; the lover of fame, the logician, the recluse, the bigot, the indolent, the sceptic, the dupe of fashion, the unforgiving parent, the seducer, the dishonest judge and advocate, the liar, duellist, suicide, hypocrite, the slanderer, the ungodly minister, the man of envy.**

**When the Bard has named these classes, and presented their character, and their feelings in the awful Assembly, the Spirit whose inquiries had given occasion for the Bard's communications, asks whether any of the several classes of the unholy ever actually believed themselves advancing to a future Bar of Judgment. The answer is given that they did not. The word of God was properly and perfectly believed by none of them; the necessary and certain fruit of faith being obedience and holiness.**

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.

BOOK VIII.

REANIMATED, now, and dressed in robes  
Of everlasting wear, in the last pause  
Of expectation, stood the human race,  
Buoyant in air, or covering shore and sea,  
From east to west, thick as the eared grain,  
In golden autumn waved, from field to field,  
Profuse, by Nilus' fertile wave, while yet  
Earth was, and men were in her valleys seen.

Still, all was calm in heaven. Nor yet appeared  
The Judge, nor aught appeared, save here and there,  
On wing of golden plumage borne at will,  
A curious angel, that from out the skies  
Now glanced a look on man, and then retired.  
As calm was all on earth. The ministers  
Of God's unsparing vengeance, waited, still  
Unbid. No sun, no moon, no star, gave light.  
A blessed and holy radiance, travelled far  
From day original, fell on the face  
Of men, and every countenance revealed ;  
Unpleasant to the bad, whose visages  
Had lost all guise of seeming happiness,  
With which on earth such pains they took to hide  
Their misery in. On their grim features, now  
The plain, unvisored index of the soul,



The true, untampered witness of the heart,  
No smile of hope, no look of vanity  
Beseeching for applause, was seen ; no scowl  
Of self-important, all-despising pride,  
That once upon the poor and needy fell,  
Like winter on the unprotected flower,  
Withering their very being to decay.  
No jesting mirth, no wanton leer, was seen,  
No sullen lower of braggart fortitude  
Defying pain, nor anger, nor revenge ;  
But fear instead, and terror, and remorse ;  
And chief, one passion, to its answering, shaped  
The features, of the damned, and in itself  
Summed all the rest,—unutterable despair.

What on the righteous shone of foreign light,  
Was all redundant day, they needed not.  
For as, by nature, Sin is dark, and loves  
The dark, still hiding from itself in gloom,  
And in the darkest hell is still itself  
The darkest hell, and the severest wo,  
Where all is wo ; so Virtue, ever fair !  
Doth by a sympathy as strong as binds  
Two equal hearts, well pleased in wedded love,  
For ever seek the light, for ever seek  
All fair and lovely things, all beauteous forms,  
All images of excellence and truth ;  
And from her own essential being, pure  
As flows the fount of life that spirits drink,  
Doth to herself give light, nor from her beams,  
As native to her as her own existence,  
Can be divorced, nor of her glory shorn,—  
Which now, from every feature of the just,  
Divinely rayed, yet not from all alike ;  
In measure, equal to the soul's advance  
In virtue, was the lustre of the face.

It was a strange assembly : none, of all  
That congregation vast, could recollect  
Aught like it in the history of man.  
No badge of outward state was seen, no mark  
Of age, or rank, or national attire,  
Or robe professional, or air of trade.  
Untitled, stood the man that once was called  
My lord, unserved, unfollowed ; and the man  
Of tithes, right reverend in the dialect  
Of Time addressed, ungowned, unbeneficed,  
Uncorpulent ; nor now, from him who bore,  
With ceremonious gravity of step,  
And face of borrowed holiness o'erlaid,  
The ponderous book before the awful priest,  
And opened and shut the pulpit's sacred gates  
In style of wonderful observancy  
And reverence excessive, in the beams  
Of sacerdotal splendor lost, or if  
Observed, comparison ridiculous scarce  
Could save the little, pompous, humble man  
From laughter of the people,—not from him  
Could be distinguished then the priest untitled.  
None levees held, those marts where princely smiles  
Were sold for flattery, and obeisance mean,  
Unfit from man to man ; none came or went,  
None wished to draw attention, none was poor,  
None rich, none young, none old, deformed none ;  
None sought for place or favor, none had aught  
To give, none could receive, none ruled, none served ;  
No king, no subject was ; unscutcheoned all,  
Uncrowned, unplumed, unhelmed, unpedigreed,  
Unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred.  
Nor countryman was seen, nor citizen ;  
Republican, nor humble advocate  
Of monarchy ; nor idle worshipper,  
Nor beaded papist, nor Mahometan ;

Episcopalian none, nor presbyter ;  
Nor Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Jew,  
Nor Greek, nor sectary of any name.  
Nor, of those persons, that loud title bore,  
Most high and mighty, most magnificent,  
Most potent, most august, most worshipful,  
Most eminent, words of great pomp, that pleased  
The ear of vanity, and made the worms  
Of earth mistake themselves for gods,—could one  
Be seen, to claim these phrases obsolete.

It was a congregation vast of men,  
Of unappendaged and unvarnished men,  
Of plain, unceremonious human beings,  
Of all but moral character bereaved.  
His vice, or virtue, now, to each remained,  
Alone. All else, with their grave-clothes, men had  
Put off, as badges worn by mortal, not  
Immortal man; alloy that could not pass  
The scrutiny of Death's refining fires ;  
Dust of Time's wheels, by multitudes pursued  
Of fools that shouted—Gold ! fair painted fruit,  
At which the ambitious idiot jumped, while men  
Of wiser mood immortal harvest reaped ;  
Weeds of the human garden, sprung from earth's  
Adulterate soil, unfit to be transplanted,  
Though by the mortal botanist, too oft,  
For plants of heavenly seed mistaken and nursed,  
Mere chaff, that Virtue, when she rose from earth,  
And waved her wings to gain her native heights,  
Drove from the verge of being, leaving Vice  
No mask to hide her in ; base-born of Time,  
In which God claimed no property, nor had  
Prepared for them a place in heaven or hell.  
Yet did these vain distinctions, now forgot,  
Bulk largely in the filmy eye of Time,

And were exceeding fair, and lured to death  
Immortal souls. But they were passed, for all  
Ideal now was passed ; reality  
Alone remained ; and good and bad, redeemed  
And unredeemed, distinguished sole the sons  
Of men. Each, to his proper self reduced,  
And undisguised, was what his seeming showed.

The man of earthly fame, whom common men  
Made boast of having seen, who scarce could pass  
The ways of Time, for eager crowds that pressed  
To do him homage, and pursued his ear  
With endless praise, for deeds unpraised above,  
And yoked their brutal natures, honored much  
To drag his chariot on,—unnoticed stood,  
With none to praise him, none to flatter there.

Blushing and dumb, that morning, too, was seen  
The mighty reasoner, he who deeply searched  
The origin of things, and talked of good  
And evil, much, of causes and effects,  
Of mind and matter, contradicting all  
That went before him, and himself, the while,  
The laughing-stock of angels ; diving far  
Below his depth, to fetch reluctant proof,  
That he himself was mad and wicked too,  
When, proud and ignorant man, he meant to prove  
That God had made the universe amiss,  
And sketched a better plan. Ah ! foolish sage !  
He could not trust the word of Heaven, nor see  
The light which from the Bible blazed,—that lamp  
Which God threw from his palace down to earth,  
To guide his wandering children home,—yet leaned  
His cautious faith on speculations wild,  
And visionary theories absurd,  
Prodigiously, deliriously absurd,

Compared with which, the most erroneous flight  
That poet ever took when warm with wine,  
Was moderate conjecturing : he saw,  
Weighed in the balance of eternity,  
His lore how light, and wished, too late, that he  
Had staid at home, and learned to know himself,  
And done, what peasants did, disputed less,  
And more obeyed. Nor less he grieved his time  
Misspent, the man of curious research,  
Who travelled far through lands of hostile clime  
And dangerous inhabitant, to fix  
The bounds of empires passed, and ascertain  
The burial-place of heroes, never born ;  
Despising present things, and future too,  
And groping in the dark unsearchable  
Of finished years,—by dreary ruins seen,  
And dungeons damp, and vaults of ancient waste,  
With spade and mattock, delving deep to raise  
Old vases and dismembered idols rude ;  
With matchless perseverance, spelling out  
Words without sense. Poor man ! he clapped his  
hands  
Enraptured, when he found a manuscript  
That spoke of pagan gods ; and yet forgot  
The God who made the sea and sky, alas !  
Forgot that trifling was a sin ; stored much  
Of dubious stuff, but laid no treasure up  
In heaven ; on mouldered columns scratched his  
name,  
But ne'er inscribed it in the book of life.

Unprofitable seemed, and unapproved,  
That day, the sullen, self-vindictive life  
Of the recluse. With crucifixes hung,  
And spells, and rosaries, and wooden saints,  
Like one of reason reft, he journeyed forth,

In show of miserable poverty,  
And chose to beg,—as if to live on sweat  
Of other men, had promised great reward ;  
On his own flesh inflicted cruel wounds,  
With naked foot embraced the ice, by the hour  
Said mass, and did most grievous penance vile ;  
And then retired to drink the filthy cup  
Of secret wickedness, and fabricate  
All lying wonders, by the untaught received  
For revelations new. Deceived wretch !  
Did he no know, that the most Holy One  
Required a cheerful life and holy heart ?

Most disappointed in that crowd of men,  
The man of subtle controversy stood,  
The bigot theologian, in minute  
Distinctions skilled, and doctrines unreduced  
To practice ; in debate how loud ! how long !  
How dexterous ! in Christian love how cold !  
His vain conceits were orthodox alone.  
The immutable and heavenly truth, revealed  
By God, was naught to him. He had an art,  
A kind of hellish charm, that made the lips  
Of truth speak falsehood, to his liking turned  
The meaning of the text, made trifles seem  
The marrow of salvation ; to a word,  
A name, a sect, that sounded in the ear,  
And to the eye so many letters showed,  
But did no more,—gave value infinite ;  
Proved still his reasoning best, and his belief,  
Though propped on fancies wild as madmen's dreams,  
Most rational, most scriptural, most sound ;  
With mortal heresy denouncing all  
Who in his arguments could see no force.  
On points of faith, too fine for human sight,  
And never understood in heaven, he placed

His everlasting hope, undoubting placed,  
And died; and, when he opened his ear, prepared  
To hear, beyond the grave, the minstrelsy  
Of bliss, he heard, alas! the wail of wo.  
He proved all creeds false but his own, and found,  
At last, his own most false—most false, because  
He spent his time to prove all others so.

O, love-destroying, cursed Bigotry!  
Cursed in heaven, but cursed more in hell,  
Where millions curse thee, and must ever curse!  
Religion's most abhorred! perdition's most  
Forlorn! God's most abandoned! hell's most damned!  
The infidel, who turned his impious war  
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock  
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,  
Sinned, and received his due reward; but she  
Within her walls sinned more. Of Ignorance  
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked  
The earth, from age to age, and drank the blood  
Of God's peculiar children, and was drunk,  
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.  
The supplicating hand of innocence,  
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath  
The lion pause, the groans of suffering most  
Severe, were naught to her; she laughed at groans;  
No music pleased her more, and no repast  
So sweet to her, as blood of men redeemed  
By blood of Christ. Ambition's self, though mad,  
And nursed on human gore, with her compared,  
Was merciful. Nor did she always rage.  
She had some hours of meditation, set  
Apart, wherein she to her study went,  
The Inquisition, model most complete  
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done,—  
Deeds! let them ne'er be named,—and sat and planned

Deliberately, and with most musing pains,  
How, to extremest thrill of agony,  
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,  
Her victims, might be wrought; and when she saw  
New tortures of her laboring fancy born,  
She leaped for joy, and made great haste to try  
Their force—well pleased to hear a deeper groan.

But now her day of mirth was passed, and come  
Her day to weep, her day of bitter groans,  
And sorrow unbemoaned, the day of grief  
And wrath retributory poured in full  
On all that took her part. The man of sin,  
The mystery of iniquity, her friend  
Sincere, who pardoned sin, unpardoned still,  
And in the name of God blasphemed, and did  
All wicked, all abominable things,  
Most abject stood, that day, by devils hissed,  
And by the looks of those he murdered, scorched:  
And plagued with inward shame, that on his cheek  
Burned, while his votaries, who left the earth,  
Secure of bliss, around him, undeceived,  
Stood, undeceivable till then; and knew,  
Too late, him fallible, themselves accursed,  
And all their passports and certificates,  
A lie: nor disappointed more, nor more  
Ashamed, the Mussulman, when he saw, gnash  
His teeth and wail, whom he expected judge.  
All these were damned for bigotry, were damned,  
Because they thought that they alone served God,  
And served him most, when most they disobeyed.

Of those forlorn and sad, thou mightst have marked,  
In number most innumerable, stand  
The indolent; too lazy these to make  
Inquiry for themselves, they stuck their faith



To some well-fatted priest, with offerings bribed  
To bring them oracles of peace, and take  
Into his management all the concerns  
Of their eternity ; managed how well  
They knew, that day, and might have sooner known,  
That the commandment was, Search, and believe  
In Me, and not in man ; who leans on him  
Leans on a broken reed, that will impierce  
The trusted side. I am the way, the truth,  
The life, alone, and there is none besides.

This did they read, and yet refused to search,  
To search what easily was found, and, found,  
Of price uncountable. Most foolish, they  
Thought God with ignorance pleased, and blinded  
faith,

That took not root in reason, purified  
With holy influence of his Spirit pure ;  
So, on they walked, and stumbled in the light  
Of noon, because they would not open their eyes ;  
Effect how sad of sloth ! that made them risk  
Their piloting to the eternal shore,  
To one who could mistake the lurid flash  
Of hell for heaven's true star, rather than bow  
The knee, and by one fervent word obtain  
His guidance sure, who calls the stars by name.  
They prayed by proxy, and at second hand  
Believed, and slept, and put repentance off,  
Until the knock of death awoke them, when  
They saw their ignorance both, and him they paid  
To bargain of their souls 'twixt them and God,  
Fled, and began repentance without end.  
How did they wish, that morning, as they stood  
With blushing covered, they had for themselves  
The Scripture searched, had for themselves believed,  
And made acquaintance with the Judge ere then.

Great day of termination to the joys  
 Of sin ! to joys that grew on mortal boughs,  
 On trees whose seed fell not from heaven, whose top  
 Reached not above the clouds. From such, alone,  
 The epicure took all his meals. In choice  
 Of morsels for the body, nice he was,  
 And scrupulous, and knew all wines by smell  
 Or taste, and every composition knew  
 Of cookery ; but grossly drank, unskilled,  
 The cup of spiritual pollution up,  
 That sickened his soul to death, while yet his eyes  
 Stood out with fat. His feelings were his guide.  
 He ate, and drank, and slept, and took all joys,  
 Forbid and unforbid, as impulse urged  
 Or appetite, nor asked his reason why.  
 He said, he followed Nature still, but lied ;  
 For she was temperate and chaste, he full  
 Of wine and all adultery ; her face  
 Was holy, most unholy his ; her eye  
 Was pure, his shot unhallowed fire ; her lips  
 Sang praise to God, his uttered oaths profane ;  
 Her breath was sweet, his rank with foul debauch  
 Yet pleaded he a kind and feeling heart,  
 Even when he left a neighbor's bed defiled.  
 Like migratory fowls, that flocking sailed  
 From isle to isle, steering by sense alone,  
 Whither the clime their liking best besecmed ;  
 So he was guided, so he moved through good  
 And evil, right and wrong, but, ah ! to fate  
 All different ; they slept in dust, unpained ;  
 He rose, that day, to suffer endless pain.

Cured of his unbelief, the skeptic stood,  
 Who doubted of his being while he breathed,  
 Than whom glossography itself, that spoke  
 Huge folios of nonsense every hour,

And left, surrounding every page, its marks  
Of prodigal stupidity, scarce more  
Of folly raved. The tyrant, too, who sat  
In grisly council, like a spider couched,  
With ministers of locust countenance,  
And made alliances to rob mankind,  
And holy termed,—for still, beneath a name  
Of pious sound, the wicked sought to veil  
Their crimes,—forgetful of his right divine,  
Trembled, and owned oppression was of hell;  
Nor did the uncivil robber, who unpursd  
The traveller on the highway, and cut  
His throat, anticipate severer doom.

In that assembly there was one, who, while  
Beneath the sun, aspired to be a fool;  
In different ages known by different names,  
Not worth repeating here. Be this enough:  
With scrupulous care exact, he walked the rounds  
Of fashionable duty, laughed when sad;  
When merry, wept; deceiving, was deceived;  
And flattering, flattered. Fashion was his god.  
Obsequiously he fell before its shrine,  
In slavish plight, and trembled to offend.  
If graveness suited, he was grave; if else,  
He travailed sorely, and made brief repose,  
To work the proper quantity of sin.  
In all submissive, to his changing shape,  
Still changing, girded he his vexed frame,  
And laughter made to men of sounder head.  
Most circumspect he was of bows, and nods,  
And salutations; and most seriously  
And deeply meditated he of dress;  
And in his dreams saw lace and ribbons fly.  
His soul was naught; he damned it, every day,  
Unceremoniously. Oh! fool of fools!

Pleased with a painted smile, he fluttered on,  
Like fly of gaudy plume, by fashion driven,  
As faded leaves by Autumn's wind, till Death  
Put forth his hand, and drew him out of sight.  
Oh ! fool of fools ! polite to man ; to God  
Most rude ; yet had he many rivals, who,  
Age after age, great striving made to be  
Ridiculous, and to forget they had  
Immortal souls, that day remembered well.

As rueful stood his other half, as wan  
Of cheek. Small her ambition was, but strange.  
The distaff, needle, all domestic cares,  
Religion, children, husband, home, were things  
She could not bear the thought of, bitter drugs,  
That sickened her soul. The house of wanton mirth  
And revelry, the mask, the dance, she loved,  
And in their service soul and body spent  
Most cheerfully. A little admiration,  
Or true or false, no matter which, pleased her,  
And o'er the wreck of fortune lost, and health  
And peace, and an eternity of bliss  
Lost, made her sweetly smile. She was convinced,  
That God had made her greatly out of taste ;  
And took much pains to make herself anew.  
Bedaubed with paint, and hung with ornaments  
Of curious selection, gaudy toy !  
A show unpaid for, paying to be seen !  
As beggar by the way, most humbly asking  
The alms of public gaze,—she went abroad.  
Folly admired, and indication gave  
Of envy, cold Civility made bows  
And smoothly flattered, Wisdom shook his head,  
And Laughter shaped his lip into a smile ;  
Sobriety did stare, Forethought grew pale,  
And Modesty hung down the head and blushed,

And Pity wept, as, on the frothy surge  
Of fashion tossed, she passed them by, like sail  
Before some devilish blast, and got no time  
To think, and never thought, till on the rock  
She dashed, of ruin, anguish, and despair.

O how unlike this giddy thing in Time !  
And at the day of judgment how unlike,  
The modest, meek, retiring dame ! Her house  
Was ordered well, her children taught the way  
Of life, who, rising up in honor, called  
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,  
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise,  
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye ;  
His praise alone, and faithful love, and trust  
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.  
Yet who, that saw her pass, and heard the poor  
With earnest benedictions on her steps  
Attend, could from obeisance keep his eye,  
Or tongue from due applause ? In virtue fair,  
Adorned with modesty, and matron grace  
Unspeakable, and love, her face was like  
The light, most welcome to the eye of man,  
Refreshing most, most honored, most desired,  
Of all he saw in the dim world below.  
As morning when she shed her golden locks,  
And on the dewy top of Hermon walked,  
Or Zion hill ; so glorious was her path.  
Old men beheld, and did her reverence,  
And bade their daughters look, and take from her  
Example of their future life ; the young  
Admired, and new resolve of virtue made.  
And none who was her husband asked ; his air  
Serene, and countenance of joy, the sign  
Of inward satisfaction, as he passed  
The crowd, or sat among the elders, told.

In holiness complete, and in the robes  
Of saving righteousness, arrayed for heaven,  
How fair, that day, among the fair, she stood !  
How lovely on the eternal hills her steps !

Restored to reason, on that morn, appeared  
The lunatic, who raved in chains, and asked  
No mercy when he died. Of lunacy,  
Innumerable were the causes ; humbled pride,  
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,  
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft  
By man inflicted on his brother man ;  
Sorrow that made the reason drunk, and yet  
Left much untasted--so the cup was filled ;  
Sorrow that, like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,  
And shoreless, rolled its billows o'er the soul  
Perpetually, and without hope of end.

Take one example, one of female wo.  
Loved by a father and a mother's love,  
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light  
Of heart, so good, and young, that reason, scarce,  
The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she  
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose  
From morning's dew, if it reality  
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,  
In imagery of perfect womanhood.  
But short her bloom, her happiness was short.  
One saw her loveliness, and, with desire  
Unhallowed, burning, to her ear addressed  
Dishonest words : " Her favor was his life,  
His heaven ; her frown his wo, his night, his death.  
With turgid phrase, thus wove in flattery's loom,  
He on her womanish nature won, and age  
Suspicionless, and ruined, and forsook.  
For he a chosen villain was at heart,

And capable of deeds that durst not seek  
Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame,  
His heart grew stone, he drove her forth to want  
And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse  
Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.

Upon a hoary cliff, that watched the sea,  
Her babe was found—dead. On its little cheek,  
The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned  
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam ;  
And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen.  
For she, the woful mother, had gone mad,  
And laid it down, regardless of its fate,  
And of her own. Yet had she many days  
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.  
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand  
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.  
When any asked the cause, she smiled and said,  
They were her sisters, and would come and watch  
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke  
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,  
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God, but still  
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed  
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them ;  
Till, wasted to the shadow of her youth,  
With wo too wide to see beyond, she died—  
Not unatoned for by imputed blood,  
Nor by the Spirit that mysterious works,  
Unsanctified. Aloud, her father cursed,  
That day, his guilty pride, which would not own  
A daughter, whom the God of heaven and earth  
Was not ashamed to call his own ; and he,  
Who ruined her, read from her holy look,  
That pierced him with perdition manifold,  
His sentence, burning with vindictive fire.

The judge that took a bribe; he who amiss  
Pleaded the widow's cause, and by delay  
Delaying ever, made the law at night  
More intricate than at the dawn, and on  
The morrow farther from a close, than when  
The sun last set, till he who in the suit  
Was poorest, by his emptied coffers, proved  
His cause the worst; and he that had the bag  
Of weights deceitful, and the balance false;  
And he that with a fraudulent lip deceived  
In buying or in selling;—these, that morn,  
Found custom no excuse for sin, and knew  
Plain dealing was a virtue, but too late.  
And he that was supposed to do nor good  
Nor ill, surprised, could find no neutral ground,  
And learned, that to do nothing was to serve  
The devil, and transgress the laws of God.  
The noisy quack, that by profession lied,  
And uttered falsehoods of enormous size,  
With countenance as grave as truth beseeemed;  
And he that lied for pleasure, whom a lust  
Of being heard and making people stare,  
And a most steadfast hate of silence, drove  
Far wide of sacred truth, who never took  
The pains to think of what he was to say,  
But still made haste to speak, with weary tongue,  
Like copious stream for ever flowing on;—  
Read clearly in the lettered heavens, what, long  
Before, they might have read, For every word  
Of folly, you, this day, shall give account;  
And every liar shall his portion have  
Among the cursed, without the gates of life.

With groans that made no pause, lamenting there  
Were seen the duellist and suicide.



This thought, but thought amiss, that of himself  
He was entire proprietor ; and so,  
When he was tired of Time, with his own hand,  
He opened the portals of Eternity,  
And sooner than the devils hoped, arrived  
In hell. The other, of resentment quick,  
And for a word, a look, a gesture, deemed  
Not scrupulously exact in all respect,  
Prompt to revenge, went to the cited field,  
For double murder armed, his own, and his  
That as himself he was ordained to love.  
The first, in pagan books of early times,  
Was heroism pronounced, and greatly praised.  
In fashion's glossary of later days,  
The last was honor called, and spirit high.  
Alas ! 'twas mortal spirit, honor which  
Forgot to wake at the last trumpet's voice,  
Bearing the signature of Time alone,  
Uncurrent in Eternity, and base.  
Wise men suspected this before ; for they  
Could never understand what honor meant,  
Or why that should be honor termed, which made  
Man murder man, and broke the laws of God  
Most wantonly. Sometimes, indeed, the grave,  
And those of Christian creed imagined, spoke  
Admiringly of honor, lauding much  
The noble youth, who, after many rounds  
Of boxing, died ; or, to the pistol shot  
His breast exposed, his soul to endless pain.  
But they who most admired, and understood  
This honor best, and on its altar laid  
Their lives, most obviously were fools ; and, what  
Fools only, and the wicked, understood,  
The wise agreed was some delusive Shade,  
That with the mist of time should disappear.

Great day of revelation ! in the grave  
The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood  
In naked ugliness. He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,  
To serve the devil in ; in virtue's guise,  
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread ;  
In holy phrase transacted villanies  
That common sinners durst not meddle with.  
At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,  
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things,  
And none of sin lamented more, or sighed  
More deeply, or with graver countenance,  
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,  
Whose infant children, at the moment, he  
Planned how to rob. In sermon style he bought,  
And sold, and lied ; and salutations made  
In scripture terms. He prayed by quantity,  
And with his repetitions long and loud,  
All knees were weary. With one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other took a shilling out.  
On charitable lists,—those trumps which told  
The public ear, who had in secret done  
The poor a benefit, and half the alms  
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding :  
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there  
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man !  
A serpent with an angel's voice ! a grave  
With flowers bestrewed ! and yet few were deceived.  
His virtues being over-done, his face  
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities  
Too pompously attended, and his speech  
Larded too frequently and out of time  
With serious phraseology,—were rents  
That in his garments opened in spite of him,  
Through which the well-accustomed eye could see

The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed,  
As in the all-piercing light he stood, exposed,  
No longer herding with the holy ones.  
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance  
To sanctimonious seeming; but, meanwhile,  
The shame within, now visible to all,  
His purpose balked. The righteous smiled, and even  
Despair itself some signs of laughter gave,  
As ineffectually he strove to wipe  
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.  
Detected wretch! of all the reprobate,  
None seemed maturer for the flames of hell,  
Where still his face from ancient custom, wears  
A holy air, which says to all that pass  
Him by, "I was a hypocrite on earth."

That was the hour which measured out to each,  
Impartially his share of reputation,  
Correcting all mistakes, and from the name  
Of the good man all slanders wiping off.  
Good name was dear to all. Without it, none  
Could soundly sleep, even on a royal bed,  
Or drink with relish from a cup of gold;  
And with it, on his borrowed straw, or by  
The leafless hedge, beneath the open heavens,  
The weary beggar took untroubled rest.  
It was a music of most heavenly tone,  
To which the heart leaped joyfully, and all  
The spirits danced. For honest fame, men laid  
Their heads upon the block, and, while the axe  
Descended, looked and smiled. It was of price  
Invaluable. Riches, health, repose,  
Whole kingdoms, life, were given for it, and he  
Who got it was the winner still; and he  
Who sold it durst not open his ear, nor look  
On human face, he knew himself so vile.

Yet it, with all its preciousness, was due  
To Virtue, and around her should have shed,  
Unasked, its savory smell ; but Vice, deformed  
Itself, and ugly, and of flavor rank,  
To rob fair Virtue of so sweet an incense,  
And with it to anoint and salve its own  
Rotten ulcers, and perfume the path that led  
To death,—strove daily by a thousand means :  
And oft succeeded to make Virtue sour  
In the world's nostrils, and its loathly self  
Smell sweetly. Rumor was the messenger  
Of defamation, and so swift that none  
Could be the first to tell an evil tale ;  
And was, withal, so infamous for lies,  
That he who of her sayings, on his creed,  
The fewest entered, was deemed wisest man.  
The fool, and many who had credit, too,  
For wisdom, grossly swallowed all she said,  
Unsifted ; and although, at every word,  
They heard her contradict herself, and saw,  
Hourly, they were imposed upon and mocked,  
Yet still they ran to hear her speak, and stared,  
And wondered much, and stood aghast, and said  
It could not be ; and, while they blushed for shame  
At their own faith, and seemed to doubt, believed,  
And whom they met, with many sanctions, told.  
So did experience fail to teach ;—so hard  
It was to learn this simple truth,—confirmed  
At every corner by a thousand proofs,  
That common Fame most impudently lied.

'Twas Slander filled her mouth with lying words—  
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man  
In whom this spirit entered was undone.  
His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart  
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste

To propagate the lie his soul had framed,  
His pillow was the peace of families  
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,  
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods;  
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock  
Number the midnight watches, on his bed,  
Devising mischief more; and early rose,  
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.

From door to door you might have seen him speed,  
Or placed amidst a group of gaping fools,  
And whispering in their ears, with his foul lips.  
Peace fled the neighborhood in which he made  
His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence,  
Before his breath, the healthy shoots and blooms  
Of social joy and happiness decayed.  
Fools only in his company were seen,  
And those forsaken of God, and to themselves  
Given up. The prudent shunned him and his house  
As one who had a deadly moral plague.  
And fain would all have shunned him at the day  
Of judgment; but in vain. All who gave ear  
With greediness, or wittingly their tongues  
Made herald to his lies, around him wailed;  
While on his face, thrown back by injured men,  
In characters of ever-blushing shame,  
Appeared ten thousand slanders, all his own.

Among the accursed, who sought a hiding place  
In vain, from fierceness of Jehovah's rage,  
And from the hot displeasure of the Lamb,  
Most wretched, most contemptible, most vile,—  
Stood the false priest, and in his conscience felt  
The fellest gnaw of the Undying Worm.  
And so he might, for he had on his hands  
The blood of souls, that would not wipe away.

Hear what he was. He swore in sight of God  
And man, to preach his master, Jesus Christ ;  
Yet preached himself : he swore that love of souls,  
Alone, had drawn him to the church ; yet strewed  
The path that led to hell with tempting flowers,  
And in the ear of sinners, as they took  
The way of death, he whispered peace : he swore  
Away all love of lucre, all desire  
Of earthly pomp ; and yet a princely seat  
He liked, and to the clink of Mammon's box  
Gave most rapacious ear. His prophecies,  
He swore, were from the Lord ; and yet, taught lies  
For gain : with quackish ointment, healed the wounds  
And bruises of the soul outside, but left,  
Within, the pestilent matter unobserved,  
To sap the moral constitution quite,  
And soon to burst again, incurable.  
He with untempered mortar daubed the walls  
Of Zion, saying, Peace, when there was none.  
The man who came with thirsty soul to hear  
Of Jesus, went away unsatisfied ;  
For he another gospel preached than Paul,  
And one that had no Saviour in't ; and yet,  
His life was worse. Faith, charity, and love,  
Humility, forgiveness, holiness,  
Were words well lettered in his sabbath creed ;  
But with his life he wrote as plain, Revenge,  
Pride, tyranny, and lust of wealth and power  
Inordinate, and lewdness unashamed.  
He was a wolf in clothing of the lamb,  
That stole into the fold of God, and on  
The blood of souls, which he did sell to death,  
Grew fat ; and yet, when any would have turned  
Him out, he cried, " Touch not the priest of God."  
And that he was anointed, fools believed ;  
But knew, that day, he was the devil's priest,

Anointed by the hands of Sin and Death,  
And set peculiarly apart to ill,—  
While on him smoked the vials of perdition,  
Poured measureless. Ah me ! what cursing then  
Was heaped upon his head by ruined souls,  
That charged him with their murder, as he stood,  
With eye of all the unredeemed most sad,  
Waiting the coming of the Son of Man !  
But let me pause, for thou hast seen his place  
And punishment, beyond the sphere of love.

Much was removed that tempted once to sin.  
Avarice no gold, no wine the drunkard, saw.  
But Envy had enough, as heretofore,  
To fill his heart with gall and bitterness.  
What made the man of envy what he was,  
Was worth in others, vileness in himself.  
A lust of praise, with undeserving deeds,  
And conscious poverty of soul : and still  
It was his earnest work and daily toil,  
With lying tongue, to make the noble seem  
Mean as himself. On fame's high hill he saw  
The laurel spread its everlasting green,  
And wished to climb ; but felt his knees too weak,  
And stood, below, unhappy, laying hands  
Upon the strong, ascending gloriously  
The steps of honor, bent to draw them back,  
Involving oft the brightness of their path,  
In mists his breath had raised. Whene'er he heard,  
As oft he did, of joy and happiness,  
And great prosperity, and rising worth,  
'Twas like a wave of wormwood o'er his soul  
Rolling its bitterness. His joy was wo,  
The wo of others. When, from wealth to want,  
From praises to reproach, from peace to strife,  
From mirth to tears, he saw a brother fall,

Or Virtue make a slip,—his dreams were sweet.  
But chief with Slander, daughter of his own,  
He took unhallowed pleasure. When she talked,  
And with her filthy lips defiled the best,  
His ear drew near; with wide attention gaped  
His mouth; his eye, well pleased, as eager gazed  
As glutton, when the dish he most desired  
Was placed before him; and a horrid mirth,  
At intervals, with laughter shook his sides.  
The critic, too, who, for a bit of bread,  
In book that fell aside before the ink  
Was dry, poured forth excessive nonsense, gave  
Him much delight. The critics,—some, but few,—  
Were worthy men, and earned renown which had  
Immortal roots; but most were weak and vile.  
And, as a cloudy swarm of summer flies,  
With angry hum and slender lance, beset  
The sides of some huge animal; so did  
They buzz about the illustrious man, and fain,  
With his immortal honor, down the stream  
Of fame would have descended; but, alas!  
The hand of Time drove them away. They were,  
Indeed, a simple race of men, who had  
One only art, which taught them still to say,  
Whate'er was done might have been better done;  
And with this art, not ill to learn, they made  
A shift to live. But, sometimes too, beneath  
The dust they raised, was worth a while obscured;  
And then did Envy prophesy and laugh.  
O Envy! hide thy bosom, hide it deep.  
A thousand snakes, with black, envenomed mouths,  
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy heart.

Such one I saw, here interposing, said  
The new arrived in that dark den of shame,  
Whom who hath seen shall never wish to see



Again. Before him, in the infernal gloom,  
That omnipresent shape of Virtue stood  
On which he ever threw his eye; and, like  
A cinder that had life and feeling, seemed  
His face, with inward pining, to be what  
He could not be. As being that had burned  
Continually, in slow-consuming fire,—  
Half an eternity, and was to burn  
For evermore, he looked. Oh! sight to be  
Forgotten! thought too horrible to think!

But say, believing in such wo to come,  
Such dreadful certainty of endless pain,  
Could beings of forecasting mould, as thou  
Entitled men, deliberately walk on,  
Unscared, and overleap their own belief  
Into the lake of ever-burning fire?

Thy tone of asking seems to make reply,  
And rightly seems: They did not so believe.  
Not one of all thou sawst lament and wail  
In Tophit, perfectly believed the word  
Of God, else none had thither gone. Absurd,  
To think that beings, made with reason, formed  
To calculate, compare, choose, and reject,  
By nature taught, and self, and every sense,  
To choose the good, and pass the evil by,  
Could, with full credence of a time to come,  
When all the wicked should be really damned,  
And cast beyond the sphere of light and love,  
Have persevered in sin! Too foolish this  
For folly in its prime. Can aught that thinks  
And wills choose certain evil, and reject  
Good, in his heart believing he does so?  
Could man choose pain, instead of endless joy?  
Mad supposition, though maintained by some

Of honest mind. Behold a man condemned !  
 Either he ne'er inquired, and therefore he  
 Could not believe ; or, else, he carelessly  
 Inquired, and something other than the word  
 Of God received into his cheated faith ;  
 And therefore he did not believe, but down  
 To hell descended, leaning on a lie.

Faith was bewildered much by men who meant  
 To make it clear, so simple in itself,  
 A thought so rudimental and so plain,  
 That none by comment could it plainer make.  
 All faith was one. In object, not in kind,  
 The difference lay. The faith that saved a soul,  
 And that which in the common truth believed,  
 In essence, were the same. Hear, then, what faith,  
 True, Christian faith, which brought salvation, was :  
 Belief in all that God revealed to men ;  
 Observe, in all that God revealed to men,  
 In all he promised, threatened, commanded, said,  
 Without exception, and without a doubt.  
 Who thus believed, being by the Spirit touched,  
 As naturally the fruits of faith produced,  
 Truth, temperance, meekness, holiness, and love,  
 As human eye from darkness sought the light.  
 How could he else ? If he, who had firm faith  
 The morrow's sun should rise, ordered affairs  
 Accordingly ; if he, who had firm faith  
 That spring, and summer, and autumnal days,  
 Should pass away, and winter really come,  
 Prepared accordingly ; if he, who saw  
 A bolt of death approaching, turned aside  
 And let it pass ;—as surely did the man,  
 Who verily believed the word of God,  
 Though erring whiles, its general laws obey,  
 Turn back from hell, and take the way to heaven.

That faith was necessary, some alleged,  
Unreined and uncontrollable by will.  
Invention savoring much of hell ! Indeed,  
It was the master-stroke of wickedness,  
Last effort of Abaddon's council dark,  
To make man think himself a slave to fate,  
And, worst of all, a slave to fate in faith,  
For thus 'twas reasoned then : From faith alone,  
And from opinion, springs all action ; hence,  
If faith's compelled, so is all action too :  
But deeds compelled are not accountable ;  
So man is not amenable to God.

Arguing that brought such monstrous birth, though  
good  
It seemed, must have been false. Most false it was,  
And by the book of God condemned, throughout.  
We freely own, that truth, when set before  
The mind, with perfect evidence, compelled  
Belief ; but error lacked such witness, still :  
And none, who now lament in moral night,  
The word of God refused on evidence  
That might not have been set aside as false.  
To reason, try, choose, and reject, was free.  
Hence God, by faith, acquitted, or condemned ;  
Hence righteous men, with liberty of will,  
Believed ; and hence thou sawst in Erebus  
The wicked, who as freely disbelieved  
What else had led them to the land of life.

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK IX.**

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK IX.

The Book opens with an apostrophe to Religion. The Bard resumes his narrative, and, continuing the description of the Assembly collected for Judgment, particularizes several classes of the Redeemed. While he mentions the classes, he points them out as they appear on the heavenly summits rejoicing.

First among the holy shone the faithful minister of God. The religious philosopher appeared in uncommon glory. The righteous governor and uncorrupted statesman, the man of active benevolence, and the Christian poet, were each conspicuous. None of the Redeemed were obscure, and multitudes were illustrious that had no name on earth.

The Bard mentions the effect produced on the minds of the assembled multitudes by the absolute certainties of their situation, by the correct judgments they now formed, the just impressions they had of themselves, and the predictions they saw fulfilled.

Suddenly a host of Angels appear, and the vast multitude of good and bad are separated to right and left in the final parting; the righteous being gathered with joy beneath a canopy of golden beams; the wicked bound under a dark and thundering cloud of wrath, where stood also Satan and his host, waiting for Judgment and the vengeance due to his rebellion in heaven, and his stratagems on earth. Thus separated, the Redeemed and the Reprobate stand expecting the Judge, and reading, upon either side of a bright arch bending high between them, a thrilling inscription.

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK IX.

FAIREST of those that left the calm of heaven,  
And ventured down to man, with words of peace,  
Daughter of Grace! known by whatever name,  
Religion, Virtue, Piety, or Love  
Of Holiness, the day of thy reward  
Was come. Ah! thou wast long despised, despised  
By those thou wooedst from death to endless life.  
Modest and meek, in garments white as those  
That seraphs wear, and countenance as mild  
As Mercy looking on Repentance' tear;  
With eye of purity, now darted up  
To God's eternal throne, now humbly bent  
Upon thyself, and, weeping down thy cheek,  
That glowed with universal love immense,  
A tear, pure as the dew that fall in heaven;  
In thy left hand, the olive branch, and in  
Thy right, the crown of immortality;—  
With noiseless foot, thou walkedst the vales of earth,  
Beseeching men, from age to age, to turn  
From utter death, to turn from woe to bliss;  
Beseeching evermore, and evermore  
Despised—not evermore despised, not now,  
Not at the day of doom; most lovely then,  
Most honorable, thou appeared, and most  
To be desired. The guilty heard the song

Of thy redeemed, how loud! and saw thy face,  
How fair! Alas! it was too late! the hour  
Of making friends was passed, thy favor then  
Might not be sought; but recollection, sad  
And accurate, as miser counting o'er  
And o'er again the sum he must lay out,  
Distinctly in the wicked's ear rehearsed  
Each opportunity despised and lost,  
While on them gleamed thy holy look, that like  
A fiery torrent went into their souls.  
The day of thy reward was come, the day  
Of great remuneration to thy friends,  
To those, known by whatever name, who sought,  
In every place, in every time, to do  
Unfeignedly their Maker's will, revealed,  
Or gathered else from nature's school; well pleased  
With God's applause alone, that, like a stream  
Of sweetest melody, at still of night  
By wanderer heard, in their most secret ear  
For ever whispered, Peace; and, as a string  
Of kindred tone awoke, their inmost soul  
Responsive answered, Peace; inquiring still  
And searching, night and day, to know their duty,  
When known, with undisputing trust, with love  
Unquenchable, with zeal, by reason's lamp  
Inflamed,—performing; and to Him, by whose  
Profound, all-calculating skill alone,  
Results—results even of the slightest act,  
Are fully grasped, with unsuspecting faith,  
All consequences leaving; to abound,  
Or want, alike prepared; who knew to be  
Exalted how, and how to be abased;  
How best to live, and how to die when asked.  
Their prayers sincere, their alms in secret done,  
Their fightings with themselves, their abstinence  
From pleasure, though by mortal eye unseen,

Their hearts of resignation to the will  
Of Heaven, their patient bearing of reproach  
And shame, their charity, and faith, and hope,—  
Thou didst remember, and in full repaid.  
No bankrupt thou, who at the bargained hour  
Of payment due, sent to his creditors  
A tale of losses and mischances, long.  
Ensured by God himself, and from the stores  
And treasures of his wealth, at will supplied,—  
Religion, thou alone, of all that men,  
On earth, gave credit, to be reimbursed  
On the other side the grave, didst keep thy word,  
Thy day, and all thy promises fulfilled.

As in the mind, rich with unborrowed wealth,  
Where multitudes of thoughts for utterance strive,  
And all so fair, that each seems worthy first  
To enter on the tongue, and from the lips  
Have passage forth,—selection hesitates  
Perplexed, and loses time, anxious, since all  
Cannot be taken, to take the best ; and yet  
Afraid, lest what he left be worthier still ;  
And grieving much, where all so goodly look,  
To leave rejected one, or in the rear  
Let any be obscured : so did the bard,  
Though not unskilled, as on that multitude  
Of men who once awoke to judgment, he  
Threw back reflection, hesitating pause.  
For as his harp, in tone severe, had sung  
What figure the most famous sinners made,  
When from the grave they rose unmasked ; so did  
He wish to character the good ; but yet,  
Among so many, glorious all, all worth  
Immortal fame, with whom begin, with whom  
To end, was difficult to choose ; and long  
His auditors, upon the tiptoe raised



Of expectation, might have kept, had not  
His eye—for so it is in heaven, that what  
Is needed always is at hand—beheld  
That moment, on a mountain near the throne  
Of God, the most renowned of the redeemed,  
Rejoicing : nor who first, who most, to praise,  
Debated more ; but thus, with sweeter note,  
Well pleased to sing, with highest eulogy,  
And first, whom God applauded most,—began.

With patient ear, thou now hast heard,—though  
whiles,  
Aside digressing, ancient feeling turned  
My lyre,—what shame the wicked had, that day,  
What wailing, what remorse ; so hear, in brief,  
How bold the righteous stood, the men redeemed,  
How fair in virtue, and in hope how glad !  
And first among the holy shone, as best  
Became, the faithful minister of God.

See where he walks on yonder mount that lifts  
Its summit high, on the right hand of bliss,  
Sublime in glory, talking with his peers  
Of the incarnate Saviour's love, and passed  
Affliction lost in present joy ! See how  
His face with heavenly ardor glows, and how  
His hand, enraptured, strikes the golden lyre !  
As now, conversing of the Lamb, once slain,  
He speaks ; and now, from vines that never hear  
Of winter, but in monthly harvest yield  
Their fruit abundantly, he plucks the grapes  
Of life ! But what he was on earth it most  
Behoves to say. Elect by God himself,  
Anointed by the Holy Ghost, and set  
Apart to the great work of saving men ;  
Instructed fully in the will divine,

Supplied with grace in store, as need might ask,  
And with the stamp and signature of heaven,  
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness, and love.  
Accredited ;—he was a man, by God,  
The Lord, commissioned to make known to men  
The eternal counsels ; in his Master's name,  
To treat with them of everlasting things,  
Of life, death, bliss, and wo ; to offer terms  
Of pardon, grace, and peace, to the rebelled ;  
To teach the ignorant soul, to cheer the sad ;  
To bind, to loose, with all authority,  
To give the feeble strength, the hopeless hope.  
To help the halting, and to lead the blind ;  
To warn the careless, heal the sick of heart,  
Arouse the indolent, and on the proud  
And obstinate offender to denounce  
The wrath of God. All other men, what name  
Soe'er they bore, whatever office held,  
If lawful held,—the magistrate supreme,  
Or else subordinate, were chosen by men,  
Their fellows, and from men derived their power,  
And were accountable for all they did,  
To men ; but he, alone, his office held  
Immediately from God, from God received  
Authority, and was to none but God  
Amenable. The elders of the church,  
Indeed, upon him laid their hands, and set  
Him visibly apart to preach the word  
Of life ; but this was merely outward rite,  
And decent ceremonial, performed  
On all alike, and oft, as thou hast heard,  
Performed on those God never sent ; his call,  
His consecration, his anointing, all  
Were inward, in the conscience heard and felt.  
Thus, by Jehovah chosen, and ordained  
To take into his charge the souls of men,

And for his trust to answer at the day  
Of judgment,—great plenipotent of heaven,  
And representative of God on earth,—  
Fearless of men and devils ; unabashed  
By sin enthroned, or mockery of a prince,  
Unawed by armed legions, unseduced  
By offered bribes, burning with love to souls  
Unquenchable, and mindful still of his  
Great charge and vast responsibility ;—  
High in the temple of the living God,  
He stood, amidst the people, and declared  
Aloud the truth, the whole revealed truth,  
Ready to seal it with his blood. Divine  
Resemblance most complete ! with mercy now  
And love, his face, illumed, shone gloriously ;  
And frowning now indignantly, it seemed  
As if offended Justice, from his eye,  
Streamed forth vindictive wrath ! Men heard,  
alarmed ;

The uncircumcised infidel believed ;  
Light-thoughted Mirth grew serious, and wept ;  
The laugh profane sunk in a sigh of deep  
Repentance ; the blasphemer, kneeling, prayed,  
And, prostrate in the dust, for mercy called ;  
And cursed, old, forsaken sinners gnashed  
Their teeth, as if their hour had been arrived.  
Such was his calling, his commission such.  
Yet he was humble, kind, forgiving, meek,  
Easy to be entreated, gracious, mild ;  
And, with all patience and affection, taught,  
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counselled, warned,  
In fervent style and manner. Needy, poor,  
And dying men, like music, heard his feet  
Approach their beds ; and guilty wretches took  
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled,  
And blessed him, as they died forgiven ; and all

Saw in his face contentment, in his life,  
The path to glory and perpetual joy.  
Deep-learned in the philosophy of heaven,  
He searched the causes out of good and ill,  
Profoundly calculating their effects  
Far past the bounds of Time ; and balancing,  
In the arithmetic of future things,  
The loss and profit of the soul to all  
Eternity. A skilful workman he  
In God's great moral vineyard : what to prune  
With cautious hand he knew, what to uproot ;  
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants,  
Which had unfading vigor in them, knew ;  
Nor knew alone, but watched them night and day,  
And reared and nourished them, till fit to be  
Transplanted to the paradise below.

Oh ! who can speak his praise ? great, humble man !  
He in the current of destruction stood,  
And warned the sinner of his wo ; led on  
Immanuel's members in the evil day ;  
And, with the everlasting arms embraced  
Himself around, stood in the dreadful front  
Of battle, high, and warred victoriously  
With death and hell. And now was come his rest,  
His triumph day. Illustrious like a sun,  
In that assembly, he, shining from far,  
Most excellent in glory, stood assured,  
Waiting the promised crown, the promised throne,  
The welcome and approval of his Lord.  
Nor one alone, but many—prophets, priests,  
Apostles, great reformers, all that served  
Messiah faithfully, like stars appeared  
Of fairest beam ; and round them gathered, clad  
In white, the vouchers of their ministry—  
The flock their care had nourished, fed, and saved.

Nor yet in common glory blazing, stood  
The true philosopher, decided friend  
Of truth and man. Determined foe of all  
Deception, calm, collected, patient, wise.  
And humble, undeceived by outward shape  
Of things, by fashion's revelry uncharmed,  
By honor unbewitched,—he left the chase  
Of vanity, and all the quackeries  
Of life, to fools and heroes, or whoe'er  
Desired them; and with reason, much despised,  
Traduced, yet heavenly reason, to the shade  
Retired—retired, but not to dream, or build  
Of ghostly fancies, seen in the deep noon  
Of sleep, ill-balanced theories; retired,  
But did not leave mankind; in pity, not  
In wrath, retired; and still, though distant, kept  
His eye on men; at proper angle took  
His stand to see them better, and, beyond  
The clamor which the bells of folly made,  
That most had hung about them, to consult  
With nature, how their madness might be cured,  
And how their true substantial comforts might  
Be multiplied. Religious man! what God  
By prophets, priests, evangelists, revealed  
Of sacred truth, he thankfully received,  
And, by its light directed, went in search  
Of more. Before him, darkness fled; and all  
The goblin tribe, that hung upon the breasts  
Of Night, and haunted still the moral gloom  
With shapeless forms, and blue, infernal lights,  
And indistinct, and devilish whisperings,  
That the miseducated fancies vexed  
Of superstitious men,—at his approach,  
Dispersed, invisible. Where'er he went,  
This lesson still he taught, To fear no ill  
But sin, no being but Almighty God.

All-comprehending sage ! too hard alone  
 For him was man's salvation ; all besides,  
 Of use or comfort, that distinction made  
 Between the desperate savage, scarcely raised  
 Above the beast whose flesh he ate, undressed,  
 And the most polished of the human race,  
 Was product of his persevering search.  
 Religion owed him much, as from the false  
 She suffered much ; for still his main design,  
 In all his contemplations, was to trace  
 The wisdom, providence, and love of God,  
 And to his fellows, less observant, show  
 Them forth. From prejudice redeemed, with all  
 His passions still, above the common world,  
 Sublime in reason and in aim sublime,  
 He sat, and on the marvellous works of God  
 Sedately thought ; now glancing up his eye,  
 Intelligent, through all the starry dance,  
 And penetrating now the deep remote  
 Of central causes in the womb opaque  
 Of matter hid ; now with inspection nice,  
 Entering the mystic labyrinths of the mind,  
 Where thought, of notice ever shy, behind  
 Thought, disappearing, still retired ; and still,  
 Thought meeting thought, and thought awakening  
     thought,  
 And mingling still with thought in endless maze,—  
 Bewildered observation ; now, with eye  
 Yet more severely purged, looking far down  
 Into the heart, where passion wove a web  
 Of thousand thousand threads, in grain and hue  
 All different ; then, upward venturing whiles,  
 But reverently, and in his hand, the light  
 Revealed, near the eternal Throne, he gazed,  
 Philosophizing less than worshipping.  
 Most truly great ! his intellectual strength

And knowledge vast, to men of lesser mind,  
Seemed infinite; yet, from his high pursuits,  
And reasonings most profound, he still returned  
Home, with an humbler and a warmer heart :  
And none so lowly bowed before his God,  
As none so well His awful majesty  
And goodness comprehended; or so well  
His own dependency and weakness knew.

How glorious now, with vision purified  
At the Essential Truth, entirely free  
From error, he, investigating still,—  
For knowledge is not found, unsought, in heaven,—  
From world to world, at pleasure, roves, on wing  
Of golden ray upborne; or, at the feet  
Of heaven's most ancient sages, sitting, hears  
New wonders of the wondrous works of God !

Illustrious, too, that morning, stood the man  
Exalted by the people, to the throne  
Of government, established on the base  
Of justice, liberty, and equal right ;  
Who, in his countenance sublime, expressed  
A nation's majesty, and yet was meek  
And humble; and in royal palace gave  
Example to the meanest, of the fear  
Of God, and all integrity of life  
And manners ; who, august, yet lowly ; who,  
Severe, yet gracious ; in his very heart,  
Detesting all oppression, all intent  
Of private aggrandizement ; and, the first  
In every public duty, held the scales  
Of justice, and as the law, which reigned in him,  
Commanded, gave rewards ; or, with the edge  
Vindictive, smote, now light, now heavily,  
According to the stature of the crime.

Conspicuous like an oak of healthiest bough,  
Deep-rooted in his country's love, he stood,  
And gave his hand to virtue, helping up  
The honest man to honor and renown ;  
And, with the look which goodness wears in wrath,  
Withering the very blood of Knavery,  
And from his presence driving far, ashamed.

Nor less remarkable, among the blessed,  
Appeared the man, who, in the senate-house,  
Watchful, unhired, unbribed, and uncorrupt,  
And party only to the common weal,  
In virtue's awful rage, pleaded for right,  
With truth so clear, with argument so strong,  
With action so sincere, and tone so loud  
And deep, as made the despot quake behind  
His adamantine gates, and every joint,  
In terror, smite his fellow-joint relaxed ;  
Or, marching to the field, in burnished steel,  
While, frowning on his brow, tremendous hung  
The wrath of a whole people, long provoked,—  
Mustered the stormy wings of war, in day  
Of dreadful deeds ; and led the battle on,  
When Liberty, swift as the fires of heaven,  
In fury rode, with all her hosts, and threw  
The tyrant down, or drove invasion back.  
Illustrious he—illustrious all appeared,  
Who ruled supreme in righteousness ; or held  
Inferior place, in steadfast rectitude  
Of soul. Peculiarly severe had been  
The nurture of their youth, their knowledge great,  
Great was their wisdom, great their cares, and great  
Their self-denial, and their service done  
To God and man ; and great was their reward,  
At hand, proportioned to their worthy deeds.



Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal Harp !  
Breathe numbers warm with love, while I rehearse—  
Delighted theme, resembling most the songs  
Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb !—  
Thy praise, O Charity ! thy labors most  
Divine ; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,  
And groans ; thy great, thy god-like wish, to heal  
All misery, all fortune's wounds, and make  
The soul of every living thing rejoice.  
O thou wast needed much in days of Time !  
No virtue, half so much !—None half so fair !  
To all the rest, however fine, thou gavest  
A finishing and polish, without which  
No man e'er entered heaven. Let me record  
His praise, the man of great benevolence,  
Who pressed thee closely to his glowing heart,  
And to thy gentle bidding made his feet  
Swift minister. Of all mankind, his soul  
Was most in harmony with heaven ; as one  
Sole family of brothers, sisters, friends,  
One in their origin, one in their rights  
To all the common gifts of providence,  
And in their hopes, their joys, and sorrows **one**,  
He viewed the universal human race.  
He needed not a law of state, to force  
Grudging submission to the law of God.  
The law of love was in his heart, alive ;  
What he possessed, he counted not his **own** ;  
But, like a faithful steward in a house  
Of public alms, what freely he received  
He freely gave, distributing to all  
The helpless the last mite beyond his own  
Temperate support, and reckoning still the **gift**  
But justice, due to want ; and so it was,  
Although the world, with compliment not ill  
Applied, adorned it with a fairer name.

Nor did he wait till to his door the voice  
Of supplication came, but went abroad,  
With foot as silent as the starry dews,  
In search of misery that pined unseen,  
And would not ask. And who can tell what sights  
He saw ! what groans he heard, in that cold world  
Below ! where Sin, in league with gloomy Death,  
Marched daily through the length and breadth of all  
The land, wasting at will, and making earth,  
Fair earth ! a lazar-house, a dungeon dark,  
Where Disappointment fed on ruined Hope ;  
Where Guilt, worn out, leaned on the triple edge  
Of want, remorse, despair ; where Cruelty  
Reached forth a cup of wormwood to the lips  
Of Sorrow, that to deeper Sorrow wailed ;  
Where Mockery, and Disease, and Poverty  
Met miserable Age, erewhile sore bent  
With his own burden ; where the arrowy winds  
Of winter pierced the naked orphan babe,  
And chilled the mother's heart, who had no home ;  
And where, alas ! in mid-time of his day,  
The honest man, robbed by some villain's hand,  
Or with long sickness pale, and paler yet  
With want and hunger, oft drank bitter draughts  
Of his own tears, and had no bread to eat.  
Oh ! who can tell what sights he saw, what shapes  
Of wretchedness ! or who describe what smiles  
Of gratitude illumined the face of wo,  
While from his hand he gave the bounty forth !  
As when the Sun, to Cancer wheeling back,  
Returned from Capricorn, and showed the north,  
That long had lain in cold and cheerless night,  
His beamy countenance ; all nature then  
Rejoiced together glad ; the flower looked up  
And smiled ; the forest, from his locks, shook off  
The hoary frosts, and clapped his hands ; the birds

Awoke, and, singing, rose to meet the day ;  
And from his hollow den, where many months  
He slumbered sad in darkness, blithe and light  
Of heart the savage sprung, and saw again  
His mountains shine, and with new songs of love  
Allured the virgin's ear : so did the house,  
The prison-house of guilt, and all the abodes  
Of unprovided helplessness, revive,  
As on them looked the sunny messenger  
Of Charity. By angels tended still,  
That marked his deeds, and wrote them in a book  
Of God's remembrance ; careless he to be  
Observed of men, or have each mite bestowed  
Recorded punctually, with name and place,  
In every bill of news. Pleased to do good,  
He gave, and sought no more, nor questioned much,  
Nor reasoned, who deserved ; for well he knew  
The face of need. Ah me ! who could mistake ?  
The shame to ask, the want that urged within,  
Composed a look so perfectly distinct  
From all else human, and withal so full  
Of misery, that none could pass, untouched,  
And be a Christian, or thereafter claim,  
In any form, the name or rights of man,  
Or, at the day of judgment, lift his eye ;  
While he, in name of Christ, who gave the poor  
A cup of water, or a bit of bread,  
Impatient for his advent, waiting stood,  
Glowing in robes of love and holiness,  
Heaven's fairest dress ! and round him ranged, in  
white,  
A thousand witnesses appeared, prepared  
To tell his gracious deeds before the Throne.

Nor unrenowned among the most renowned,  
Nor 'mong the fairest unadmired, that morn,

When highest fame was proof of highest worth,  
Distinguished stood the bard ; not he, who sold  
The incommunicable, heavenly gift,  
To Folly, and with lyre of perfect tone,  
Prepared by God himself, for holiest praise,—  
Vilest of traitors ! most dishonest man !—  
Sat by the door of Ruin, and made there  
A melody so sweet, and in the mouth  
Of drunkenness and debauch, that else had croaked  
In natural discordance jarring harsh,  
Put so divine a song, that many turned  
Aside, and entered in undone, and thought,  
Meanwhile, it was the gate of heaven, so like  
An angel's voice the music seemed ; nor he,  
Who, whining grievously of damsel coy,  
Or blaming fortune, that would nothing give  
For doing naught, in indolent lament  
Unprofitable, passed his piteous days,  
Making himself the hero of his tale,  
Deserving ill the poet's name : but he,  
The bard, by God's own hand anointed, who,  
To Virtue's all-delighting harmony,  
His numbers tuned : who, from the fount of truth,  
Poured melody, and beauty poured, and love,  
In holy stream, into the human heart ;  
And, from the height of lofty argument,  
Who "justified the ways of God to man,"  
And sung what still he sings, approved in heaven ;  
Though now with bolder note, above the damp  
Terrestrial, which the pure celestial fire  
Cooled, and restrained in part his flaming wing.

Philosophy was deemed of deeper thought,  
And judgment more severe, than Poetry ;  
To fable, she, and fancy, more inclined.  
And yet, if Fancy, as was understood,

Was of creative nature, or of power,  
With self-wrought stuff, to build a fabric up,  
To mortal vision wonderful and strange,  
Philosophy, the theoretic, claimed,  
Undoubtedly, the first and highest place  
In Fancy's favor. Her material souls,  
Her chance, her atoms shaped alike, her white  
Proved black, her universal nothing, all ;  
And all her wondrous systems, how the mind  
With matter met ; how man was free, and yet  
All pre-ordained ; how evil first began ;  
And chief her speculations, soaring how,  
Of the eternal, uncreated Mind,  
Which left all reason infinitely far  
Behind—surprising feat of theory !—  
Were pure creation of her own, webs wove  
Of gossamer in Fancy's lightest loom.  
And nowhere, on the list of being made  
By God recorded : but her look, meanwhile,  
Was grave and studious ; and many thought  
She reasoned deeply, when she wildly raved.

The true, legitimate, anointed bard,  
Whose song through ages poured its melody,  
Was most severely thoughtful, most minute  
And accurate of observation, most  
Familiarly acquainted with all modes  
And phases of existence. True, no doubt,  
He had originally drunk, from out  
The fount of life and love, a double draught,  
That gave whate'er he touched a double life :  
But this was mere desire at first, and power  
Devoid of means to work by ; need was still  
Of persevering, quick, inspective mood  
Of mind, of faithful memory, vastly stored,  
From universal being's ample field,

With knowledge ; and a judgment, sound and clear,  
Well disciplined in nature's rules of taste ;  
Discerning to select, arrange, combine,  
From infinite variety, and still  
To nature true ; and guide withal, hard task,  
The sacred, living impetus divine,  
Discreetly through the harmony of song.  
Completed thus, the poet sung ; and age  
To age, enraptured, heard his measures flow ;  
Enraptured, for he poured the very fat  
And marrow of existence, through his verse,  
And gave the soul, that else, in selfish cold,  
Unwarmed by kindred interest, had lain,  
A roomy life, a glowing relish high,  
A sweet, expansive brotherhood of being—  
Joy answering joy, and sigh responding sigh,  
Through all the fibres of the social heart.  
Observant, sympathetic, sound of head,  
Upon the ocean vast of human thought,  
With passion rough and stormy, venturing out  
Even as the living billows rolled, he threw  
His numbers over them, seized as they were,  
And to perpetual ages left them fixed,  
To each, a mirror of itself displayed ;  
Despair for ever lowering dark on Sin,  
And Happiness on Virtue smiling fair.

He was a minister of fame, and gave  
To whom he would renown ; nor missed himself—  
Although despising much the idiot roar  
Of popular applause, that sudden, oft,  
Unnaturally turning, whom it nursed  
Itself devoured—the lasting fame, the praise  
Of God and holy men, to excellence given.  
Yet less he sought his own renown, than wished  
To have the eternal images of truth

And beauty, pictured in his verse, admired.  
'Twas these, taking immortal shape and form  
Beneath his eye, that charmed his midnight watch,  
And oft his soul with awful transports shook  
Of happiness, unfelt by other men.  
This was that spell, that sorcery, which bound  
The poet to the lyre, and would not let  
Him go; that hidden mystery of joy,  
Which made him sing in spite of fortune's worst,  
And was, at once, both motive and reward.

Nor now among the choral harps, in this  
The native clime of song, are those unknown,  
With higher note ascending, who, below,  
In holy ardor, aimed at lofty strains.  
True fame is never lost: many, whose names  
Were honored much on earth, are famous here  
For poetry, and, with archangel harps,  
Hold no unequal rivalry in song;  
Leading the choirs of heaven, in numbers high,  
In numbers ever sweet and ever new.

Behold them yonder, where the river pure  
Flows warbling down before the throne of God;  
And, shading on each side, the tree of life  
Spreads its unfading boughs!—See how they shine,  
In garments white, quaffing deep draughts of love,  
And harping on their harps, new harmonies  
Preparing for the ear of God, Most High!

But why should I, of individual worth,  
Of individual glory, longer sing?  
No true believer was, that day, obscure;  
No holy soul but had enough of joy;  
No pious wish without its full reward.  
Who in the Father and the Son believed,

With faith that wrought by love to holy deeds,  
And purified the heart, none trembled there,  
Nor had by earthly guise his rank concealed ;  
Whether, unknown, he tilled the ground remote,  
Observant of the seasons, and adored  
God in the promise, yearly verified,  
Of seed-time, harvest, summer, winter, day  
And night, returning duly at the time  
Appointed ; or, on the shadowy mountain side,  
Worshipped at dewy eve, watching his flocks ;  
Or, trading, saw the wonders of the deep,  
And as the needle to the starry Pole  
Turned constantly, so he his heart to God ;  
Or else, in servitude severe, was taught  
To break the bonds of sin ; or, begging, learned  
To trust the Providence that fed the raven,  
And clothed the lily with her annual gown.

Most numerous, indeed, among the saved,  
And many, too, not least illustrious, shone  
The men who had no name on earth. Eclipsed  
By lowly circumstance, they lived unknown,  
Like stream that in the desert warbles clear,  
Still nursing, as it goes, the herb and flower,  
Though never seen ; or like the star, retired  
In solitudes of ether, far beyond  
All sight, not of essential splendor less,  
Though shining unobserved. None saw their pure  
Devotion, none their tears, their faith, and love,  
Which burned within them, both to God and man,—  
None saw but God. He, in his bottle, all  
Their tears preserved, and every holy wish  
Wrote in his book ; and, not as they had done,  
But as they wished with all their heart to do,  
Arrayed them now in glory, and displayed,—



No longer hid by coarse, uncourtly garb,—  
In lustre equal to their inward worth.

Man's time was passed, and his eternity  
Begun. No fear remained of change. The youth,  
Who, in the glowing morn of vigorous life,  
High-reaching after great religious deeds,  
Was suddenly cut off, with all his hopes  
In sunny bloom, and unaccomplished left  
His withered aims,—saw everlasting days,  
Before him, dawning, rise, in which to achieve  
All glorious things, and get himself the name  
That jealous Death too soon forbade on earth.

Old things had passed away, and all was new ;  
And yet, of all the new-begun, naught so  
Prodigious difference made, in the affairs  
And thoughts of every man, as certainty.  
For doubt, all doubt, was gone, of every kind ;  
Doubt that erewhile, beneath the lowest base  
Of mortal reasonings, deepest laid, crept in,  
And made the strongest, best cemented towers  
Of human workmanship, so weakly shake,  
And to their lofty tops so waver still,  
That those who built them, feared their sudden fall.  
But doubt, all doubt, was passed ; and, in its place,  
To every thought that in the heart of man  
Was present, now had come an absolute,  
Unquestionable certainty, which gave  
To each decision of the mind immense  
Importance, raising to its proper height  
The sequent tide of passion, whether joy  
Or grief. The good man knew, in very truth,  
That he was saved to all eternity,  
And feared no more ; the bad had proof complete,  
That he was damned for ever ; and believed

Entirely, that on every wicked soul  
Anguish should come, and wrath, and utter wo.

Knowledge was much increased, but wisdom more.  
The film of Time, that still before the sight  
Of mortal vision danced, and led the best  
Astray, pursuing unsubstantial dreams,  
Had dropped from every eye. Men saw that they  
Had vexed themselves in vain, to understand  
What now no hope to understand remained ;  
That they had often counted evil good,  
And good for ill ; laughed when they should have  
    wept,  
And wept, forlorn, when God intended mirth.  
But what, of all their follies passed, surprised  
Them most, and seemed most totally insane  
And unaccountable, was value set  
On objects of a day, was serious grief  
Or joy for loss or gain of mortal things.  
So utterly impossible it seemed,  
When men their proper interests saw, that aught  
Of terminable kind, that aught, which e'er  
Could die, or cease to be, however named,  
Should make a human soul—a legal heir  
Of everlasting years—rejoice or weep,  
In earnest mood ; for nothing now seemed worth  
A thought, but had eternal bearing in't.

Much truth had been assented to in Time,  
Which never, till this day, had made a due  
Impression on the heart. Take one example.  
Early from heaven it was revealed, and oft  
Repeated in the world, from pulpits preached,  
And penned and read in holy books, that God  
Respected not the persons of mankind.  
Had this been truly credited and felt,

The king, in purple robe, had owned, indeed,  
The beggar for his brother ; pride of rank  
And office thawed into paternal love ;  
Oppression feared the day of equal rights,  
Predicted ; covetous extortion kept  
In mind the hour of reckoning, soon to come ;  
And bribed injustice thought of being judged,  
When he should stand, on equal foot, beside  
The man he wronged, and surely—nay, 'tis true,  
Most true, beyond all whispering of doubt,  
That he, who lifted up the reeking scourge,  
Dripping with gore from the slave's back, before  
He struck again, had paused, and seriously  
Of that tribunal thought, where God himself  
Should look him in the face, and ask in wrath,  
“ Why didst thou this ? Man ! was he not thy  
brother,  
Bone of thy bone, and flesh and blood of thine ? ”  
But, ah ! this truth, by heaven and reason taught,  
Was never fully credited on earth.  
The titled, flattered, lofty men of power,  
Whose wealth bought verdicts of applause for deeds  
Of wickedness, could ne'er believe the time  
Should truly come when judgment should proceed  
Impartially against them, and they, too,  
Have no good speaker at the Judge's ear,  
No witnesses to bring them off for gold,  
No power to turn the sentence from its course ;  
And they of low estate, who saw themselves,  
Day after day, despised, and wronged, and mocked,  
Without redress, could scarcely think the day  
Should e'er arrive, when they, in truth, should stand  
On perfect level with the potentates  
And princes of the earth, and have their cause  
Examined fairly, and their rights allowed.  
But now this truth was felt, believed and felt,

That men were really of a common stock,  
That no man ever had been more than man.

Much prophecy—revealed by holy bards,  
Who sung the will of heaven by Judah's streams—  
Much prophecy, that waited long the scoff  
Of lips uncircumcised, was then fulfilled ;  
To the last tittle scrupulously fulfilled.  
It was foretold by those of ancient days,  
A time should come, when wickedness should weep  
Abased ; when every lofty look of man  
Should be bowed down, and all his haughtiness  
Made low ; when righteousness alone should lift  
The head in glory, and rejoice at heart ;  
When many, first in splendor and renown,  
Should be most vile ; and many, lowest once,  
And last in Poverty's obscurest nook,  
Highest and first in honor, should be seen,  
Exalted ; and when some, when all the good,  
Should rise to glory and eternal life ;  
And all the bad, lamenting, wake, condemned  
To shame, contempt, and everlasting grief.

These prophecies had tarried long, so long  
That many wagged the head, and, taunting, asked,  
“ When shall they come ? ” but asked no more, nor  
mocked ;  
For the reproach of prophecy was wiped  
Away, and every word of God found true.

And, oh ! what change of state, what change of  
rank,  
In that assembly everywhere was seen !  
The humble-hearted laughed, the lofty mourned,  
And every man, according to his works  
Wrought in the body, there took character.

Thus stood they mixed, all generations stood !  
Of all mankind, innumerable throng !  
Great harvest of the grave !—waiting the will  
Of heaven, attentively, and silent all,  
As forest spreading out beneath the calm  
Of evening skies, when even the single leaf  
Is heard distinctly rustle down and fall ;  
So silent they, when from above, the sound  
Of rapid wheels approached, and suddenly  
In heaven appeared a host of angels strong,  
With chariots and with steeds of burning fire :  
Cherub, and Seraph, Thrones, Dominions, Powers,  
Bright in celestial armor, dazzling, rode.  
And, leading in the front, illustrious shone  
Michael and Gabriel, servants long approved  
In high commission,—girt that day with power,  
Which naught created, man or devil, might  
Resist. Nor waited, gazing, long ; but, quick  
Descending, silently and without song,  
As servants bend to do their master's work,  
To middle air they raised the human race,  
Above the path long travelled by the sun ;  
And as a shepherd from the sheep divides  
The goats ; or husbandman, with reaping bands,  
In harvest, separates the precious wheat,  
Selected from the tares ; so did they part  
Mankind, the good and bad, to right and left,  
To meet no more ; these ne'er again to smile,  
Nor those to weep ; these never more to share  
Society of mercy with the saints,  
Nor, henceforth, those to suffer with the vile.  
Strange parting ! not for hours, nor days, nor months,  
Nor for ten thousand times ten thousand years ;  
But for a whole eternity !—though fit,  
And pleasant to the righteous, yet to all  
Strange, and most strangely felt ! The sire, to right

Retiring, saw the son—sprung from his loins,  
Beloved how dearly once ; but who forgot,  
Too soon, in sin's intoxicating cup,  
The father's warnings and the mother's tears—  
Fall to the left among the reprobate ;  
And sons, redeemed, beheld the fathers, whom  
They loved and honored once, gathered among  
The wicked. Brothers, sisters, kinsmen, friends ;  
Husband and wife, who ate at the same board,  
And under the same roof, united, dwelt,  
From youth to hoary age, bearing the chance  
And change of Time together, parted then  
For evermore. But none, whose friendship grew  
From virtue's pure and everlasting root,  
Took different roads ; these, knit in stricter bonds  
Of amity, embracing, saw no more  
Death, with his scythe, stand by ; nor heard the word,  
The bitter word, which closed all earthly friendships,  
And finished every feast of love—Farewell.  
To all, strange parting ! to the wicked, sad  
And terrible ! New horror seized them, while  
They saw the saints withdrawing, and with them  
All hope of safety, all delay of wrath.

Beneath a crown of rosy light,—like that  
Which once, in Goshen, on the flocks, and herds,  
And dwellings, smiled, of Jacob, while the land  
Of Nile was dark ; or like the pillar bright  
Of sacred fire, that stood above the sons  
Of Israel, when they camped at midnight by  
The foot of Horeb, or the desert side  
Of Sinai ;—now, the righteous took their place,  
All took their place, who ever wished to go  
To heaven, for heaven's own sake. Not one remained  
Among the accursed, that e'er desired with all  
The heart to be redeemed, that ever sought

Submissively to do the will of God,  
Howe'er it crossed his own ; or to escape  
Hell, for aught other than its penal fires.  
All took their place, rejoicing, and beheld,  
In centre of the crown of golden beams  
That canopied them o'er, these gracious words,  
Blushing with tints of love : " Fear not, my saints."

To other sight of horrible dismay,  
Jehovah's ministers the wicked drove,  
And left them bound immovable in chains  
Of Justice. O'er their heads a bowless cloud  
Of indignation hung ; a cloud it was  
Of thick and utter darkness, rolling, like  
An ocean, tides of livid, pitchy flame ;  
With thunders charged, and lightnings ruinous,  
And red with forked vengeance, such as wounds  
The soul ; and full of angry shapes of wrath,  
And eddies whirling with tumultuous fire,  
And forms of terror raving to and fro,  
And monsters unimagined heretofore,  
By guilty men in dreams before their death,  
From horrid to more horrid changing still,  
In hideous movement through that stormy gulf ;  
And evermore the Thunders, murmuring, spoke  
From out the darkness, uttering loud these words,  
Which every guilty conscience echoed back :  
" Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."  
Dread words ! that barred excuse, and threw the  
weight  
Of every man's perdition on himself,  
Directly home. Dread words ! heard then, and heard  
For ever through the wastes of Erebus.  
" Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not !"  
These were the words which glowed upon the sword,  
Whose wrath burned fearfully behind the cursed,

As they were driven away from God to Tophet.  
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!"  
These are the words to which the harps of grief  
Are strung; and, to the chorus of the damned,  
The rocks of hell repeat them, evermore;  
Loud echoed through the caverns of despair,  
And poured in thunder on the ear of Wo.

Nor ruined men alone, beneath that cloud,  
Trembled. There, Satan and his legions stood,  
Satan, the first and eldest sinner,—bound  
For judgment. He, by other name, held once  
Conspicuous rank in heaven among the sons  
Of happiness, rejoicing, day and night.  
But pride, that was ashamed to bow to God,  
Most High, his bosom filled with hate, his face  
Made black with envy, and in his soul begot  
Thoughts guilty of rebellion 'gainst the throne  
Of the Eternal Father and the Son,—  
From everlasting built on righteousness.

Ask not how pride, in one created pure,  
Could grow; or sin without example spring,  
Where holiness alone was sown: esteem't  
Enough, that he, as every being made  
By God, was made entirely holy, had  
The will of God before him set for law  
And regulation of his life, and power  
To do as bid; but was, meantime, left free,  
To prove his worth, his gratitude, his love;  
How proved besides? for how could service done  
That might not else have been withheld, evince  
The will to serve, which, rather than the deed,  
God doth require, and virtue counts alone?  
To stand or fall, to do or leave undone,  
Is reason's lofty privilege, denied



To all below, by instinct bound to fate,  
Unmeriting, alike, reward or blame.

Thus free, the Devil chose to disobey  
The will of God, and was thrown out from heaven,  
And with him all his bad example stained :  
Yet not to utter punishment decreed,  
But left to fill the measure of his sin,  
In tempting and seducing man—too soon,  
Too easily seduced ! And, from the day  
He first set foot on earth,—of rancor full,  
And pride, and hate, and malice, and revenge,—  
He set himself, with most felonious aim  
And hellish perseverance, to root out  
All good, and in its place to plant all ill ;  
To rub and raze, from all created things,  
The fair and holy portraiture divine,  
And on them to enstamp his features grim,  
To draw all creatures off from loyalty  
To their Creator, and to make them bow  
The knee to him. Nor failed of great success,  
As populous hell, this day, can testify.  
He held, indeed, large empire in the world,  
Contending proudly with the King of heaven.  
To him temples were built, and sacrifice  
Of costly blood upon his altars flowed ;  
And—what best pleased him, for in show he seemed  
Then likest God—whole nations, bowing, fell  
Before him, worshipping, and from his lips  
Entreated oracles, which he, by priests,  
For many were his priests in every age,—  
Answered, though guessing but at future things,  
And erring oft, yet still believed ; so well  
His ignorance, in ambiguous phrase, he veiled.

Nor needs it wonder, that with man once fallen,  
His tempting should succeed. Large was his mind

And understanding ; though impaired by sin,  
Still large ; and constant practice, day and night,  
In cunning, guile, and all hypocrisy,  
From age to age, gave him experience vast  
In sin's dark tactics, such as boyish man,  
Unarmed by strength divine, could ill withstand.  
And well he knew his weaker side ; and still,  
His lures, with baits that pleased the senses, busked  
To his impatient passions offering terms  
Of present joy, and bribing reason's eye  
With earthly wealth, and honors near at hand.  
Nor failed to misadvise his future hope  
And faith, by false, unkerneled promises  
Of heavens of sensual gluttony and love,  
That suited best their grosser appetites.  
Into the sinner's heart, who lived secure,  
And feared him least, he entered at his will.  
But chief, he chose his residence in courts  
And conclaves, stirring princes up to acts  
Of blood and tyranny ; and moving priests  
To barter truth, and swap the souls of men  
For lusty benefices, and address  
Of lofty sounding. Nor the saints elect,  
Who walked with God, in virtue's path sublime,  
Did he not sometimes venture to molest ;  
In dreams and moments of unguarded thought,  
Suggesting guilty doubts and fears, that God  
Would disappoint their hope ; and in their way  
Bestrewing pleasures, tongued so sweet, and so  
In holy garb arrayed, that many stooped,  
Believing them of heavenly sort, and fell ;  
And to their high professions, brought disgrace  
And scandal ; to themselves, thereafter, long  
And bitter nights of sore repentance, vexed  
With shame, unwonted sorrow, and remorse.

And more they should have fallen, and more have  
    wept,  
Had not their guardian angels, who, by God  
Commissioned, stood beside them in the hour  
Of danger, whether craft, or fierce attack,  
To Satan's deepest skill opposing skill  
More deep, and to his strongest arm, an arm  
More strong,—upborne them in their hands, and  
    filled  
Their souls with all discernment, quick, to pierce  
His stratagems and fairest shows of sin.

Now, like a roaring lion, up and down  
The world, destroying, though unseen, he raged ;  
And now, retiring back to Tartarus,  
Far back, beneath the thick of guiltiest dark,  
Where night ne'er heard of day, in council grim,  
He sat with ministers whose thoughts were damned,  
And there such plans devised, as, had not God  
Checked and restrained, had added earth entire  
To hell, and uninhabited left heaven,  
Jehovah unadored. Nor unsevere,  
Even then, his punishment deserved. The Worm  
That never dies, coiled in his bosom, gnawed  
Perpetually ; sin after sin brought pang  
Succeeding pang ; and, now and then, the bolts  
Of Zion's King, vindictive, smote his soul  
With fiery wo to blast his proud designs ;  
And gave him earnest of the wrath to come.  
And chief, when, on the cross, Messiah said,  
" 'Tis finished," did the edge of vengeance smite  
Him through, and all his gloomy legions touch  
With new despair. But yet, to be the first  
In mischief, to have armies at his call,  
To hold dispute with God, in days of Time,  
His pride and malice fed, and bore him up

Above the worst of ruin. Still, to plan  
And act great deeds, though wicked, brought at least  
The recompense which nature hath attached  
To all activity, and aim pursued  
With perseverance, good or bad ; for as,  
By nature's laws, immutable and just,  
Enjoyment stops where indolence begins ;  
And purposeless, to-morrow borrowing sloth,  
Itself, heaps on its shoulders loads of wo,  
Too heavy to be borne ; so industry—  
To mediate, to plan, resolve, perform,  
Which in itself is good—as surely brings  
Reward of good, no matter what be done :  
And such reward the Devil had, as long  
As the decrees eternal gave him space  
To work. But now, all action ceased ; his hope  
Of doing evil perished quite ; his pride,  
His courage, failed him ; and beneath that cloud  
Which hung its central terrors o'er his head,  
With all his angels, he, for sentence, stood,  
And rolled his eyes around, that uttered guilt  
And wo, in horrible perfection joined.  
As he had been the chief and leader, long,  
Of the apostate crew that warred with God  
And holiness ; so now, among the bad,  
Lowest, and most forlorn, and trembling most,  
With all iniquity deformed and foul,  
With all perdition ruinous and dark,  
He stood,—example awful of the wrath  
Of God ! and mark, to which all sin must fall !—  
And made, on every side, so black a hell,  
That spirits, used to night and misery,  
To distance drew, and looked another way ;  
And from their golden cloud, far off, the saints  
Saw round him darkness grow more dark, and heard  
The impatient thunderbolts, with deadliest crash

And frequentest, break o'er his head,—the sign  
That Satan, there, the vilest sinner, stood.

Ah me ! what eyes were there beneath that  
cloud !  
Eyes of despair, final and certain ! eyes  
That looked, and looked, and saw, where'er they  
looked,  
Interminable darkness ! utter wo !

'Twas pitiful to see the early flower  
Nipped by the unfeeling frost, just when it rose,  
Lovely in youth, and put its beauties on.  
'Twas pitiful to see the hopes of all  
The year, the yellow harvest, made a heap,  
By rains of judgment ; or by torrents swept  
With flocks and cattle, down the raging flood ;  
Or scattered by the winnowing winds, that bore  
Upon their angry wings, the wrath of heaven.  
Sad was the field, where, yesterday, was heard  
The roar of war ; and sad the sight of maid,  
Of mother, widow, sister, daughter, wife,  
Stooping and weeping over senseless, cold,  
Defaced, and mangled lumps of breathless earth,  
Which had been husbands, fathers, brothers, sons  
And lovers, when that morning's sun arose.  
'Twas sad to see the wonted seat of friend  
Removed by death ; and sad to visit scenes,  
When old, where, in the smiling morn of life,  
Lived many, who both knew and loved us much,  
And they all gone, dead, or dispersed abroad ;  
And stranger faces seen among their hills.  
'Twas sad to see the little orphan babe  
Weeping and sobbing on its mother's grave.  
'Twas pitiful to see an old, forlorn,  
Decrepit, withered wretch, unhoused, unclad,

Starving to death with poverty and cold.  
'Twas pitiful to see a blooming bride,  
That promise gave of many a happy year,  
Touched by decay, turn pale, and waste, and die.  
'Twas pitiful to hear the murderous thrust  
Of ruffian's blade that sought the life entire.  
'Twas sad to hear the blood come gurgling forth  
From out the throat of the wild suicide.  
Sad was the sight of widowed, childless age  
Weeping.—I saw it once. Wrinkled with time,  
And hoary with the dust of years, an old  
And worthy man came to his humble roof,  
Tottering and slow, and on the threshold stood.  
No foot, no voice, was heard within. None came  
To meet him, where he had oft met a wife,  
And sons, and daughters, glad at his return ;  
None came to meet him ; for that day had seen  
The old man lay, within the narrow house,  
The last of all his family ; and now  
He stood in solitude, in solitude  
Wide as the world ; for all, that made to him  
Society, had fled beyond its bound.  
Wherever strayed his aimless eye, there lay  
The wreck of some fond hope, that touched his soul  
With bitter thoughts, and told him all was passed.  
His lonely cot was silent, and he looked  
As if he could not enter. On his staff,  
Bending, he leaned ; and from his weary eye,  
Distressing sight ! a single tear-drop wept.  
None followed, for the fount of tears was dry.  
Alone and last, it fell from wrinkle down  
To wrinkle, till it lost itself, drunk by  
The withered cheek, on which again no smile  
Should come, or drop of tenderness be seen.  
This sight was very pitiful ; but one  
Was sadder still, the saddest seen in Time.

A man, to-day, the glory of his kind,  
In reason clear, in understanding large,  
In judgment sound, in fancy quick, in hope  
Abundant, and in promise, like a field  
Well cultured, and refreshed with dews from God ;  
To-morrow, chained, and raving mad, and whipped  
By servile hands ; sitting on dismal straw,  
And gnashing with his teeth against the chain,  
The iron chain, that bound him hand and foot ;  
And trying whiles to send his glaring eye  
Beyond the wide circumference of his wo ;  
Or, humbling more, more miserable still,  
Giving an idiot laugh that served to show  
The blasted scenery of his horrid face ;  
Calling the straw his sceptre, and the stone,  
On which he, pinioned, sat, his royal throne.  
Poor, poor, poor man ! fallen far below the brute !  
His reason strove in vain to find her way,  
Lost in the stormy desert of his brain ;  
And, being active still, she wrought all strange,  
Fantastic, execrable, monstrous things.

All these were sad, and thousands more, that sleep  
Forgotten beneath the funeral pall of Time ;  
And bards, as well became, bewailed them much,  
With doleful instruments of weeping song.  
But what were these ? What might be worse had in't,  
However small, some grains of happiness ;  
And man ne'er drank a cup of earthly sort,  
That might not held another drop of gall ;  
Or, in his deepest sorrow, laid his head  
Upon a pillow, set so close with thorns,  
That might not held another prickle still.  
Accordingly, the saddest human look  
Had hope in't ; faint, indeed, but still 'twas hope.  
But why excuse the misery of earth ?

Say it was dismal, cold, and dark, and deep,  
Beyond the utterance of strongest words ;  
But say that none remembered it, who saw  
The eye of beings damned for evermore,  
Rolling, and rolling, rolling still in vain,  
To find some ray, to see beyond the gulf  
Of an unavenued, fierce, fiery, hot,  
Interminable, dark Futurity !  
And rolling still, and rolling still in vain !

Thus stood the reprobate beneath the shade  
Of terror, and beneath the crown of love,  
The good ; and there was silence in the vault  
Of heaven ; and, as they stood and listened, they heard  
Afar to left, among the utter dark,  
Hell rolling o'er his waves of burning fire,  
And thundering through his caverns, empty then,  
As if he preparation made, to act  
The final vengeance of the fiery Lamb.  
And there was heard, coming from out the Pit,  
The hollow wailing of Eternal Death,  
And horrid cry of the Undying Worm.

The wicked paler turned, and scarce the good  
Their color kept ; but were not long dismayed.  
That moment, in the heavens, how wondrous fair !  
The angel Mercy stood, and, on the bad  
Turning his back, over the ransomed threw  
His bow, bedropped with imagery of love,  
And promises on which their faith reclined.  
Throughout, deep, breathless silence reigned again,  
And on the circuit of the upper spheres,  
A glorious seraph stood, and cried aloud,  
That every ear of man and devil heard,  
“ Him that is filthy, let be filthy still ;  
Him that is holy, let be holy still.”



And, suddenly, another squadron bright,  
Of high, archangel glory, stooping, brought  
A marvellous bow,—one base upon the Cross,  
The other on the shoulder of the Bear,  
They placed,—from south to north, spanning the  
    heavens,  
And on each hand dividing good and bad,—  
Who read, on either side, these burning words,  
Which ran along the arch in living fire,  
And wanted not to be believed in full :  
“As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day.”

**THE**  
**COURSE OF TIME.**  
**BOOK X.**

## ANALYSIS OF BOOK X.

In the beginning the Author invokes the presence and aid of the Holy Spirit, while he interprets the notes of the ancient Bard describing the Day of Judgment.

The Bard proceeds. Soon millions infinite of holy spirits are heard and seen gathering before the Eternal Throne, from heaven and from countless worlds around. Silence ensues, and from a radiant cloud the voice of God comes forth, announces to the assembled millions the object of calling them to his presence, and states that the destiny of Man is concluded, the Day of Retribution come, and the generations of Earth collected at the place of Judgment. The voice then addresses the Son Messiah, assigning to him the covenanted office of Judge. The Son, taking the Book of God's Remembrance, the Crowns of life, and the Sword of justice, and attended by the summoned millions, move forth in glory, becomes visible to the assembled sons of men, and ascends the Throne between the good and bad. An angel unfolds the book. In awful silence, the Judge waits, while every conscience attests the record. He rises to pronounce the sentence. No creature breathes; the spheres and stars, with every particle of matter, stand still.—Those trembling on the left hear a dread decree of burning words; the Sword of justice gleams and plunges in their midst; they sink in utter darkness, returning one groan of boundless woe, as Hell closes round, and the Undying Worm and Second Death begin their endless repast.—The last Fire then consumes the Earth.—Finally, the righteous hear a joyous welcome, receive their crowns, and ascend with the Judge, singing with the angels, "Glory to God and to the Lamb."

THE  
COURSE OF TIME.  
BOOK X.

God of my fathers ! holy, just, and good !  
My God ! my Father ! my unfailing Hope !  
Jehovah ! let the incense of my praise,  
Accepted, burn before thy mercy-seat,  
And in thy presence burn, both day and night.  
Maker ! Preserver ! my Redeemer ! God !  
Whom have I in the heavens but Thee alone ?  
On earth, but Thee, whom should I praise, whom  
love ?

For Thou hast brought me hitherto, upheld  
By thy omnipotence ; and from thy grace,  
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought—  
The wells of thy salvation, hast refreshed  
My spirit, watering it, at morn and even ;  
And, by thy Spirit, which thou freely givest  
To whom thou wilt, hast led my venturous song,  
Over the vale and mountain tract, the light  
And shade of man ; into the burning deep  
Descending now, and now circling the mount,  
Where highest sits Divinity enthroned ;  
Rolling along the tide of fluent thought,  
The tide of moral, natural, divine ;  
Gazing on past and present, and again,  
On rapid pinion borne, outstripping Time,  
In long excursion, wandering through the groves

Unfading, and the endless avenues,  
That shade the landscape of Eternity ;  
And talking there with holy angels met,  
And future men, in glorious vision seen !  
Nor unrewarded have I watched at night,  
And heard the drowsy sound of neighboring sleep.  
New thought, new imagery, new scenes of bliss  
And glory, unrehearsed by mortal tongue,  
Which, unrevealed, I trembling, turned and left,  
Bursting at once upon my ravished eye,—  
With joy unspeakable have filled my soul,  
And made my cup run over with delight :  
Though in my face the blasts of adverse winds,  
While boldly circumnavigating man,  
Winds seeming adverse, though perhaps not so,  
Have beat severely ; disregarded beat,  
When I, behind me, heard the voice of God,  
And his propitious Spirit say, Fear not !

God of my fathers ! ever present God !  
This offering, more, inspire, sustain, accept ;  
Highest, if numbers answer to the theme ;  
Best answering, if thy Spirit dictate most.  
Jehovah ! breathe upon my soul ; my heart  
Enlarge ; my faith increase ; increase my hope ;  
My thoughts exalt ; my fancy sanctify,  
And all my passions, that I near thy throne  
May venture, unproved ; and sing the day,  
Which none unholy ought to name, the Day  
Of Judgment ! greatest day, passed or to come !  
Day ! which,—deny me what thou wilt, deny  
Me home, or friend, or honorable name,—  
Thy mercy grant, I thoroughly prepared,  
With comely garment of redeeming love,  
May meet, and have my Judge for Advocate.

Come, Gracious Influence, Breath of the Lord,  
 And touch me trembling, as thou touched the man,  
 Greatly beloved, when he in vision saw,  
 By Ulai's stream, the Ancient sit; and talked  
 With Gabriel, to his prayer swiftly sent,  
 At evening sacrifice. Hold my right hand,  
 Almighty! hear me, for I ask through Him,  
 Whom thou hast heard, whom thou wilt always hear,  
 Thy Son, our interceding Great High Priest!  
 Reveal the future, let the years to come  
 Pass by, and open my ear to hear the harp,  
 The prophet harp, whose wisdom I repeat,  
 Interpreting the voice of distant song;—  
 Which thus again resumes the lofty verse,  
 Loftiest, if I interpret faithfully  
 The holy numbers which my spirit hears.

Thus came the day, the Harp again began,  
 The day that many thought should never come,  
 That all the wicked wished should never come,  
 That all the righteous had expected long;  
 Day greatly feared, and yet too little feared,  
 By him who feared it most; day laughed at much  
 By the profane, the trembling day of all  
 Who laughed; day when all shadows passed, all  
 dreams;  
 When substance, when reality commenced;  
 Last day of lying, final day of all  
 Deceit, all knavery, all quackish phrase;  
 Ender of all disputing, of all mirth  
 Ungodly, of all loud and boasting speech;  
 Judge of all judgments, Judge of every judge,  
 Adjuster of all causes, rights and wrongs;  
 Day oft appealed to, and appealed to oft  
 By those who saw its dawn with saddest heart;  
 Day most magnificent in Fancy's range,

Whence she returned, confounded, trembling, pale,  
 With overmuch of glory faint and blind ;  
 Day most important held, prepared for most,  
 By every rational, wise, and holy man ;  
 Day of eternal gain, for worldly loss ;  
 Day of eternal loss for worldly gain ;  
 Great day of terror, vengeance, wo, despair ;  
 Revealer of all secrets, thoughts, desires ;  
 Rein-trying, heart-investigating day,  
 That stood between Eternity and Time,  
 Reviewed all past, determined all to come,  
 And bound all destinies for evermore ;  
 Believing day of unbelief ; great day,  
 That set in proper light the affairs of earth,  
 And justified the Government Divine ;  
 Great day !—what can we more ? what should we  
                   more ?  
 Great triumph day of God's incarnate Son !  
 Great day of glory to the Almighty God !  
 Day ! whence the everlasting years begin  
 Their date, new era in eternity,  
 And oft referred to in the song of heaven !

Thus stood the apostate, thus the ransomed stood,  
 Those held by justice fast, and these by love,  
 Reading the fiery scutcheonry, that blazed  
 On high, upon the great celestial bow :  
 "As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day."  
 All read, all understood, and all believed,  
 Convinced of judgment, righteousness, and sin.

Meantime the universe throughout was still.  
 The cope, above and round about, was calm ;  
 And motionless, beneath them, lay the Earth,  
 Silent and sad, as one that sentence waits,  
 For flagrant crime ;—when suddenly was heard,

Behind the azure vaulting of the sky,  
Above, and far remote from reach of sight,  
The sound of trumpets, and the sound of crowds,  
And prancing steeds, and rapid chariot wheels,  
That from four quarters rolled, and seemed in haste,  
Assembling at some place of rendezvous ;  
And so they seemed to roll, with furious speed,  
As if none meant to be behind the first.  
Nor seemed alone ; that day, the golden trump,  
Whose voice, from centre to circumference  
Of all created things, is heard distinct,  
God had bid Michael sound, to summon all  
The hosts of bliss to presence of their King ;  
And, all the morning, millions infinite,  
That millions governed each, Dominions, Powers,  
Thrones, Principalities, with all their hosts,  
Had been arriving near the capital,  
And royal city, New Jerusalem,  
From heaven's remotest bounds. Nor yet from heaven  
Alone came they, that day. The worlds around,  
Or neighboring nearest on the verge of night,  
Emptied, sent forth their whole inhabitants.  
All tribes of being came, of every name,  
From every coast, filling Jehovah's courts.  
From morn till mid-day, in the squadrons poured  
Immense, along the bright celestial roads.  
Swiftly they rode, for love unspeakable,  
To God, and to Messiah, Prince of Peace,  
Drew them, and made obedience haste to be  
Approved. And now, before the Eternal Throne,—  
Brighter, that day, than when the Son prepared  
To overthrow the seraphim rebelled,—  
And circling round the mount of Deity,  
Upon the sea of glass all round about,  
And down the borders of the stream of life,  
And over all the plains of Paradise,



For many a league of heavenly measurement,—  
Assembled, stood the immortal multitudes,  
Millions, above all number infinite,  
The nations of the blessed. Distinguished each,  
By chief of goodly stature blazing far;  
By various garb, and flag of various hue  
Streaming through heaven from standard lifted high—  
The arms and imagery of thousand worlds.  
Distinguished each, but all arrayed complete,  
In armor bright, of helmet, shield, and sword;  
And mounted all in chariots of fire.  
A military throng, blent, not confused;  
As soldiers on some day of great review  
Burning in splendor of refulgent gold,  
And ornament, on purpose, long devised  
For this expected day. Distinguished each,  
But all accoutred as became their Lord,  
And high occasion; all in holiness,  
The livery of the soldiery of God,  
Vested; and shining all with perfect bliss,  
The wages that his faithful servants win.

Thus stood they numberless around the mount  
Of presence; and, adoring, waited, hushed  
In deepest silence, for the voice of God.  
That moment, all the Sacred Hill on high  
Burned, terrible with glory, and, behind  
The uncreated lustre, hid the Lamb,  
Invisible; when, from the radiant cloud,  
This voice, addressing all the hosts of heaven,  
Proceeded, not in words as we converse,  
Each with his fellow, but in language such  
As God doth use, imparting, without phrase  
Successive, what, in speech of creatures, seems  
Long narrative, though long, yet losing much  
In feeble symbols of the thought Divine.

My servants long approved, my faithful sons,  
Angels of glory, Thrones, Dominions, Powers,  
Well pleased, this morning, I have seen the speed  
Of your obedience, gathering round my throne,  
In order due, and well-becoming garb ;  
Illustrious, as I see, beyond your wont,  
As was my wish, to glorify this day :  
And now, what your assembling means, attend.

This day concludes the destiny of man.  
The hour appointed from eternity,  
To judge the earth, in righteousness, is come ;  
To end the war of Sin, that long has fought,  
Permitted, against the sword of Holiness ;  
To give to men and devils, as their works,  
Recorded in my all-remembering book,  
I find ; good to the good, and great reward  
Of everlasting honor, joy, and peace,  
Before my presence here for evermore ;  
And to the evil, as their sins provoke,  
Eternal recompense of shame and wo,  
Cast out beyond the bounds of light and love.

Long have I stood, as ye, my sons, well know,  
Between the cherubim, and stretched my arms  
Of mercy out, inviting all to come  
To me and live ; my bowels long have moved  
With great compassion ; and my justice passed  
Transgression by, and not imputed sin.  
Long here, upon my everlasting throne,  
I have beheld my love and mercy scorned ;  
Have seen my laws despised, my name blasphemed,  
My providence accused, my gracious plans  
Opposed ; and long, too long, have I beheld  
The wicked triumph, and my saints reproached  
Maliciously, while on my altars lie,

Unanswered still, their prayers and their tears,  
That seek my coming, wearied with delay ;  
And long, Disorder in my moral reign  
Has walked rebelliously, disturbed the peace  
Of my eternal government, and wrought  
Confusion, spreading far and wide, among  
My works inferior, which groan to be  
Released. Nor long shall groan. The hour of grace,  
The final hour of grace, is fully passed ;  
The time accepted for repentance, faith,  
And pardon, is irrevocably passed ;  
And Justice, unaccompanied, as wont,  
With Mercy, now goes forth, to give to all  
According to their deeds. Justice alone,—  
For why should Mercy any more be joined ?  
What hath not mercy, mixed with judgment, done,  
That mercy, mixed with judgment and reproof,  
Could do ? Did I not revelation make,  
Plainly and clearly, of my will entire ?  
Before them set my holy law, and gave  
Them knowledge, wisdom, prowess to obey,  
And win, by self-wrought works, eternal life ?  
Rebelled, did I not send them terms of peace,  
Which, not my justice, but my mercy asked ?—  
Terms, costly to my well-beloved Son ;  
To them, gratuitous, exacting faith  
Alone for pardon, works evincing faith ?  
Have I not early risen, and sent my seers,  
Prophets, apostles, teachers, ministers,  
With signs and wonders, working in my name ?  
Have I not still, from age to age, raised up,  
As I saw needful, great, religious men,  
Gifted by me with large capacity,  
And by my arm omnipotent upheld,  
To pour the numbers of my mercy forth,  
And roll my judgments on the ear of man ?

And lastly, when the promised hour was come,—  
What more could most abundant mercy do?—  
Did I not send Immanuel forth, my Son,  
Only begotten, to purchase, by his blood,  
As many as believed upon his name?  
Did he not die to give repentance, such  
As I accept, and pardon of all sins?  
Has he not taught, beseeched, and shed abroad  
The Spirit unconfined, and given at times  
Example fierce of wrath and judgment, poured  
Vindictively on nations guilty long?  
What means of reformation, that my Son  
Has left behind, untried? what plainer words,  
What arguments more strong, as yet remain?  
Did he not tell them, with his lips of truth,  
The righteous should be saved, the wicked damned?  
And has he not, awake both day and night,  
Here interceded with prevailing voice,  
At my right hand, pleading his precious blood,  
Which magnified my holy law, and bought  
For all who wished, perpetual righteousness!  
And have not you, my faithful servants, all  
Been frequent forth, obedient to my will,  
With messages of mercy and of love,  
Administering my gifts to sinful man?  
And have not all my mercy, all my love,  
Been sealed and stamped with signature of heaven?  
By proof of wonders, miracles, and signs  
Attested, and attested more by truth  
Divine, inherent in the tidings sent?  
This day declares the consequence of all.  
Some have believed, are sanctified, and saved,  
Prepared for dwelling in this holy place,  
In these their mansions, built before my face;  
And now, beneath a crown of golden light,  
Beyond our wall, at place of judgment, they,

Expecting, wait the promised, due reward.  
The others stand with Satan, bound in chains,  
The others, who refused to be redeemed :  
They stand, unsanctified, unpardoned, sad,  
Waiting the sentence that shall fix their wo.  
The others, who refused to be redeemed ;  
For all had grace sufficient to believe,  
All who my gospel heard ; and none who heard  
It not, shall by its law, this day, be tried.  
Necessity of sinning, my decrees  
Imposed on none ; but rather, all inclined  
To holiness ; and grace was bountiful,  
Abundant, overflowing with my word ;  
My word of life and peace, which to all men,  
Who shall or stand or fall, by law revealed,  
Was offered freely, as 'twas freely sent,  
Without all money, and without all price.  
Thus they have all, by willing act, despised  
Me, and my Son, and sanctifying Spirit.  
But now, no longer shall they mock or scorn.  
The day of grace and mercy is complete,  
And Godhead from their misery absolved.

So saying, He, the Father infinite,  
Turning, addressed Messiah, where he sat,  
Exalted gloriously, at his right hand.  
This day belongs to justice and to thee,  
Eternal Son, thy right for service done,  
Abundantly fulfilling all my will ;  
By promise thine, from all eternity,  
Made in the ancient Covenant of Grace ;  
And thine, as most befitting, since in thee  
Divine and human meet, impartial Judge,  
Consulting thus the interest of both.  
Go then, my Son, divine similitude,  
Image express of Deity unseen,

The book of my remembrance take ; and take  
The golden crowns of life, due to the saints ;  
And take the seven last thunders ruinous ;  
Thy armor take ; gird on thy sword, thy sword  
Of justice ultimate, reserved, till now,  
Unsheathed, in the eternal armory ;  
And mount the living chariot of God.  
Thou goest not now, as once, to Calvary,  
To be insulted, buffeted, and slain ;  
Thou goest not now, with battle and the voice  
Of war, as once against the rebel hosts.  
Thou goest a Judge, and findst the guilty bound ;  
Thou goest to prove, condemn, acquit, reward.  
Not unaccompanied ; all these, my saints,  
Go with thee, glorious retinue, to sing  
Thy triumph, and participate thy joy ;  
And I, the Omnipresent, with thee go ;  
And with thee all the glory of my throne.

Thus said the Father ; and the Son beloved,  
Omnipotent, Omniscient, Fellow God,  
Arose, resplendent with Divinity ;  
And He the book of God's remembrance took ;  
And took the seven last thunders ruinous ;  
And took the crowns of life, due to the saints ;  
His armor took ; girt on his sword, his sword  
Of justice ultimate, reserved, till now,  
Unsheathed, in the eternal armory ;  
And up the living chariot of God  
Ascended, signifying all complete.

And now the Trump of wondrous melody,  
By man or angel never heard before,  
Sounded with thunder, and the march began,  
Not swift, as cavalcade, on battle bent,  
But, as became procession of a judge,

Solemn, magnificent, majestic, slow ;  
Moving sublime with glory infinite,  
And numbers infinite, and awful song,  
They passed the gate of heaven, which many a league,  
Opened either way, to let the glory forth  
Of this great march. And now, the sons of men  
Beheld their coming, which, before, they heard ;  
Beheld the glorious countenance of God !  
All light was swallowed up, all objects seen  
Faded ; and the Incarnate, visible  
Alone, held every eye upon him fixed ;  
The wicked saw his majesty severe ;  
And those who pierced Him saw his face with clouds  
Of glory circled round, essential bright !  
And to the rocks and mountains called in vain,  
To hide them from the fierceness of his wrath ;  
Almighty power their flight restrained, and held  
Them bound immovable before the bar.

The righteous, undismayed and bold,—best proof,  
This day, of fortitude sincere, —sustained  
By inward faith, with acclamations loud,  
Received the coming of the Son of Man ?  
And, drawn by love, inclined to his approach,  
Moving to meet the brightness of his face.

Meantime, 'tween good and bad, the Judge his  
wheels  
Stayed, and, ascending, sat upon the great  
White Throne, that morning founded there by power  
Omnipotent, and built on righteousness  
And truth. Behind, before, on every side,  
In native and reflected blaze of bright,  
Celestial equipage, the myriads stood,  
That with his marching came ; rank above rank,  
Rank above rank, with shield and flaming sword.

'Twas silence all ! and quick, on right and left,  
A mighty angel spread the book of God's  
Remembrance; and, with conscience now sincere  
All men compared the record, written there  
By finger of Omniscience; and received  
Their sentence, in themselves, of joy or wo;  
Condemned or justified, while yet the Judge  
Waited, as if to let them prove themselves.  
The righteous, in the book of life displayed,  
Rejoicing, read their names; rejoicing, read  
Their faith for righteousness received, and deeds  
Of holiness, as proof of faith complete.  
The wicked, in the book of endless death,  
Spread out to left, bewailing, read their names;  
And read beneath them, Unbelief, and fruit  
Of unbelief, vile, unrepented deeds,  
Now unrepentable for evermore;  
And gave approval of the wo affixed.

This done, the Omnipotent, Omniscient Judge  
Rose infinite, the sentence to pronounce,  
The sentence of eternal wo or bliss !  
All glory heretofore seen or conceived,  
All majesty, annihilated, dropped,  
That moment, from remembrance, and was lost;  
And silence, deepest hitherto esteemed,  
Seemed noisy to the stillness of this hour.  
Comparisons I seek not, nor should find,  
If sought. That silence, which all being held,  
When God's Almighty Son, from off the walls  
Of heaven the rebel angels threw, accursed,  
So still, that all creation heard their fall  
Distinctly, in the lake of burning fire,—  
Was now forgotten, and every silence else.  
All being rational, created then,  
Around the judgment seat, intensely listened.



No creature breathed. Man, angel, devil, stood  
And listened; the spheres stood still, and every  
star

Stood still, and listened; and every particle,  
Remotest in the womb of matter, stood,  
Bending to hear, devotional and still.  
And thus upon the wicked, first, the Judge  
Pronounced the sentence, written before of old :  
"Depart from me, ye cursed, into the fire,  
Prepared eternal in the Gulf of Hell,  
Where ye shall weep and wail for evermore,  
Reaping the harvest which your sins have sown."

So saying, God grew dark with utter wrath ;  
And, drawing now the sword, undrawn before,  
Which through the range of infinite, all around,  
A gleam of fiery indignation threw,  
He lifted up his hand omnipotent,  
And down among the damned the burning edge  
Plunged ; and from forth his arrowy quiver sent,  
Emptied, the seven last thunders ruinous,  
Which, entering, withered all their souls with fire.  
Then first was vengeance, first was ruin seen !  
Red, unrestrained, vindictive, final, fierce !  
They, howling, fled to west among the dark ;  
But fled not these the terrors of the Lord.  
Pursued, and driven beyond the Gulf, which frowns  
Impassable, between the good and bad,  
And downward far remote to left, oppressed  
And scorched with the avenging fires, begun  
Burning within them,—they upon the verge  
Of Erebus, a moment, pausing stood,  
And saw, below, the unfathomable lake,  
Tossing with tides of dark, tempestuous wrath ;  
And would have looked behind ; but greater wrath,  
Behind, forbade, which now no respite gave

To final misery. God, in the grasp  
 Of his Almighty strength, took them upraised,  
 And threw them down, into the yawning pit  
 Of bottomless perdition, ruined, damned,  
 Fast bound in chains of darkness evermore;  
 And Second Death, and the Undying Worm,  
 Opening their horrid jaws, with hideous yell,  
 Falling, received their everlasting prey.  
 A groan returned, as down they sunk, and sunk,  
 And ever sunk, among the utter dark!  
 A groan returned! the righteous heard the groan,  
 The groan of all the reprobate, when first  
 They felt damnation sure! and heard Hell close!  
 And heard Jehovah and his love retire!  
 A groan returned! the righteous heard the groan,  
 As if all misery, all sorrow, grief,  
 All pain, all anguish, all despair, which all  
 Have suffered, or shall feel, from first to last  
 Eternity, had gathered to one pang,  
 And issued in one groan of boundless wo!

And now the wall of hell, the outer wall,  
 First gateless then, closed round them; that which  
 thou  
 Hast seen, of fiery adamant, emblazed  
 With hideous imagery, above all hope,  
 Above all flight of fancy, burning high,  
 And guarded evermore, by Justice, turned  
 To Wrath, that hears, unmoved, the endless groan  
 Of those wasting within; and sees, unmoved,  
 The endless tear of vain repentance fall.

Nor ask if these shall ever be redeemed.  
 They never shall! Not God, but their own sin,  
 Condemns them. What could be done, as thou hast  
 heard,

Has been already done; all has been tried,  
That wisdom infinite, and boundless grace,  
Working together, could devise; and all  
Has failed. Why now succeed? Though God should  
stoop,

Inviting still, and send his Only Son  
To offer grace in hell, the pride, that first  
Refused, would still refuse; the unbelief,  
Still unbelieving, would deride and mock;  
Nay more, refuse, deride, and mock; for sin  
Increasing still, and growing, day and night,  
Into the essence of the soul, become  
All sin, makes what in time seemed probable,—  
Seemed probable, since God invited them,—  
For ever now impossible. Thus they,  
According to the eternal laws which bind  
All creatures, bind the Uncreated One,  
Though we name not the sentence of the Judge,—  
Must daily grow in sin and punishment,  
Made by themselves their necessary lot,  
Unchangeable to all eternity.

What lot! what choice! I sing not, cannot sing.  
Here, highest seraphs tremble on the lyre,  
And make a sudden pause!—but thou hast seen.  
And here, the bard, a moment, held his hand,  
As one who saw more of that horrid wo  
Than words could utter; and again resumed.

Ner yet had vengeance done. The guilty Earth,  
Inanimate, debased, and stained by sin,  
Seat of rebellion, of corruption long,  
And tainted with mortality throughout,—  
God sentenced next; and sent the final fires  
Of ruin forth, to burn and to destroy.  
The saints its burning saw, and thou mayest see.

Look yonder, round the lofty golden walls  
And galleries of New Jerusalem,  
Among the imagery of wonders passed;  
Look near the southern gate; look, and behold—  
On spacious canvass, touched with living hues—  
The Conflagration of the ancient earth,  
The handiwork of high archangel, drawn  
From memory of what he saw, that day.  
See ! how the mountains, how the valleys burn,  
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Apennines,  
Taurus and Atlas ; all the islands burn ;  
The Ocean burns, and rolls his waves of flame.  
See how the lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,  
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,  
Cross and recross the fiery gloom, and burn  
Into the centre !—burn without, within,  
And help the native fires, which God awoke,  
And kindled with the fury of his wrath.  
As inly troubled, now she seems to shake ;  
The flames, dividing, now, a moment, fall ;  
And now, in one conglomerated mass,  
Rising, they glow on high, prodigious blaze !  
Then fall and sink again, as if, within,  
The fuel, burned to ashes, was consumed.  
So burned the Earth upon that dreadful day,  
Yet not to full annihilation burned.  
The essential particles of dust remained,  
Purged, by the final, sanctifying fires,  
From all corruption ; from all stain of sin,  
Done there by man or devil, purified.  
The essential particles remained, of which  
God built the world again, renewed, improved,  
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough ;  
And streams of milk and honey, flowing song ;  
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green ;  
In clime and season fruitful, as at first,

